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With preceding

LATE PICTURE OF PARIS.

Vouchers in the Cause of Humanity.

THE ABBEY PRISON.

My Agony for Thirty-Eight Hours;

OR

A Narrative of what I suffered, what I saw and heard,
during my Confinement in the

ABBAY PRISON OF ST. GERMAIN'S,

From the 22d of August, till the 4th of September :

(JOURGNIAC SAINT-MEARD;)

Late Captain of the *Chasseurs* belonging to the King's
Regiment of Infantry.

THE HISTORY OF PARIS

FROM THE FOUNDED OF THE CITY

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY J. B. DE LAUNAY

LONDON: Printed by J. B. De launay, 1784

OF THE HISTORY

OF THE CITY OF PARIS

FROM THE FOUNDED OF THE CITY

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN order to save the trouble of unceasing inquiries, and to shew my just sense of those testimonies of kind concern, with which I have been honoured since my release from prison, I shall describe what I was an eye-witness of there; and publish to the world the bloody executions, of which I had like to be one of the unhappy victims.

But my strongest motive for printing this narrative is to shew, that, though the people are impetuous and irresistible when they think themselves betrayed, we should not, on that account, despair of their justice.

It is not my design to enter into a detail of the causes, which, operating with fatal effect, down from NECKER of disastrous memory to those who rested upon the confidence of the people only to deceive them, have occasioned so much French blood to be spilt. Many other writers have already performed,
and

and will again perform this task. I shall content myself with proving to my fellow-citizens, that the calm composure of innocence, supported by presence of mind, and a full confidence in the people's justice, cannot fail to preserve any man's life from their vengeful fury.

I had time to remark that some of my partners in misfortune were incapable of uttering a single word in their own justification: this silence was perhaps the cause of their death, which a firm demeanour, and candid, unembarrassed replies might have averted. If this narrative should tend only to save the life of a single man; *were it possible that the like events could ever again take place*, I should think myself sufficiently rewarded for my past sufferings, and for the sentiments of affliction which I feel in writing every line.

MY

MY AGONY

FOR

THIRTY-EIGHT HOURS.

CHAP. I.

Fourteen Hours before the Committee of Inspection.

I WAS apprehended by the order of this committee on the twenty second of August; and was taken to the mayoralty at nine o'clock in the morning, where I remained till eleven at night.—Two gentlemen, *members, no doubt, of the committee*, ordered me into a saloon, where one of them, oppressed with fatigue, fell asleep. The other, who kept his eyes open, asked me “If I was Jourgniac “Saint Méard.”

I answered—“Yes.”

“Sit down.—We are all upon a footing of perfect equality.—Do you know why you have been taken up?”

“One

“ One of those who brought me here, told me,
“ that was suspected of being the Editor of an
“ unconstitutional Newspaper.”

“ SUSPECTED is not the word ; for I know that
“ Gautier, who passes for the Editor of the Court
“ and City Journal, *is a mere humbug.*”

“ Your easiness of belief, Sir, has been imposed
“ upon, as the proofs that such a man actually
“ exists, and that he is the Editor of that paper,
“ are equally simple and obvious.”

“ I must believe.....”

“ Nothing but the truth ; for you are *just*, as
“ being a *judge* : besides, I give you my word of
“ honour.....”

“ Oh ! Sir, words of honour are now quite out
“ of the question.”

“ So much the worse, Sir, for mine is sacred.”

“ You are accused of having been on the fron-
“ tiers, about ten or eleven months ago ; and of
“ having raised some recruits there, whom you
“ took to the emigrants : at your return, you were
“ arrested ;

“ arrested; but you made your escape out of
“ prison.”

“ Could I imagine this to be a serious charge,
“ I should require but one hour to prove that I
“ have not been out of Paris for these *twenty-three*
“ *months*.—And if.....”

“ Oh! Sir: I know you are a man of talents;
“ and that you would find, by means of your
“ *subtlety*.....”

“ Give me leave to say, that the word *subtlety* is
“ improperly added: the matters in question are
“ gross absurdities; for we are speaking of the
“ informations given in against me.”

“ Do you know M. Derofoi, the Editor of the
“ Paris Gazette?”

“ Very well, by name; but no farther: I have
“ not even ever seen him.”

“ I am astonished at that, as some of your let-
“ ters to him have been found among his papers.”

“ Only *one* could have been found there, as I
“ never wrote to him more than *once*, to let him
“ know that I sent the copy of a speech I made to

“ the *Chasseurs* of my company, at the time of the
“ mutiny in the garrison at Nancy; and which he
“ inserted in the Paris Gazette. This was the only
“ correspondence I ever had with him.”

“ That is true ; and I must tell you farther, that
“ the letter you mention does not afford the least
“ ground of information against you.”

“ None of my letters ; none of my writings ;
“ none of my actions can afford any such grounds.”

“ I have seen you at Mrs. Vanfleury's : I have
“ also seen you at M. Peltier's, the Editor of the
“ *Acts of the Apostles*.”

“ That may be, as I sometimes visit that lady,
“ and often take a walk with Peltier.”

“ Are you not a knight of the order of Saint
“ Lewis ?”

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ Why do you not wear the cross ?”

“ There it is : I have constantly worn it for
“ these six years.”

“ That

“ That will do for the present.....I shall go and
“ inform the committee, that you are here.”

“ Do me the favour also to inform them, that,
“ if they do me justice, they will set me at liberty ;
“ for I am neither an Editor, nor a Recruiter, nor
“ a Conspirator, nor an Informer.”

A moment after, three foldiers made a sign to me to follow them. When we got into the courtyard, they requested me to step with them into a hackney-coach, which set off as soon as they had ordered the coachman to drive to the *Hôtel of Fauxbourg St. Germain*.

CHAP II.

Ten Days at the Abbey Prison.

UPON our arrival at the *Hotel* mentioned by my fellow travellers, which turned out to be the Abbey Prison, they presented me, *with the billet for my quarters*, to the keeper, who, after the usual phrase, "it is to be hoped that this will not be for a long while," put me in a large hall, which had served as a chapel to the prisoners under the old government. I counted over nineteen persons lying on flock-beds: I had one appointed for me which was lately occupied by M. Dangremont, whose head had been cut off two days before.

The same day, at the very moment that we were going to sit down to table, M. Chantereine, a colonel of the king's constitutional guards, gave himself three stabs with a knife, saying; "We are all doomed to be butchered... My God! I fly to you!" He died two minutes after.

August

August 23.—I drew up a memorial, in which I exposed the baseness of my accusers : I sent copies to the Chief Justice; to my own ward; to the Committee of Inspection; and to all those whom I knew would be concerned for the wrongs done me.

Near Five o'Clock in the Afternoon.—M. Derofoi, Editor of the Paris Gazette, was added to the number of our associates in misfortune.—As soon as he heard my name mentioned, he said to me, after the usual salutation ;—“ Ah! Sir, how happy “ I am in meeting with you!.....I have long “ esteemed you, though my only knowledge of “ you is through the affair at Nanci. Permit an “ unhappy man, whose last hour approaches, to “ pour the overflowings of his heart into your’s.” —I embraced him. He then shewed me a letter he had just received from one of his female friends, to this purport.

“ Dear friend, prepare for death : you are con-
“ demned ; and to-morrow.....Distracting thought
“ —but you know what I have promised you.
“ Adieu.”

While I was reading this letter, I perceived tears start from his eyes : he kissed it several times ; and I heard him say in a low tone of voice ;—“ Alas !
“ she will suffer more than I shall.”—He laid down
upon

upon my bed ; and tired with talking of the means employed to accuse us, and to get us apprehended, we fell asleep. At day-break, he drew up a memorial in his own justification, which, though written with energy, and founded on facts, produced no favourable effect ; for next morning he was beheaded by the *guillotine*.

The 25th.—The *commissaries* of the prison permitted us *at length* to procure for ourselves the evening papers*.

* A new prisoner brought us several, and, among others, one entitled : *The French Courier*, in which I read what my readers, if they please, may very well pass over :

“ Messrs. Saint-Méard and Beaumarchais have been apprehended : the first was the author of a scandalous newspaper which appeared under the title of the *Court and City Journal*. He has been a captain in the king’s regiment ; and what may be thought remarkable, he is the proprietor of the famous Montagne’s former estate near Bordeaux. M. Saint-Méard has an income of forty thousand livres a year.”

I pardon this fabricator of news for having given me that estate, though it belongs to M. de Ségur ; and forty thousand livres a year, though I never had half that income, even before the revolution.—Nay more ; I do not suspect him of any bad intentions so far ; but I cannot believe that he had any very good ones, in making choice of the moment, when the sword of the law was suspended over my head to inform the public that I was the Editor of an unconstitutional paper : for though *he himself was formerly a Feuillant*, that is to say, a warm constitution-man, he

The vestry of the chapel, which served for our prison, was assigned to a captain of the regiment of Swiss guards, named Reding, who, in the affair of the tenth of August, had been shot through the arm, and received besides four wounds of a cutlass in his head. Some citizens saved him, and took him to lodgings; but he was soon after dragged thence to be conveyed to the Abbey Prison, *where the broken bone of his arm was set a second time.*—I have been very often astonished in the course of my life; but never so much as at the sight of a sort of nurse who attended him. I recognized in her a person, with whom I had been intimately acquainted for twelve years.—I omit the particulars of this incredible anecdote, as they have no necessary connection with my narrative.

The 26th at Midnight.—A municipal officer came into our chamber to take down our names, and the day on which we were apprehended.—He gave us room to hope that the municipality would send commissaries in the morning to set at liberty all

he knew that M. Gautier was the Editor of the Journal in question. In short, how will he reconcile the considerable fortune he has given me with the assertion of the author of the *Revolutions of Paris*, who tells the public, that I got my livelihood by writing for that paper.—Had he added, that I never wrote, or directed my labours to deprive any other person of life, he would have told at least one truth, and I should have forgiven the rest of his absurd falsehood.

those

those against whom there were only vague charges. This intimation gave me a good night's rest; but it was not realized: on the contrary, the number of prisoners increased.

The 27th—We heard the report of a pistol shot, which was fired off in the inside of the prison. Immediately people ran up and down the stair-cases and galleries with precipitation: locks and bolts were opened and shut in a great hurry. One of the turnkeys, coming into our apartment, after having counted us, tells us not to be alarmed, as the danger was over. We could learn nothing more of the matter from this abrupt and very laconic gentleman.

The 28th and 29th—The only objects to divert our thoughts, for those two days, were carriages coming with prisoners every instant. We had a view of them from a small turret that communicated with our room, the windows of which faced St. Margaret-street—We paid dearly afterwards for the pleasure we had in hearing and seeing what passed in the square, in the street, and particularly opposite the ward of our prison.

The 30th, at eleven o'clock at night.—An old man about eighty was brought into our room to sleep there: we learned next morning that he was one M.

Cazotte,

Cazotte, the author of *Olivier, Le Diable Amoureux*, and some other poems. The somewhat extravagant gaiety of this old man and his oriental stile diverted our melancholy a little. He very seriously endeavoured to persuade us, by the story of Cain and Abel, that we were much happier than those who enjoyed liberty. He seemed very sorry that we did not look as if we believed him: he wanted absolutely to make us acknowledge that our situation was only an *emanation of the Apocalypse*, &c. &c.....I stung him to the quick by saying, that, in our circumstances, the belief of *predestination* would afford more comfort than any thing he said. Two of the *gendarmes*, who came to conduct him to the criminal tribunal, put an end to our debate.

I did not lose a moment in procuring the affidavits necessary to prove the truths stated in my memorial.—I was assisted by a friend, but such a friend as is not to be matched, who, while others were abandoned by theirs, exerted himself night and day to serve me. He forgot, that, in a moment of tumult and mistrust, he ran the same risk with me; that he laid himself open to suspicion by taking such an active concern for a suspected prisoner; but nothing checked him; and he proved to me fully the truth of that proverb:—"Adversity is the touchstone of friendship."—It is, in a
great

great measure, to his exertions and zeal that I am indebted for my life. It is a debt I owe to the public, to myself, and to truth, to mention this brave man's name : it is M. Teissier, a merchant in *Croix des Petits-Champs-street* *.

The last days of the month of August—reminded me of the cruel situation I was in at Nancy. My fancy was busy in drawing a parallel between the dangers to which I was now exposed, and those which I had run on the same days, when the army, consisting of the regiments of the king, of *Mestre-de-camp*, and of *Chateaufieux*, with some battalions of the national guards, chose me for their general, and compelled me to march at their head to Luneville, to rescue general Malseigne from the carabineers,

First of September—Three of our fellow prisoners were discharged, who were much less surprised at their release than at their former commitment, as they were the most zealous patriots in their respective wards, or sections. Some others in the adjoining apartments were also set at liberty, particularly M. de Jaucourt, a member of the legislative assembly, who a little time before had vacated his seat as deputy by sending in his resignation.

* He is of the family of Teissiers of London.

CHAP. III.

Beginning of my Agony for Thirty-Eight Hours.

Sunday, September 2.

OUR turnkey brought dinner earlier than usual : his wild look and scowling eye seemed to forbode some approaching disaster. At *two o'clock* he returned : we surrounded him : he was deaf to all our enquiries ; and after having, contrary to custom, gathered up our knives, which we had placed in our napkins, he abruptly turned out the Swiss officer's *nurse*.

At half past two.—The horrid noise of a mob was frightfully increased by that of drums beating to arms, bells ringing in every quarter, and three discharges of the alarm gun.

In these moments of consternation, we saw three carriages pass by, attended by an innumerable crowd of frantic men and women, crying out *à la*

B

à la

*à la force** They went on to the Abbey-Cloister, which had been converted into a prison for the clergy. In a moment after, we heard that the mob had just butchered all the bishops and other ecclesiastics, who, they said, had been *put into the fold* there.

Near four o'clock.—The piercing cries of a man, whom they were hacking and cutting to pieces with hangers, drew us to the turret window, whence we saw a mangled corpse on the ground, opposite our prison door. Another was butchered in the same manner a moment after; and the bloody scene continued.

It is totally impossible to describe the horror of the dead silence that prevailed during those executions: it was interrupted only by the screams of tortured victims, and by blows of hangers knocked against their skulls. As soon as they fell, a murmur rose, which was followed by shouts of *vive la nation*, to us a thousand times more terrible than the horrors of the former silence.

In the intervals between each massacre, we heard the mob under our windows saying, “Not

* We did not then know, that those words, *à la force*, was the signal given for consigning victims to execution.

“ one

“one of them must escape : they must all be put
“to death ; especially those who are in the chapel,
“as nobody is put there but conspirators.” We
were the persons they meant ; and I need not assure
the reader, that we often wished for the happiness
of those who were confined in the most gloomy
dungeons.

Thoughtful melancholy now gave way to the
keener agitations of immediate danger and alarm.
A momentary silence in the street was interrupted
by a noise we heard within the prison.

Five o'clock.—Several voices called loudly for
M. Cazotte. A moment after, we heard a crowd
of people upon the stairs ; the clash of arms ; and
the cries of men and women. They were drag-
ging along that old man, followed by his daughter.
When he was outside the door, the heroic young
woman flung her arms round her father’s neck :
the people, affected at the sight, demanded his
pardon, and obtained it.

Near seven o'clock.—We saw two men enter our
room, with drawn swords in their bloody hands.
A turnkey shewed them the way with a flambeau,
and pointed out to them the bed of the unfortu-
nate *Reding*. *At this frightful moment, I was clasp-*
ing his hand, and endeavouring to comfort him.—One

of those men was going to lift him up, when the poor officer stopped him by saying in a dying tone of voice; " Ah ! Sir, I have suffered enough ; I " am not afraid of death : all I ask is to be killed " here."—These words rendered the other motionless* ; but it was only a moment's pause ; for his comrade looking at him, and saying, " what are " you about ?" he laid hold of the ill-fated Reding ; and taking him on his shoulders, carried him into the street, where he was murdered.....*My eyes are so full of tears, that I can no longer see what I am writing.*

We looked at one another without uttering a word : we shook hands : we embraced...Then motionless as statues, we kept our eyes fixt, in pensive silence on the floor, where a little moon-light shot through the triple bars of our windows..... But the cries of some fresh victims quickly threw us into our former agitation, and reminded us of the last words of *M. Chantereine*, when he plunged the knife into his heart :—" We are all doomed to " be butchered !"

* It is likely he felt some humane impulse at that instant ; nor was this the only proof he gave of his not being quite so sanguinary as his fellow butchers : I know he saved the life of a young man from *Bafancon*, a prisoner in the room where I was.

Midnight.

Midnight.—Ten men with naked swords, preceded by two turnkeys holding flambeaus in their hands, entered our prison; and ordered each of us to place himself at his bed's foot. After they counted us over, they told us, that we were made responsible for one another; and they swore, that if any one of us effected his escape, all the rest should be butchered, *without being heard before the President.*—These last words gave us a ray of hope; as we did not know till then, that we were to have any *hearing* before our execution.

Two o'clock, Monday Morning.—We heard the thundering of reiterated blows at one of the prison doors: we thought at first that the mob were bursting open the entrance into our ward, in order to massacre us in our rooms: but we recovered a little from this fright, upon hearing somebody on the stair-case say, that it was the door of a dungeon, where some prisoners had barricaded themselves.—Soon after we were told, that every one of them was put to death.

Ten o'clock.—The Abbé *L'Enfant*, one of the king's confessors, and the Abbé *de Chapt de Rastignac* appeared in the gallery of the chapel where we were confined, *which they got into by a door facing the stair-case.*—They informed us, that our last moments were drawing near, and begged of us to

prepare in a devout and collected manner to receive their benediction.—An impulse, somewhat like an electrical shock, made us fall upon our knees; and with joined hands, in the attitude of prayer, we received their blessing. This moment, though full of comfort, was one of the most !.....! we had experienced.—No words can define or paint the affecting spectacle we afforded, on the eve of appearing before the Supreme Being, and prostrated in the presence of two of his ministers. The age of these venerable old men, their situation above us, death hovering over our heads, and surrounding us on all sides,—every thing, in short, concurred to give an awfulness and solemnity to the scene: it raised our souls nearer to the Divinity: it inspired us with courage: all reasoning was suspended; and the ceremony made as strong an impression on the coldest and most incredulous, as on persons of the warmest zeal, faith, and sensibility.—Half an hour after, those two priests were butchered; and *we heard their cries!*

Is there a man in the world, who can read the following details without tears? Must he not shudder? Must not his blood freeze, and his hair stand erect, with all the chilling horrors of death?

The most important matter that now employed our thoughts was to consider what posture we should

should put ourselves in, when dragged to the place of slaughter, in order to receive death with least pain.—We sent from time to time some of our companions to the turret-window, to inform us of the attitude of the unfortunate victims; that from their report we might determine how to place ourselves.—They brought us back word, that those who stretched out their hands, suffered longest, because the blows of the cutlasses were thereby weakened, before they reached the head; that even some of the victims lost their hands and arms, before their bodies fell; and that such of them as put their hands behind their backs, must have suffered much less pain....*Well! such were the subjects of our deliberations!.....*We calculated the advantages of this last posture, and advised one another to take it, when it should come to our turn to be butchered....!!!

Towards noon.—Oppressed, and exhausted by a more than supernatural agitation;—absorbed in reflections of inexpressible horror, I threw myself upon a bed, and slept soundly.—Every thing induces me to believe, that I owe my existence to that moment of sleep.—*Met* thought I appeared before the formidable tribunal that was to sit in judgment on me. While I was pleading in my own defence, they seemed to listen with attention, notwithstanding the dreadful ringing of the alarm-bell, and the cries which I fancied I heard.

I heard. When my defence was ended, they set me at liberty.—This dream made so cheering an impression on my mind, as to dispel all my fears and uneasiness; and I awoke with a presage of what was afterwards realized.—I related the particulars to my copartners in misfortune, who were astonished at the air of confidence I preserved from that moment till the time of my being taken before my terrible judges.

Two o'clock.—We heard it proclaimed, that the people seemed inclined to listen without prejudice. A moment after, some persons, either from curiosity, or a wish, perhaps, to point out to us the means of escape, placed a ladder against our chamber window: but they were hindered from getting up by cries of *down: down: it is to carry arms to the prisoners.*

All the torments of the most parching thirst were added to the other pangs which we felt at every instant.—At length our turnkey *Bertrand* appeared alone; and we prevailed upon him to get us a pitcher of water. We drank it with the greater avidity, as we had been *six and twenty-hours* without a single drop*. We spoke of this

* This want, however, was owing to circumstances, and not to any fault of the turnkey, or of the keeper of the prison, citizen *Lavaguerie*, who, during my confinement there, performed all the duties which humanity prescribes to an honest man.

neglect to a *federate*, who came with some other persons to visit and inspect the state of our prison. Our complaint enraged him so much, that in asking us the turnkey's name, he assured us he would go and *exterminate* him. *He would have done it, as he said so*; and it was not without much intreaty that we diverted him from his purpose.

The little relief from our small supply of water was soon disturbed by groans which we heard over our heads. We perceived they came from the gallery; we gave notice of them to all those who passed by on the stairs. At length some persons got into the gallery, and told us, that it was a young officer who had given himself several stabs, but none of which was mortal, as the blade of the knife he made use of was round at the top, so that it could not penetrate deep enough.—This served only to hasten his execution.

Eight o'clock.—The tumult of the populace abated, and we heard several voices cry out.—“Pardon, pardon for all those that are left.”—This shout was applauded, but faintly. A ray of hope, however, shot into our hearts; and some were so assured of being immediately released, that they had their bundles under their arms in readiness to go; but new cries of death soon plunged us again into our old afflictions.

I had

I had formed a particular connection with M. *Mauffabré*, who was imprisoned for having been aide-camp to M. *de Brissac*.—He had upon other occasions given proofs of his courage; but the dread of being assassinated shivered up his heart. I had just been dissipating a little of his fears, when he suddenly flung himself into my arms, saying:—“My friend, it is all over with me, for I have this moment heard my name mentioned in the street.” In vain did I tell him, that it was somebody, perhaps, who meant to save him; and that, at all events fear was no preservative, but might, on the contrary, ruin him. It was all to no purpose: he had so completely lost his senses, that finding no place to hide himself in the chapel, he crept up the chimney of the vestry-room, till he was stopt by some iron bars, which he had the madness to attempt to break with his head. We begged of him to come down: after a great deal of difficulty, he returned to us; but his reason never returned. This is what caused his death, which I shall describe presently.

M. *Emard*, who, the evening before, had given me directions for making out a will all written in the testator's hand, acquainted me with the motives for his being arrested. I thought them so unjust, that, to convince him how certain I was he could not be condemned, I made him a present of
a silver

a silver medal, which I begged he would keep to shew it me ten years after.... If he reads this paragraph, it will remind him of his promise: it is not my fault that we have not seen one another since: I do not know where to find him; and he knows where I am.

Eleven o'clock.—Ten persons armed with swords and pistols ordered us to draw up in a line one after another; and then led us to the second ward of the prison, adjoining to that in which the judges sat, who were to try us.—I cautiously got near one of the sentinels, and found means by degrees to enter into conversation with him.—He told me in a sort of *gibberish*, by which I perceived he was a native of *Provence*, or *Languedoc*, that he had served eight years in the regiment of *Lyonnois*'s.—I spoke to him in *his own country jargon*, which seemed to give him pleasure; and as it was so much my interest to please him, I spoke to him in such a fluent and persuasive strain of *Gascon* eloquence, that he made this declaration, of the full value of which nobody, without being exactly circumstanced as I was, can form any idea:—"I do not know thee; yet I do not think that thou art a traitor: on the contrary, I believe thee to be an honest fellow. *"

* The French writer gives this sentence, and the following part of the conversation, in the *Gascon dialect*, the laughable peculiarities

All my invention was kept upon the stretch to supply me with whatever I thought might confirm him in that favourable opinion. I succeeded; and even gained so far upon him, that he permitted me to go into the terrible room where they were trying a prisoner..... I saw two tried; one of them, a purveyor to the King, was condemned on a charge of being concerned in the plot of the tenth of August: and was executed; the other who wept and could only let drop some broken and disjointed expressions, was already stript, and going to be dragged to execution, when he was discovered by a Paris mechanic, who made oath that they had mistaken him for another person.—He was then referred for farther examination to somebody better informed.—I have since heard that he was proclaimed innocent.

What I saw in those two trials was like a beam of light, which shewed me the turn I should give to the pleading in my own defence.—I went back to the second ward, whence the good-natured sentinell had permitted me to step in, to hear the proceedings of the court; and where I now found some prisoners just brought in.—I begged my *Gascon* friend to get me a glass of wine.—He was going

cularities of which, can be no otherwise preserved than by attempting to transfuse the spirit into a translation.

for

for some, when he was ordered to take me back to the chapel, where I returned without being able to discover on what account we had been sent for. I there found ten new prisoners, who supplied the places of five of the old ones, who had been before condemned.—I had no time to lose in drawing up a new memorial: I was hard at it, when I saw my *Gascon* come in, after telling the turnkey;—" you need only lock the door, and wait for me on the outside.—Then coming to me, and taking me by the hand, he said:

" I come on your account, here is the wine you wanted: drink."

I had drunk about half of it, when laying hold of the bottle, he cried out:

" Zounds, my friend, what a swallow you have got! pray, let me have a drop: here's to you." He drank it off. Then said he, " I cannot stop long with you; but mind my words—If you are a traitor, or one of *M. Veto's* gang of conspirators, you are done for: but if you are not a traitor, don't be afraid: I warrant you'll get off."

" Oh! my friend," replied I, " I am sure of not being charged with any thing of that kind: but I am suspected of having a little of the aristocrat in me."

“ That is nothing : the judges know there are
“ honest fellows of all parties : the president is a
“ worthy man, and far from being a fool.”

“ Do me the kindness to beg the judges to hear
“ me : I ask no more.”

“ You shall be heard ; I warrant you—Farewell,
“ my friend—Have a good heart—I must return
“ to my post.—I shall try to get you called as soon
“ as possible.—Shake hands : I am sincerely yours.”

We embraced one another ; and he went away.

One must have been a prisoner at the Abbey on the third of September 1792, to feel the influence which this short conversation had on my hopes, and to what a degree it revived them.

Near midnight. The unnatural noise, which had not ceased for six and thirty hours, began at length to abate. We concluded that our judges and their *executive power*,* exhausted with fatigue, would not bring us to trial, till they had some rest : we were employed in preparing our beds, when we heard a new proclamation, which was followed by a general hiss.—Soon after, some man begged the po-

* This was the name given to the *murderers*.

pulace would permit him to speak ; and we heard him say very distinctly,—“ The priests and conspirators who are left, and who are in that place, “ have certainly been tampering with the judges, “ and bribing them : this is the reason why they “ are not brought to trial.”—He had hardly uttered these words, when we thought we heard him knocked down.—The uproar and agitation of the mob became now extremely violent and alarming. The noise increased every moment, and the popular ferment was at its height, when M. *Defon*, one of the old life-guards, was sent for. We soon heard his expiring cries. * In a little time after, two more of our companions were torn away from us ; which made me think that my own fatal hour was not far off.

At length about one o'clock on Tuesday morning, after having endured for thirty seven hours an agony far worse than death itself ;— after having drunk off a thousand and a thousand times the cup of bitterness ;—my prison-door opens : I am called : I make my appearance : three men lay hold of me, and drag me along to the frightful hall where the judges sat.

* An order was also sent for a superior officer of the King's new household, by one of the commissioners of the commonalty, who was in a room just over ours. We begged for the same favour ; but to no purpose.

CHAP. IV.

Last crisis of my Agony.

BY the light of two torches, I perceived the terrible tribunal that was to give me life or death. The president, in a grey coat, and a sword by his side, was standing with his arms against a table, on which were scattered several papers, an ink-stand, pipes, and some bottles. This table was surrounded by ten persons, some sitting, some standing, two of them in waistcoats and aprons; and others were sleeping on benches. Two men in their shirts all stained with blood, and swords in their hands, guarded the door: an old turnkey kept his hand upon the bolts.—Just before the president, three men held fast a prisoner, who appeared to be about sixty years of age.

I was placed in one corner of the room: my guards laid their swords across my breast; and told me, that if I made the least attempt to escape, they would run me through the body.—I was looking round for my *Gascon* friend, when I saw two national guards presenting to the president a reclamation from the section of *croix rouge*, (*red cross ward*) in favour of the prisoner before him. He told them,

“ that

“that such modes of claim, or intercession could be of no use to traitors.”—Then the prisoner cried out:—“This is dreadful: your sentence is downright affassination.”—The President replied, “I have washed my hands of the business: take away *M. Maillé.”....These words were no sooner uttered, than he was dragged into the street, where I saw him massacred, through a slit in the prison-door.

I have often been in dangerous situations, and had always the good fortune to keep my mind in a state of perfect composure: but in this last trial, I must have sunk under the terrors unavoidably excited by every object round me, had not my spirits been kept up by my conversation with the Gascon, and particularly by my dream, which was constantly present to my fancy.

The President sat down to write; and after registering (*in all appearance*) the name of the poor wretch just led to execution, I heard him say; *let another be brought.*

I was immediately dragged before this expeditious and bloody tribunal, where the best protec-

* I thought I observed the President to pronounce this sentence much against his will: several of the *executioners* were got into the hall, and caused violent disturbance there.

tion was *to have none*, and where all the resources of ingenuity were of little use, except they were founded on truth.—Two of my guards held me by each of my hands, and the third by the collar of my coat.

(The President, addressing himself to me.)

“ Your name, your profession.”

(One of the judges.)

“ The least falsehood will undo you.”

“ My name is *Jourgniac St. Meard*: I served as
“ an officer five and twenty years; and I appear
“ before your tribunal with the confidence of a
“ man, who has nothing to reproach himself for,
“ and who consequently will tell no falsehood.”

(The President.)

“ We shall see that: stop a little*....Do you know
“ on what grounds you were taken up?”

* He looked at the order for my commitment in the jailor's book, and the copies of the informations, which he afterwards handed to the other judges.

“ Yes,

“ Yes, Mr. President ;* and I can very well believe that the fallshood of the charges brought against me was so notorious, that the Committee of Inspection would never have sent me to prison, had not their concern for the *safety of the public* obliged them to take such precautions.

“ I am accused of being the Editor of an *anti-feuillant* newspaper, entitled the *Court and City Journal*. This is absolutely false : the Editor of that paper is one *Gautier*, a man whose description is so unlike mine, that nothing but downright malice could have made me be taken for him ;—and if I was permitted to put my hand in my pocket.—”

I made an useless attempt to get at my pocket-book : one of the judges perceived it, and said to those that held me : “ Let the gentleman’s hands loose.”—I then laid upon the table the affidavits of several clerks, factors, merchants and house-keepers, with whom he had lodged, that proved him to be the

* To my great dissatisfaction, the attention of the President, and of the judges was often called off : people kept whispering in their ears, or bringing them letters, and among the latter, one in particular which was given to the President, and which had been found in the pocket of M..... Camp-Marshal. It was addressed to M. Servan, the War Minister.

Editor, and sole proprietor of that Journal,

(*One of the judges.*)

“ But, after all, there can be no fire without
“ smoke : tell us therefore why this was laid to
“ your charge ?”

“ I was going to do so. You know, gentlemen,
“ that newspaper was a sort of public chest,
“ in which were deposited the puns, jokes, epigrams,
“ jests, good and bad, that were made at Paris,
“ and in the eighty-three departments.—I might say,
“ that I never made any for that paper, as no manuscript
“ of mine has been found there : but my candour, which I
“ have always found of advantage, will serve me still upon
“ the present occasion ; and I will frankly confess, that my
“ natural gaiety of temper often inspired me with droll
“ ideas, which I used to send to M. Gautier. This, gentlemen,
“ is the *plain matter of fact*, and the whole upshot of the
“ business, for which so *mighty* a charge is brought against
“ me,—a charge as *absurd* as what I am now going to speak
“ of is *monstrous*. I am accused of having been upon the
“ frontiers, of having raised recruits there, and of having
“ taken them to the emigrants.....”

Here

Here a general murmur took place, which did not, however, disconcert me ; and raising my voice, I said :

“ Gentlemen ! I have a right to be heard : I
“ beg the President will be kind enough to sup-
“ port me in it ; and certainly the liberty of speak-
“ ing was never of greater importance to me than
“ at present.”

[Almost all the judges said, smiling ;]

“ Very right : very right.—Silence !”

“ The informer against me is a monster : I shall
“ soon prove this truth before *judges whom the*
“ *people would never have chosen, but from a persua-*
“ *sion of their being capable of distinguishing the inno-*
“ *cent from the guilty....* There, gentlemen, are cer-
“ tificates to prove that I have not been out of
“ Paris for these *three and twenty months*.—There
“ are the solemn declarations of the different house-
“ keepers where I lodged during that time, to at-
“ test the fact.”

The judges were busy in examining those papers,—
when we were interrupted by the arrival of
a prisoner who took my place before the Presi-
dent.—Those who held him, said it was

another priest, whom they had just *dislodged from his niche* in the chapel.—After a few very short questions, he was sent off *à la force*, that is to say, to slaughter.—He threw his breviary on the table, and was dragged out of the prison, and butchered.—After this matter was dispatched, I appeared again before the tribunal.

(One of the judges.)

“ I do not say that these certificates are forged ;
“ but who is to prove their authenticity ? ”

“ Your observation, Sir, is just ; and in order to
“ enable you to decide with full knowledge of the
“ whole case, send me back to a dungeon, till com-
“ missioners, whom I beg the President will be kind
“ enough to appoint, can ascertain the truth of my
“ papers.—If they are false, I deserve death.”

(One of the judges, who during my examination
seemed to be concerned for me, said in a half whisper,)*

* The features of his countenance are deeply engraven in my heart ; and if ever I should have the happiness to meet him, I will embrace him, and testify my gratitude to him with the utmost sincerity and pleasure.

“ A

“ A guilty culprit would not speak with such confidence.”

(Another judge.)

“ What Section do you belong to ?”

“ That of the corn-market.”

(A national guard, who was not one of the judges)

“ Ah ! hah ! I also belong to that Section. At whose house do you lodge ?”

“ At M. Teyssier's *Croix des Petits-Champs-street.*”

(The national guard.)

“ I know him : we have even had some dealings together : I can tell whether the certificate is his hand-writing, or not.....” *He looked at it, and said,* “ Gentlemen, you may depend upon it, that this is the signature of citizen Teyssier.”

With what transport could I have flung my arms round the neck of that guardian angel ! but I had matters of such serious moment to dis-

cuss, that I was obliged to check every other impulse. He had scarce done speaking, when I exclaimed in a tone which attracted universal attention: "Ah! gentlemen, after the testimony of
" that brave man, which demonstrates the falshood
" of a charge aiming at my life, what idea can you
" have of my accuser?"

(The judge who seemed interested for me.)

"He is a villain; and were he here, he should
" feel the rod of justice.—Do you know him?"

"No, Sir; but he must be at the Committee
" of Inspection; and I confess, that, if I knew him,
" I should think I was doing good to society in
" *posting him*, that people may fly from such a
" wretch, as from a mad dog."

(One of the judges.)

"We see plainly that you are not the *doer* of a
" newspaper; and that you have not *enlisted* any
" recruits. But you say nothing of the *aristocratic*
" language you have often made use of in book-
" sellers shops at the Palais Royal."

"Why not? I was not afraid to confess what I
" wrote; and I shall be still less afraid to confess
" what

“ what I said and thought.—I always recommend-
 “ ed obedience to the laws; and I practised what
 “ I preached.—I own, at the same time, that I
 “ availed myself of the liberty allowed me by the
 “ *constitution*, to say, that I did not think it per-
 “ fect, because it appeared to me to place us *all*
 “ in a wrong situation. If saying that can make a
 “ man guilty of a crime, then the constitution it-
 “ self would have laid a snare for me; and the very
 “ *permission* it gave me *to point out its defects*, would
 “ be but a *trap for my ruin*.—I also said, that almost
 “ all the *noblemen* of the constituent assembly, *who*
 “ *shewed themselves such zealous patriots*, studied
 “ more to serve their own interest and their am-
 “ bition, than the good of their country; and when
 “ all Paris was infatuated with patriotism, I said :—
 “ *They deceive you*.—I appeal to you, gentlemen,
 “ whether the event has not justified my opinion of
 “ them?—I have often censured the mean and
 “ awkward manœuvres of certain personages, who
 “ were always roaring for the *constitution*, nothing
 “ but the *constitution*, the whole *constitution*. I
 “ foresaw a long while since, that some great cata-
 “ trophe would be the unavoidable issue of that
 “ constitution, revised by egotists, (who had as
 “ selfish an aim in all their labours as the persons
 “ I before made mention of,) and supported by
 “ men of intriguing, unprincipled characters.....
 “ Those state-quacks were distinguished only by
 “ their

“ their *hypocrisy, ambition, and cowardice*.—The
 “ leading features of their opponents were *fanati-*
 “ *cism, intrepidity, and frankness*... There was no
 “ occasion for any very long telescope to see which
 “ party would finally prevail.”

The attention that was paid to every thing I said, and which I did not expect, gave me courage; and I was going to give a summary of my reasons for preferring a *republican* government to that of the *constitution*;—I was going to repeat what I used to say every day in M. *Desenne's* shop, when the jail-keeper came in with a scared look, to give an alarm that one of the prisoners was striving to make his escape up the chimney. The President ordered pistols to be fired after him; but that, if he got off, the turnkey should answer for it at the peril of his life.—This was the unfortunate *Mauffabré*. They fired several guns up the chimney at him; but the turnkey finding this did not succeed, set fire to some straw, the smoke of which made the poor wretch tumble down half suffocated:—he was completely killed before the prison door.

I resumed my speech, saying:—“ Nobody,
 “ gentlemen, wishes for the reform of abuses more
 “ earnestly

“ earnestly than I did.....There are pamphlets
“ which I wrote before and after the states general
“ were called together : they prove my assertion.—
“ I always thought the steps taken went too far for
“ a *constitution*, and not far enough for a *republic*.—
“ I am neither a *Jacobin*, nor a *Feuillant*. I did
“ not like the principles of the former, though
“ more candid and consistent than those of the
“ latter, whom I shall detest till it is proved to me,
“ that they are not the cause of all the evils we
“ have experienced. We have at length got rid
“ of them

(One of the judges, with an air of impatience,)

“ You keep telling us, that you are neither
“ this, not that. What are you then ?”

“ I was a frank royalist.”

Here a general murmur arose, which was miraculously quieted by the judge who seemed to interest himself in my favour ; and who said, word for word :

“ It is not to decide upon opinions that we sit
“ here; but upon their effects*.”

* Could the genius of Rousseau and Voltaire united, have made a better remark, had they been pleading my case ?

He had scarce uttered those precious words, when I cried out;—" Yes, gentlemen, I was a
 " frank royalist, but I was never paid for being so.
 " I was a royalist, because I thought a monarchical
 " government was best suited to my country ;—
 " because I sincerely loved the King, for his own
 " sake.—That sentiment remained in my heart till
 " the tenth of August."

The murmur, which now arose, had a much more friendly sound than the former; and, in order to preserve throughout the good opinion they entertained of me, I added :

I never heard the least mention of any plots, but
 " through the storms of public indignation. When-
 " ever an opportunity of assisting any man presented
 " itself, I embraced it without inquiring into his po-
 " litical principles.....There are newspapers, gentle-
 " men, and some of them patriotic ones, * which
 " prove

* I shewed them several newspapers, in which favourable mention was made of me.

M. Gorfes, who had greater reason to complain of the *Court and City Journal* than any body else, would not have inserted in his own paper, (*the Courier of the 83 Departments*) on the morning after my acquittal, what his sixth number contains in my favour, had he thought me to be the editor of that journal.

The

“ prove what I have the honour of stating to you.
 “ I have been always beloved by the peasants on the
 “ estate where I was *lord of the manor*. Even at the
 “ time when the houses of the neighbouring nobility
 “ and gentry were burnt to the ground, I was left
 “ unmolested in mine at St-Méard : the country
 “ people came in crowds to shew how glad they
 “ were to see me ; and planted a May-pole in my
 “ fore-court. I know these details must appear to
 “ you very trifling : but suppose yourselves, gen-
 “ tlemen in my place ; and then judge, whether
 “ this is not the time to make the most of every
 “ truth in my favour.—I can assure you, that not
 “ one soldier in the regiment of royal infantry,*
 “ in

*The Chevalier de Saint-Méard had supplied the *Court and City Journal* with several articles ; but those articles did not wear the stamp of hideous malignity.—The Chevalier de Saint-Méard frankly confesses that he had been a royalist, because he thought Lewis XVI. sincere : he does not disavow the articles of his political creed ; and his manly candour prompted the people to lift him up in their arms, and to carry him in triumph to his lodgings : he had even a certificate of his acquittal given him—The Chavalier de Saint Méard was not in fact the author of any of the shocking paragraphs which often appeared in that Journal ; and he proved, upon several occasions, that he was a man of good heart and upright conduct,

† Somebody whom I took for one of the judges, trod upon my toes, as if to warn me that I was going too far. I was sure of the contrary.

“ in which I served twenty five years, had ever the
“ least cause to complain of me : I may even boast
“ of being one of the officers, whom the men had
“ the greatest regard for. The last proof of this
“ was very unequivocal : two days before the mu-
“ tiny at Nancy, when their mistrust of the officers
“ was carried to the highest pitch, they appointed
“ me their general, and obliged me to take the
“ command of the army then marching to Luné-
“ ville to set at liberty thirty gentlemen of the re-
“ giment of *Mestre-de Camp*, whom the *Carabineers*
“ had made prisoners, and to rescue general Mal-
“ feigne....”

(*One of the judges.*)

“ I shall soon see whether you have served in the
“ King’s regiment. Did you know M. Morcau
“ in it ?”

“ Yes, sir : I knew two of that name ; one very
“ tall, very lusty, and a very rational man ; the
“ other very short, very thin, and very....I made a
“ motion with my hand, to intimate his being a
“ little light-headed.

(*The same judge.*)

“ It is just so ; I see you knew him.”

(*We*

(We had got so far, when one of the doors facing the stair-case opened ; and I saw a guard of three men bringing in M. Marguerie, formerly a major, once my comrade in the army, and lately my chum in the prison.—He was put into the corner, where I had been placed when first brought in, to wait there till my trial should be over.)

I resumed my speech,

“ After the melancholy affair at Nancy, I came
 “ to Paris, where I staid ever since. I was arrested
 “ in my apartment, twelve days ago. I so little
 “ expected to be taken up, that I always appeared
 “ in public, as usual.—They never sealed up any
 “ of my papers, or effects, as they found nothing
 “ suspicious in my rooms.—My name was never
 “ inserted in the civil list.—I never signed any pe-
 “ tition.—I never kept up any improper corres-
 “ pondence.—I never went out of France from the
 “ very beginning of the revolution.—During my
 “ residence in the metropolis, I have lived very
 “ peaceably : I gave myself up to the natural gaiety
 “ of my temper, which, in perfect harmony with
 “ my principles, never suffered me to meddle *seri-*
 “ *ously* in public affairs, and still less to injure any
 “ person breathing....This is all I have to say, gen-
 “ tlemen, of my conduct and principles. “The
 “ open confession I have made must satisfy you,
 “ that

“ that I am not a dangerous man. This makes
“ me hope you will grant me my liberty, which
“ I beg of you, and to which I am equally attach-
“ ed from necessity and from inclination.”

(The President taking off his hat, said)

“ I see nothing suspicious in this gentleman : I
“ think he deserves to be set at liberty.—Is that
“ your opinion?”

(All the judges.)

“ Yes, yes : it is just.”

Scarcely were those divine words pronounced, when I was embraced by all the people round me. I heard loud *applauses* over my head, and shouts of *bravo ! bravo !* I lifted up my eyes, and saw several faces pressed in close to the bars of the air-hole in the room where I was tried ; and as they were all alive, I could easily conceive whence the buzzing and troublesome noise came, which I had heard in the course of my examination.

The president *deputed* three persons to go and announce to the people the sentence just passed upon me. While this was proclaiming, I begged of the judges to grant me a short certificate of their
decision

decision in my favour: this they promised me. The president asked me why I did not wear the *cross of St. Lewis*. I replied, "that my fellow prisoners had persuaded me to take it off." He said, "that the National Assembly not having yet forbidden the wearing of it, one incurred suspicion by doing otherwise."—The three persons, who had been *deputed* to the populace, returned; and *making me put on my hat*, they conducted me out of the prison. As soon as I got into the street, one of them cried out:—"Off with your hats:....citizens, behold a man, in favour of whom your judges claim your aid and assistance."—These words being uttered, the *executive power* took and placed me in the middle of four torches, where I was embraced by every body round me. All the spectators shouted *vive la nation!* These honours, of which I had the most lively sense, put me under the safeguard of the people, who, with loud applause, made way for me, as I passed on, attended by the three deputies, whom the President had ordered to escort me home.—One of them said, "he was a mason, and established in the fauxbourg Saint-Germain;" another, "that he was a native of Bourges, and apprentice to a barber;"—and the third, who was dressed in the uniform of a national guard, told me "he was a federate."—As we walked on, the mason asked me, "if I was afraid." "No more than you are, replied I.

“ You must have perceived that I was not intimidated before the tribunal ; and certainly I shall not tremble in the street.” — “ It would be very wrong if you did,” said he, “ for the people now look upon your person as sacred ; and if any body was to touch you, he would be immediately put to death. I saw plainly you were not one of the caterpillars of the civil list ; but I trembled for you when you said you were an officer of the King’s.—Do you remember that I trod upon your toes ?” — “ Yes ; but I thought it was one of the judges”.... “ No, faith : I was the man : I thought you were getting into the mews ; and I should have been sorry to see you die : but you brought yourself off well : I am glad of it ; for I love people who never flinch.”

When we got into St. Bennet-street, we took a hackney-coach, which conveyed us to my lodgings. The first thing my landlord, my friend, did, the moment he saw me, was to offer his pocket-book full of notes to my conductors, who refused it, saying, “ This is not a trade we work at for money : there is your friend : he promised us a glass of brandy : we’ll drink it, and return to our post.” — They asked for a written acknowledgment of their having brought me home safe. I gave it to them, and begged they would send me the certificate which the judges had promised me,

and

and some things of mine which I had left in the Abbey-prison *.—I saw them to the door, and there cordially took my leave of them. Next day, one of the commissioners brought me the certificate, of which the following is a copy :

“ We, the commissioners appointed by the
 “ people to try the traitors confined in the Abbey-
 “ prison, caused citizen Jourgniac Saint-Méard,
 “ an old officer, decorated with *St. Lewis’s cross*,
 “ to be brought before us. On his proving that
 “ the charges alledged against him were false, and
 “ that he had never entered into any plot against
 “ the patriots, we had him proclaimed innocent
 “ in the presence of the people, who applauded
 “ our having set him at liberty. In proof of
 “ which, we have given him, at his request, the
 “ present certificate : we invite all citizens to grant
 “ him aid and assistance.

Signed,

“ POIR.... BER....”

“ *At the Abbey, in the fourth year of liberty,
 and the first of equality.*”

* In consequence of an application I made since for the recovery of those effects, Messrs JOURDEUIL and LECLERC, administrators in the department of inspection, had the kindness to promise me, in writing, an order necessary to get back the said property : I have not yet received either the order, or my things ; but I dare say I shall not lose any thing by the delay.

[*This note was written several days after the above Narrative.*]

After some hours sleep, I did not delay fulfilling the duties of friendship and gratitude.—I had a letter printed, giving an account of my happy delivery, which I sent to all those who, I knew, had been concerned for my fate.—I took a walk the same day in citizen Egalité's gardens *. I saw several people rub their eyes, to make sure that I was the person : others started back with affright, as if they had seen a ghost.—I was embraced even by persons whom I knew nothing of : in short, it was quite a rejoicing day to me. But several things which I have been told since, or which have been written to me, as well as what I have seen printed, give me a clear idea of the unfavourable *effect* my commitment may have on the minds of persons unacquainted with me ; particularly at a moment, when people are so apt to believe, to condemn, and to execute with the utmost precipitation. I therefore thought it of importance to produce a *counter-effect*. I have stated the truth.

* Late Duke of Orleans.

CHAP. V.

To my Enemies.

WHEN I sat down to draw the picture of those terrible scenes now laid before the public, I promised to execute it with TRUTH and EXACTNESS; and I have scrupulously kept my word *.—The details I entered into are undoubted proofs of my intention not to omit any; because there is not one of them but what must appear interesting at this frightful period, the events of which are written in letters of blood on the pages

* I will not positively assert, that every thing said to me when taken before the committee, and afterwards in the prison, as well as my own answers, are reported word for word: but I solemnly declare, that the spirit and meaning of the whole are given with the greatest exactness. Some will be doubtless surprized at my speaking with so much closeness and precision, during my examination: but their astonishment will cease, when I tell them that I got by heart what I intended to say, and that I had even requested four of my partners in misfortune, and Messrs. DE BRISSACS among the rest, to make me repeat what I meant to urge in my defence. Besides, I had made up my mind on the business: I was not only familiarized, but identified, if I may be allowed the expression, with the idea of death: I no longer feared it, nor saw it.

of our history. They will certainly supply others with a variety of reflections on the causes that produced such fatal effects : I have written only the dictates of grief and terror.

An entire stranger to intrigues of every kind ; an enemy to those gloomy plots which degrade the dignity of man, and are a disgrace to the character of the French nation, renowned for their loyalty ; I went pure and unspotted into that terrible prison : it was my candour that saved my life.

I know, however, that the justice done me, at a time when mere chance might have had some share in dispensing it, has given no little irritation to my enemies, whose undeserved hatred is not extinguished even by my woeful agony. I know, that at the very moment I took the oath, in my section, which is prescribed to all citizens, they reported in one of the coffee-houses of the *Révolution-palace*, that I had sworn never to take any such oath.

Ah ! gentlemen, I beg you would recollect, that no man ever retained life longer than I have done in the very bosom of death : remember, gentlemen, that, for thirty-eight hours, I saw nothing but uplifted knives and hatchets all round me. What ! can there be any thing more painful in the instant that separates us from life ? You have done
me

me great wrong : I most sincerely forgive you : but let me conjure you, by that patriotism you profess, to let me end in peace the remainder of my resurrection.

I will admit, if you desire it, that a decree of the legislative assembly, by depriving me of half my patrimony, which was enjoyed by me, and by my predecessors long before me, might have put me a little out of humour. Only fancy yourselves for a moment in my place, and then tell me, if you would have been well pleased with such a deduction from your income ?

Besides, at the very moment I am writing these lines, I feel a real comfort in reflecting, that the suppression of manorial rights is favourable to those of my late tenants who are not blessed with much fortune, as well as to others, and who, I am persuaded, do not repay me with ingratitude.—Divert yourselves with my narrative : I give up to your most sarcastic remarks the composition and the *author*, considered merely as an *author* : but pray, do not blacken my character : such calumnies are too fatal in their effects.

Do not imagine, at the same time, that I am petitioning you to forgive me. A faithful observer of the laws during the whole course of my life, I

shall not disobey those which have been dictated by the sovereignty of the nation. My country was ever dear to me: I shall not strive to rend it in pieces: I shall join those who wish to put an end to its calamities. If ever you see me deviate from these principles, then impeach me: but confess the truth; and above all remember, that, *were I really guilty*, I would not have been apprehended in my apartment TWELVE DAYS AFTER THE TENTH OF AUGUST, 1792;—that, had I any intention to do wrong, I should not have staid at Paris;—and that, if I had actually done wrong, I should not have challenged inquiry: I should have held my tongue.

*Paris, September 15th, 1792, the first
year of the Republic.*

LAZARRE, formerly JOURGNIAC SAINT-MEARD.

Ne varietur.

London,

London, November 5th, 1792.

ALEXANDER DE TILLY

TO

M. DE CONDORCET,

A Member of the National Convention.*

Sæpè mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem
Curarent superi terras, aut nullus inesset
Rector.

LUCRET.

SIR,

IT would be impossible to write to you now, but
by reflecting on what you once were. While
we cast a desponding look over the mournful
blank,

* [*A note of the Editor's.*] After the picture just given, the strong lines of which have been evidently softened, that it might be published without any danger at Paris, I thought it would not prove unacceptable to my readers to lay before them the following letter. It contains the first indignant emotions of a generous heart, on reading the decree lately passed by the assembly
against

blank, that solitude where France once stood, we search amidst ruins, dead bodies, anarchy, and chaos, by the light of conflagrations, for some man to question him : among those obscure ruffians, the agitators of a horde of assassins, we cannot find one whom anger deigns to address : it is checked by contempt. But you, who were born (as I believe, at least you believed so yourself) in a rank once honoured by privileges, now miserably fallen ; you, who were distinguished for your great talents, profound knowledge, and extensive learning ; you, one of the lovers of renown, of posterity, of *philosophy* ; to what inconceivable fatality can it be owing that I find you at present the rival of Ravillac and Cartouche, and the sanguinary apostle of a doctrine which has made affrighted Europe shudder with horror ?

Well ! it is you whom I cite before that secret tribunal, which makes the greatest criminals turn

against emigrants of all descriptions, without any distinction of age, sex, or character. The risks run by M. de Tilly, after the tenth of August ; the attachment to his king, which he never concealed ; the pieces of beautiful composition with which he embellished the daily prints, at a time when it was still allowable to think, speak, and write with freedom, are a sufficient apology for his quitting France. Yet, where is the man that has so just a right to regret his country, and the loss of every thing useful and glorious ? Who has so just a right to complain, that the art of hating is there substituted for that of pleasing and loving ?

pale ;

pale ;—the tribunal of conscience, the cries of which are heard in the dead of night.....It is you, whom my feeble voice calls upon to make answer.

Have you never been haunted by FREDERIC'S ghost, or by the apparitions of D'ALEMBERT and VOLTAIRE ? Has the spectre of the DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, your benefactor, torn to pieces, and weltering in his blood before the eyes of a wife and mother, never risen to your scared fancy ? Is it possible that your heart is not torn with all the pangs of hell at the dreadful review of the fate of those you once lived with, who have been since scattered, assassinated, banished, hid, plundered, running away from the hatchets of cannibals, or sinking under their blows ? Can you behold with indifference the throne overturned ; the royal family in exile ; and their head pining away amidst women and children in the deadly glooms of a prison ? Does your soul never shrink from the daily drudgery to which you are subjected of courting the favour and cultivating the friendship of the dregs of the nation,—the outcasts of mankind ? Do you never hear a whisper from within repeating to you, that your name, once so much admired, is going to become a term of reproach and infamy ? Are you proof to all those stinging and terrible reflections ?

How

How do you stifle remorse ? How do you blot out all memory ? How do you settle accounts with your own hopes, and with futurity ? Is it possible you can ever sleep ?

Can you tell me what the people want ? what you yourself want ? Can you give any insight into the scope, or plan of that government you wish to introduce in a country, which, from local circumstances and the genius of its inhabitants, will admit only of its former system, with some modifications, which good men had wished for and obtained, but which turbulent incendiaries have despised, reviled, and totally destroyed ? Are you able to explain what you wish to establish in the room of that which you overturned ? Let us know the rude and savage abstractions you mean to introduce instead of the fine arts, instead of elegance, politeness, every thing which gives a charm to human life, temperate liberty, and happiness ? Can you demonstrate the advantages that a people sunk in corruption are to derive from their murders, their devastations, and the whole black catalogue of crimes, which have held them out to the execration of the world ?

Alas ! Sir, you know as well as I do, that licentiousness, spears, and blood are of no use to the people : they want only bread, peace, and comfort.

fort....Even had the French nation obtained as much renown as they have infamy, still they would have been deceived with respect to their real interest : for nations are like individuals ; happiness is of more consequence to them than glory.

Can you demonstrate to me how you are to get out of that filthy gulf, in which you struggle in vain to keep yourself from sinking ?....*You* can find no solution for these questions....Well then, *I* will solve them ! and if this alarming catastrophe, which is on the point of annihilating the finest empire in the universe, be not a forerunner of *the end of the world* ;—if you are not one of the visible instruments of the exterminating angel, who, in his chastisement of nations, has begun with the most corrupt ;—if such a load of calamities heaped upon France, and ready to weigh down the entire globe with their accumulated pressure, is not a symptom of the destruction of this old universe ;—I will rend asunder the veil of futurity, to prophesy your fate :...it will perhaps make you tremble : it is shocking, like your life. But if, escaping from particular vengeance by being involved in universal punishment, you and your fellows should be only one of the scourges of divine wrath, when preparing to crush worlds ; I can at least reveal the spirit of your machinations. Drawn gradually into an abyss, of which you had not founded the depth, the success
of

of your crimes made you sink deeper in it. At first, you only wanted money; and the court might have bought you as easily as the Jacobins did. Your bilious temper painted every object in dark colours to your livid eyes: your wife, despised at Versailles, became the Pythoness of a cave of rebels; and you concurred to hurl from his throne a virtuous, but weak king; to strip him of his crown; and to share the spoils.

The fear of a scaffold made you deserve it every day more and more by your crimes. You perceived that no corner of the earth could afford you a safe retreat; and you converted your country into one great burying ground, at the risk of being interred in it yourself. Having bid defiance to all governments, you disdained to establish any; or rather, you foresaw you must be punished in one: having trampled all laws under your feet, you made none but what were suited to the circumstances of the moment, and to flatter the darling passions of your heart, avarice and inhumanity. You lived, even in the midst of your successful guilt and artifice, trembling every hour, every moment, like the tyrant at an entertainment, who had a sword suspended over his head: you expected to be punished; and you filled up the measure of your iniquities,

When

When an inexplicable fatality (that enigma of which Europe shall have the key) permitted the most formidable armies to retire in affright before a handful of rebels, who led on an intoxicated multitude;—when, contrary to the expectation of the world, contrary to your own hopes, a monstrous republic, confiscations, carnage, banishment and death triumphed; surprised at such extraordinary successes, you dared not propose a code of laws to a people who would no longer have any: yet sensible that you can neither retain your influence, nor that dear-bought gold to which you sacrificed every thing, but by some form of government, you keep fluctuating between the wish to establish one, and the dread of announcing it.

But divine justice is unperishable: the tiger you unmuzzled will devour you: you will be torn to pieces by those whose sacrilegious barbarity you flattered; and you will have but one life to offer up as an expiatory holocaust for so many atrocious crimes.

You and almost all the *literati* of France will have proyed the meanness of a profession which seemed noble; and I warn you of it. All over Europe, whenever there shall be any occasion to speak of a monster of gigantic guilt, or to describe all the collected excesses of horror, contempt, and indignation—

indignation—you are the man whose name will be mentioned.

Begone! begone, you vain phantoms that deceived me, literature and *philosophy*, whom I courted in my youth to be my comfort in riper years, your titles and your badges are dishonoured for ever: you have done more mischief to the world in the present age than you afforded enjoyment, useful pleasure, and happiness to all the generations that have disappeared in the cloud of time.

And you, Sir, compare your destiny with that of those great men who remained faithful to their principles, with the glorious destiny of a BURKE*,

* Permit me, illustrious character! to pay as well as I am able the tribute of homage due to you from my country,—that country, whose misfortunes you foresaw,—for whose calamities, past grandeur, and decline, you shewed so affecting and unabated a concern to me at Bath, whither I had fled from the assassins who are desolating my native land! You have now the melancholy satisfaction of having predicted its being struck out of the map of Europe; and the causes of its extinction, as explained in your sublime descriptions, will be remembered for ever. You have still another task to perform: some incendiaries, kept in pay to preach in London *the gospel of the banks of the Seine*, are exerting themselves in obscurity to shake the edifice reared by your fore-fathers: let your eloquent voice then be once more heard: put on again the armour of Achilles: make the imps of sedition bite the dust: disperse them, as the eagle disperses inferior birds of prey. It will be said of you, “*transiit, & ecce non erant.*”

who, when that national assembly, all the members of which are now outlawed, was reducing to fixed principles the subversion of thrones, made a noble stand upon the ruins of monarchy. Nothing could be more flattering to the French nobility than to have such a champion; and the clergy erected to him in their hearts a monument of gratitude, which, though it cannot last as long as his immortal work, is, however, already its reward.

In these days of innovation and political blasphemy, what glory might you not have acquired by shewing yourself at once the champion of the people in reality, and of the rights of the throne, which, being founded on a just equipoise of government, are the great bulwarks of emperors, and the safeguard of nations.

In the midst of so many iniquities exulting in momentary success, some shew of greatness and of generosity ought to have spread a veil over the bottom of your hearts;—(I address myself to you and to your accomplices) ought to have palliated your persevering system of unprecedented horrors, of shocking depredation, and of the most inhuman, unnatural persecutions. Surrounding states ought at least to have been deceived into a belief that they could perceive some plan in your conspiracies,

cies, some meaning, or consistency in your designs.

A republic founded upon the model of ancient Rome, of which you have neither the talents, the energy, nor the virtues; a king and his deplorable family sent away to the frontiers like another Tarquin, none of whose vices could be laid to his charge; the majesty of the rank, whence he had fallen, sustained by the majesty of the people; a pension assigned for the support of that family who had the honour to reign over you for nine centuries; property kept inviolable under the sacred shield of the law; an abhorrence of blood; a general amnesty in favour of all those, who, born on the same sod, are by you called criminals; the laws, however *ephemeral* they may be, yet religiously observed during their short day's existence; the rights of hospitality never infringed; the arts once more encouraged; national clemency eminently displayed itself in the popular triumph; all this might have dried up many a flood of tears: it might have blotted out many a painful recollection: it might have assuaged many keen pangs; soothed the irritations of self-love; given to your successes the colour of justice; half deceived France; and, in a word, shook, or rather dazzled the faith of astonished Europe.

But

But in that case, perhaps, you would have reaped the fruits of your fatal ascendancy ; and Providence, that disavows you, cannot suffer you to enjoy any lasting prosperity, which might make its justice questioned.

Thus then, after having pursued your way over the slaughtered bodies of your fellow citizens ; after having ruined their property ; after having, perhaps, perpetrated the *only crime**, which was to give the finishing stroke to your history ; after having attempted to overturn all Europe ; perhaps, by not continuing to enforce one of your sanguinary statutes, you will permit a few years hence the French nobility to return home to beg their bread, and to display their wretchedness in a country besprinkled with their blood : but though your numbers have prevailed against their loyalty, a noble pride will prompt them to conceal their misery from their persecutors : there are still armies in Europe, in which they may enlist : it is better die in the field far from you, than live in the air which you have contaminated.

But I am much mistaken, or these chimerical suppositions will never be realized : your rage, if not chained down, must make you devour one

* The execution of Lewis XVI.

another. Singular and ever-memorable instance of the effects of corruption and perverseness, of learning and philosophy !

On reading over this short letter, I shudder at what it contains : I am astonished at, and almost blame myself for, what is not included in it. Those, who may attempt, at some future day, to paint these dreadful events, to which they will be forced to give the name of history, must, from their not having been eye witnesses of them, feel still greater perplexity than cotemporary writers ; and posterity will not find in this long gallery of crimes the portrait of a single virtue to pay respect to ;—nor one object of admiration to serve as a resting place in the survey of such a monstrous chaos of disgrace and iniquity.

The true philosopher will study nature in those revolutionary fits, when, as in the crisis of a disease, she throws off all the morbid and peccant matter : he will be convinced that this eternal mother, encumbered with her own frightfulness, preserves the species ; while lavish of individuals, she, as it were, squanders away and sacrifices whole generations. The turbulent spirits, who in former times were the scourges of their country, were also its ornaments : they cannot so strictly be called conspirators, as men who took the places of such :
not

not that I mean to say their talents counter-balanced their crimes, but might be regarded as correctives of them.

The present revolution offers to our view the reptiles of the earth,—nothing but the most abject insignificance, blended with guilt in all its hideousness and extent, with fear, and with barbarity. The historian, whose fancy and whose pen must be stained by the description of such foul scenes, will perhaps say in his summary of them :—“ Here was nothing but blood, butchers, and victims ! a thousand spears pointed at one naked breast ! a thousand daggers plunged into a weeping and defenceless woman ! no standards—no character—“ not one man !”

Perhaps, Sir, this would be the place to hunt your party to their most secret lurking-holes, and to exhibit in the open face of day some particular details of your horrid proceedings. But it would be too frightful and too tedious a task : you have faithfully proportioned the several parts to the whole ; and though in your destructive silence you seem fluctuating without any plan, yet as a crime is always the object of your aim, some new crime is sure to bring you to it. Instead of tracing with reluctant pencil the long series of your iniquities, or attempting in melancholy description to climb
up

up from crime to crime, to the summit of your enormous guilt, I shall fix upon your last decree,* which has made even the common porters in foreign countries shudder: if terror be one of your weapons, you ought to know that its edge is blunted by excessive horror, or by ridicule.

On the *second of September*, you cause unfortunate people of every age and every sex to be butchered: all is havoc: every body strives to fly, or to hide themselves at the sight of your satellites and their hatchets. The sound, the very syllables of a respectable name consign to destruction the man who is galled by it†: his birth is his crime.... a suspicion is enough to murder him. Your executioners disperse themselves in the environs of the capital: they scour the fields: they force away the affrighted inhabitants from their peaceful retreats, and reserve them for unknown punishments. Such crowded scenes of mortality excite the apprehension of a plague in that guilty city, the impure burying-place of so many mangled carcases. Those, whom the law could not condemn, and whom it dared not acquit, are torn to pieces by tygers, who stole the outward appearance of the human form, and who commit those horrors without any restraint in the

* This was the decree against the emigrants.

† M. de Maille, who was taken for M. de Mailly, and butchered,
very

very face of a soldiery as cowardly as yourselves; while all, who are left at Paris, cry out with trembling, "*Vive la Republique! Long live the Republic!*" when almost all of them feel in their hearts a very different wish: "*Long live the King!*" "*May destruction seize Condorcet and his gang!*"

Rigorous inquiries, which were now set on foot and accompanied with the most infamous usage; numberless instances of persons torn away from their houses in the dead of night; reiterated threats; and anonymous letters at length spread universal alarm among all persons of landed property, who had hitherto escaped; and forced them to fly to some foreign asylum from their native country, which they never meant to have quitted,—that sweet country, the affecting remembrance of which will realize in thousands of Frenchmen the sentiment of the poet: "*Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos!*" Then you confiscate their property by a decree which is the obvious consequence of your own preceding villainy: you inflict a new punishment on them for having been driven to such a painful step by cruel necessity: they fled from your assassins; and you make a crime of that flight! Is not this saying in other words, "You have an estate in the territory of Alba; we must kill you, in order to seize upon it: or, if you fly, it shall be forfeited to the public"

" lic

“ lic treasury, that we may steal thence the produce of its sale.”—Yet, you say, France is *free!* and you boast of your *philanthropy*, and your *philosophy!*—The most rapacious and merciless banditti in a forest, with pistols in their hands, might as well boast of their plundering every passenger under the sanction of morality and of eternal justice.

But it is time to turn away my eyes from that sink where you still breathe, and from those odious scenes, of which I can say with strict truth, *quorum pars magna fui*, as I narrowly escaped the murderer’s knife, which was to sacrifice me to your fury, by way of reward, if not for my happy efforts, at least for my firmness in a just, though half ruined cause. I fought you, when your empire had not yet collected all its strength : in the height of your power, I will not bend the knee to you : having escaped your daggers, I despise your success ; and would not connect my fortune with such accursed prosperity.

You will not reply to this letter ; but your trial is over before the tribunal of public opinion : sentence of civil death has been pronounced upon you : it remains for the executioner to do his duty.

Measures taken by the Assembly and the Ministry to mislead public Opinion. Preparations for the King's Trial.

THE first object of the Assembly's endeavours was to mislead and corrupt the opinion of the departments, respecting the insurrection of the tenth of August. All possible means of seduction and artifice were exerted for that purpose.

M. de Condorcet immediately drew up the fallacious statement, a copy of which has been given in the Sixth Chapter of this work. Commissioners from the Assembly, and commissioners from the Common Council were dispatched into all the departments, under the pretence of forwarding the raising of troops, but in reality to complete the scheme of general disorganization ; to render the governors odious and criminal in the sight of the governed ; to animate the wicked ; to discourage the good ; to inflame the minds of men against the King ; and to preach up every where the chimerical *equality*, which had served as a pretext for this second revolution, just as the word *liberty* had been used to bring about the first ;—*equality*, a sound which the people could not comprehend,

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unless

unless they saw it followed by a division of lands and of property. Merlin, Albitte, La Croix, Arena, Le Cointre, were the principal missionaries sent to propagate the new doctrines; and they fully accomplished the end of their mission. The departments of the Somme, of the Seine and Oise, and of the Lower Seine, or, to speak more intelligibly, Amiens, Versailles, and Rouen saw the public mind immediately turn round towards the center whence the impulse was given. Paris was acknowledged to have done right; and who, in fact, could gainsay it? That city always claimed the privilege of taking the lead in rebellion: it had conquered: it contained twenty thousand tygers thirsting for blood; and could, at the first report, let loose its Marseillais, its banditti, upon any refractory department. The commander at Rouen * made some unavailing efforts in favour of royalty, after the tenth of August; but he was not seconded, and was soon obliged to quit his country, and to seek in England a retreat from the prosecutions with which the rebel faction honoured him.

The commissioners before-mentioned were particularly charged to distribute thousands of those perfidious pamphlets which the Assembly had printed under the title of *CollecTions*, from No. I. to No. XV.

* The Duke of Liancourt.

of papers found in the King's cabinet, and in the possession of M. de la Porte, Treasurer of the Civil List, and of M. de Montmorin, M. d'Abancourt, &c.

Those indigested collections, printed in a hurry, and as fast as ever they were found, on loose sheets, were pretended copies of papers seized without any formality. No pains were even taken to ascertain their being genuine. It was one Gohier, an attorney from Rennes, and the Abbé Audrein, a college pedant, known only by his debts and his impertinence, whom the Assembly had invested with its powers to examine the authenticity of scraps of paper, which had been obtained by violent means, and left in the care of M. de la Porte's head clerk, and of some other subordinate agents ; —scraps that were altered or mutilated ; fragments of letters without any signatures, and without any date ; plans of constitutions ; memorials, to which no answer could be found ; and projects of which no part had ever been executed. Yet such papers were made the grounds of the King's impeachment ! I shall give a more particular detail of them when I enter upon my narrative of this trial. It is at present unnecessary to take any pains to influence the reader's opinion with respect to a jumble of absurd fictions suited to the capacity and credulity of the mob,—a string of tavern and tap-room reports, and of the most shameless imputa-

tions, in which the Assembly, and all the newspaper scribblers took great pains, and great pleasure, no doubt, to discover mighty proofs of a series of plots, not one tittle of which they themselves believed.

That some idea, however, may be formed of them from a short specimen, we need only cast an eye on the exordium of Dufriche Valazé's report on the subject, the sixth of November. "In strict compliance with your decree," said he, "we never discontinued our labours in the presence of the members of the Committee of Inspection and of the Municipality of Paris. The papers were deposited in a room quite detached from that where we met: they were brought to us by the members of the Committee of Inspection appointed by the common council; and after being examined, they were taken back to the same place, where we are not allowed to enter; &c. &c. &c." — From these few words one truth at least is very evident, that the Committee of Inspection belonging to the common council was charged with the care and management of those papers. But who were the members that composed this Committee so worthy of confidence? *The very men who ordered the massacres of September!* It is impossible to avoid shuddering with horror at such a flagrant breach of common justice, such a total disregard of every
idea

idea of equity, and its terrible consequences. When we see with what depth of villainy the meaning of the most innocent expressions, and of the simplest things was twisted and perverted, without admitting any explanation or discussion of them : when we reflect on so much baseness united with so much ferocity : when we behold impious subjects, bent on the murder of their King, abusing the sacrilegious power which has been gathering strength in their hands from the crimes of three successive years ; must not all nature cry out for vengeance ; or, is there any chastisement which can atone for and wipe out the infamy of a nation that has given birth to such monsters ?

In order more rapidly to spread the effects of those printed libels on the King, the new executive power called to its assistance all the newspaper scribblers of the party, who had taken care to make themselves sole masters of the field of public opinion, by causing all their opponents to be butchered, and their printing presses to be destroyed. Places and favours of every kind were conferred on those trumpeters of rebellion. *Gorsas* was made printer in the law-department : the King's library was given to *Champfort* and *Carra* : *Camillus Desmoulins* and *Faber d'Eglantine* were appointed, the one secretary to the great seal, and the other secretary to the chief justice : Tallien became secretary

to the common council : *Maret*, short-hand writer to the *Monitor*, received his credentials as agent for the rebellion in Brabant ; and the *Abbé Noel*, formerly employed in copying and transcribing by the Abbé Maury, and lately professor in the sixth class at the college of Lewis the Great, quitted his employment as editor of the *Chronicle*, to succeed the infamous *Bonne Carrere* in the direction of foreign affairs.

After such treatment from the revolutionists, it was not likely that those editors would be backward in exerting their efforts to delude and corrupt the nation. Forty thousand copies of those inflammatory libels were through their means cried about, and distributed in the provinces. Their zeal, no doubt, met with many other rewards which are easily concealed under some of the heads of *secret service* money. Though statements of this kind have not been made public, we may form some idea of them from *Gorfas*, the most candid of all his rascally brethren. This man, after having quarrelled with Danton, in order to join Roland's party, confessed that the latter always paid for a hundred copies of his newspaper: *ab uno, disce omnes* : these were the men who accused the King of having given some encouragement to the writers, who strove to inculcate a respect for the constitution and for good order.

I felt

I felt myself at one moment tempted to give a sketch of the life and moral character of each of those poisoners of public opinion ; but I soon reflected that it would be an abuse of the reader's complaisance. There are some objects which should be kept at a certain distance. Drunkenness and ignorance forming the general character of this class of men, a sort of reptiles, or rather maggots engendered from the putrefaction of the moment, groveling, hateful, mean, wretched, ill-favoured, rapacious, reprimanded by the police, and stigmatised by the law, to describe one is to describe all, and to mention their names is drawing their portraits.*

Marat, more consistent than all of them, did not amuse himself with paying his court to the executive power, or soliciting its favours. Having soon got rid of a decree of impeachment in which Brissot's party had involved him, he issued forth

* *Noel* and *Maret* have been lately seen in London in the character of negociators, and displaying their impudence in all the pomp of a scandalous equipage. The cool contempt of government did them justice ; but how torturing the sight of them must have been to many of the refugees, once possessed of vast property, but now ruined and banished, and who might well say upon this occasion, those are the scribblers who have subverted the whole order of society, to get, in their turn, *carriages and attendants !*

from his den, to go by his own authority, and rob the director of the King's printing house of four presses, which the Assembly itself could never oblige him to restore.

Every one of the new ministers thought it his duty to follow the Assembly's example, and, on his part, to lay before the secondary agents a justification of the 10th of August, and of the measures pursued in the new system that was entered upon under the auspices of *equality*. Among those official papers, one is particularly remarkable, *the address from the minister of the home department (Roland) to the administrative bodies*. It deserves to be recorded, were it for no other purpose but to serve as a lesson to the ambitious, and the factious of every age. By comparing it to the late productions of this revolution madman; by contrasting his republican frenzies with the risks he ran afterwards; his own scurrilous invectives against kings with Robespierre's declamatory attacks upon himself; his panegyrics on popular clubs with their impeachment of his conduct; history will derive some advantage from his tribulations. His example will strikingly illustrate the folly of considering men and constitutions systematically; and had this been the only piece of useful instruction for which we were indebted to him, it would induce us to pardon some of the extravagancies

gancies of this old man, who, like Necker, has experienced all the dreadful fickleness of popular caprice.*

* Roland and Claviere formed a sort of party in the council, and were supported by Brissot and the members from Bordeaux in the National Assembly, and by Petion and Manuel in the municipality. Servan, Monge, and Le Brun dared not have an opinion of their own. But the man among them, who struck the greatest terror,—the man, who with a frown, or a single glance of his scowling eye, made all his colleagues tremble, was Danton, the minister in the law department. Roland, thunder-struck at the first successes of the Duke of Brunswick, made a motion in council to quit Paris in good time, and to secure a proper retreat thence with the hostages in the Temple, all the remaining reams of the assignats, the archives of the Assembly, and the members of the legislative body. All were seized with consternation. Danton alone opposed the measure: terror was the weapon he employed to make men fly to join the army; and orders for the massacres at the Abbey and the other prisons soon issued from the *Chancery-Hotel*.

*“The Minister of the Home Department’s Address to
the Administrative Bodies.”*

“**A**T the time of a revolution, Gentlemen, every day gives birth to new and striking events, which do not seem to have any necessary connection with those of the day before. The scene is constantly shifting; individuals change their places; the minds of men are astonished; and every body feels in his own breast such sentiments as naturally arise from the principles he has adopted, or the passions that influence him. Admiration and alarm are spread abroad at the same time; and even the man, who totally forgets himself in the important concerns of his country, is not quite inaccessible to those shocks that are always produced by great commotions.

“But all things are connected, by strong, though sometimes almost imperceptible links, in the moral and political world, as well as in the great chain of the physical creation; and, notwithstanding the rapid, or scarcely observable transitions of some occurrences, the greater part of them
may

may be foreseen and calculated by a man of reflection, who impartially applies the experience of past ages to the state of affairs at the present moment.

“ This foresight, it must be owned, requires too much philosophy and disinterestedness, ever to have been the attribute of courts, the wretched abode of error, and of blind passions. The habitual exercise of power is almost always attended with audacity to attempt any thing, and a presumption of success. Let us pity those unhappy creatures whom such a habit blinded from their infancy, and whose ruin it led the way to in an enlightened age. Let us be wise enough to guard any individual from so dangerous a habit, which would make him look upon his own interest as distinct from that of society at large : let us scrupulously tremble at the least approach to it ourselves ; and let our conduct be strictly regulated by the important lessons which our own history affords us,

“ The nation, wearied by long oppression, and at length worked up to the highest pitch of indignation by the excesses of perverseness, being also well informed of its rights, resumed them in 1789. The Bastile was pulled down ; and the capricious edifice of a despotic monarchy made room for a
con-

constitution raised by our representatives. As it was established on sacred and immoveable foundations, it would have been equally firm and unshaken, had it perfectly corresponded with them, or had its defects been soon perceived.

“ Defects it certainly had : three years’ agitation and disturbance have brought them to light ; but we might have remained longer unacquainted with them, had not the principal one consisted in leaving the court possessed of great means of corruption.

“ The people, threatened by powerful enemies from abroad, disquieted by the tools of malevolence at home, tired out by the delays and the treachery of administration, rose a second time, resolved to destroy those fabricators of falsehood that swarm round the throne like voracious insects.

“ Their justice, the terrors of which were proportioned to their long suffering, was farther provoked by a resistance, the more cruel as it had been preceded by an imposing shew of reconciliation.—But let us throw a veil over details that must be always afflicting, as the blood of our fellow-creatures was spilt. How criminal are despots in causing the ruin of so many individuals, for the
fake

fake of exalting some mortals who lay claim to pretended privileges!

“ *Despotism* was destroyed in 1789; but it is from 1792, that we must begin to date the reign of *equality*. A brave and spirited people have shewn that they wished to establish it, and that they are able to preserve it. Their courage proclaims to the world, that they have nothing to fear; and that men are sure of conquering all opposition, when they once resolve to make a sacrifice of themselves.

“ Called back out of my retirement to the office of minister for the home department, I re-enter the lists, fully sensible of the dangers of the combat. I was before advanced to the same post, without having solicited it: I strove to fulfil its duties in an undaunted manner; nor did I feel any regret at my dismissal. I now accept this great task again. It is the duty of every citizen to behold with the same eye, and to face with equal composure great toils, and glory, and death, without seeking, or dreading them. In entering upon this career, my first care is to address myself to those, who are to assist me in pursuing it. I wish to explain my sentiments to you, Gentlemen, with that unreserved openness which every man of sensibility and patriotism delights in;—with that candour

candour so peculiarly worthy of liberty, which knows not the disguise or evasions of what formerly went by the little name of policy, because aiming at no other end but the public happiness, it has nothing to suppress, or to conceal.

“ We all have duties to fulfil, if not equally extensive, at least equally respectable and interesting. As the confidence of the people has assigned to us the glorious task of causing the laws to be executed for their felicity, let us be deeply impressed with the dignity and importance of such an appointment. What ! can the hope of selfish happiness in distant futurity make fanatics ; and will not the immediate certainty of securing that of twenty millions of men fill the soul with enthusiasm !

“ What a wretch that cold egotist must be, whose heart feels no emotion at so transporting an idea ! He never deserved to see his country smile upon him ; and he will never taste the exquisite pleasure of devoting himself to its service.

“ Gentlemen, we must not affect an ignorance of this truth, that the late and bloody efforts of the irritated people would not have been necessary, if all those, in whom their confidence was placed, had shewn themselves worthy of it ;—if all the
persons,

persons, whom they had intrusted with power, had remembered, that they were indebted for it and for their own high office to the constitution, which could authorise no other exercise of such power but what tended to maintain and support that very constitution.

“ This was a truth very easily found out. Why then did people seem so ignorant of it? Because they were neither sincere nor honest:—because a great many pretended an attachment to the constitution, only to obtain the means of destroying it, or making it subservient to their own interest: because they were not real lovers of liberty, and wanted no more of it than the advantage of having nobody above them, though they could not endure the idea of having nobody under them:—because we were in general very corrupt; and the revolution, which was the effect of enlightened understanding, had depravity of heart to contend with. Hence those assertions so warmly advanced, so eagerly spread abroad, so loudly repeated, with respect to the *absurdity* of the new system of government, the *impossibility* of maintaining it, the *crimes* imputed to those who strove to defend it, and the pretended *cabals* and *seditions* spirit of whoever shewed himself to be its sincere friend: when, in fact, there was nothing *absurd*, but the desire of retaining the old plan of conduct in the new state
of

of things ; nothing *impossible*, but the monstrous alliance or conjunction of all the sottishness of vanity with the principles of eternal justice ; nothing *criminal*, but the conspiracy of all selfish passions against equality ; nothing of a *sedition* or *treasonable* tendency, but in the designs of those who wrapped themselves up in the cloak of law, the more effectually to defeat and to destroy its spirit. Hence also that silly hope, kept up by continual attempts, to bring back as much of the old system as might flatter and console the pride of a particular *cast*, or class of men, whose existence has every where proved highly dangerous : hence those plots against popular associations, which constitute the very essence and firmest support of liberty. The continuance of such associations was so necessary a consequence of the constitution, so simple and so just an application of the acknowledged rights of men, that the adverse party, unable to deny their lawfulness, could only impute to them some inconveniencies.

“ Those inconveniencies were, indeed, very great ; for associations of men are always fatal to tyranny, and when they once begin to confer together under the protection of the law, it is impossible to oppress them long. Certain words were therefore affected to impose upon parties : a phantom may, in fact, be at any time set up, and such
qualities

qualities may be ascribed to this bug-bear as easily frighten the weak, and delude the silly. Hence the name of *Jacobins* was given to citizens who met at a particular place: this place was the rendezvous of the members of the constituent assembly, and of the ardent patriots of the metropolis. The patriots of other cities followed their example of forming themselves into societies, and corresponded with them. From that moment a circulation of sentiments and of knowledge took place, the rapidity and successive increase of which struck a terror into the admirers of despotism. These *Jacobins* were represented as a formidable power; atrocious designs were laid to their charge; and to them was imputed every calamity; in order to reprobate, and to render suspected and odious, in their name, all persons who were attached to principles of equality. This plan, the several parts of which were well combined, was pursued with a degree of ability and ardour, the display and effects of which will one day form a very important part of the history of the revolution, and of that of tyrants. But nobody can now be the dupe of such defamatory artifice: the energy and justice of the people must crush all the efforts of calumny.

“According to the representations of those wretched scribblers, who were hired to libel the nation, one might have been led to suppose, that

Paris and France were split into two equal parties. The inhabitants proved the very reverse on the 10th [of August]; and there is no longer any doubt respecting the object of our efforts and our battles : it is the triumph of equality.

“ The revolution is just compleated : let us make haste to secure its beneficent effects. Our representatives have taken the oath of *liberty and equality*. These two must never more be separated : it is *by means of them* that you are to inculcate a love for the laws; and it is *for their sake* that you are to enforce the observance and execution of those laws. There is now an end to all subterfuges, to all doubts, to all criminal hopes : if there be any one man among you, Gentlemen, who cannot, from the bottom of his heart, swear to adhere to those sacred principles, let him instantly divest himself of the character of a servant of the public, a character, the duties of which he must be equally incapable and unworthy of discharging. I never ceased to remind you of these duties when I was before in office : I now add, that the nation commands them to be strictly observed, and that I devote myself wholly to the care of maintaining them.

“ The dangers of our country are not quite annihilated : while any remain, every man is accountable

countable both for the good which he ought to do, and the evil he may have it in his power to prevent. No citizen can be indifferent, without being criminal; it is the duty of all to be vigilant and active. In peace, confidence should prevail, and is highly proper: it is a glorious reward conferred on men in office by their constituents. But in war, particularly a war occasioned by an internal revolution, mistrust is almost a virtue; and when it operates to the discovery of treason, it affords a just claim to public gratitude.

“ You will not delay therefore to apply to your own proceedings the law which declares that all of them should be public : such a law is passed : its prompt and entire execution will do you honour. It is by making all proceedings public, that we can be certain of the opinion of the people ; that we can obtain their confidence ; that we can do homage to their sovereignty ; and that we can deserve their praise. This notoriety justifies the intention of the good ; it guards the weak from error : it proves, in short, that there are no men worthy of being looked at, but those who are not afraid to shew themselves.

“ It is my duty, Gentlemen, to give you this early hint of the impresson made on the Assembly by bitter complaints against the superintending
H 2 magistrates

magistrates in the provinces, for their tardiness or their want of exactness in publishing laws, addresses, or other writings sent them by the National Assembly. This evident backwardness to publish laws or precepts particularly pointed at the prejudices and errors of those magisterial bodies has been contrasted with their eagerness to pick up and to circulate whatever could damp the ardour or weaken the spirit of the public. A contrast so striking has been viewed in such a light, that it behoves them to use every exertion to cancel all remembrance of it.

“ As the present posture of affairs requires the greatest exactness in all our measures, I beg of you, Gentlemen, immediately to transmit to me the names, and surnames, mentioning at the same time the former situation or rank of the emigrants of your department, and of their wives and children, with their places of residence, and an account of the nature, extent, and other local circumstances respecting their estates and property.

“ I also beg of you to write to me as often as you can, in order to make me acquainted with the sentiments and spirit of the people, with any ferment that may be excited, with the authors of such disturbances, and with the effects they may produce.

“ I con-

“ I conjure you, Gentlemen, to give yourselves up wholly to the happiness of seconding a revolution, which, were you not to concur in it, might terminate in fatal divisions ; and which you can and ought to establish with glory.

“ Trustees of the power delegated to you by the people ! continue to make their sovereignty loved and acknowledged : display it in all its majesty to the friends of equality : make its force evident to the rash men who might be presumptuous enough to doubt of it, and more especially to the rebels who might dare to disavow it.”

“ (Signed) ROLAND,

“ *Minister for the Home-Department.*”

I must add to this curious piece of composition a copy of the letter addressed by the same minister to all the municipalities, when he transmitted to them the jumble of printed papers, which I before took notice of. The *king-killing* partiality of this

man appears there in the strongest light. The bare reading of it is enough to shew how well he deserved the great reputation for virtue which he engrossed to himself. His panegyric on popular associations, when we consider that the letter is dated the 1st of September, and the debate which took place the very same day in a popular committee on the propriety of having him put under arrest, form another contrast by no means uninteresting.

“ PARIS, *September 1st.*
The fourth year of Liberty ;
The first of Equality.”

“ FELLOW-CITIZENS,

“ THE INVIOABILITY of one man extended itself to every conspirator. That fatal, though constitutional word, being written over the gates of the *Tbuilleries*, afforded sanction and security to the vilest and most audacious plots
 that

that were carried on there. The people, filled with indignation at the too glaring insufficiency of the laws, tired of having no other bulwark for their defence but mistrust, and of having hitherto had no resource but in momentary and irregular commotions, surrounded that new Bastille: the entrance to it was broke open; and under the heaps of dead bodies, with which it was necessary to strew those places, hitherto the scenes of so much treachery, proofs of the criminal designs of the court were found, of the existence of which the zealous friends of their country had been lucky and spirited enough never to entertain the least doubt. The matter no longer depends upon suspicions or mistrust. Written vouchers, snatched from those archives of guilt, will now shew the whole world what opinion they should form of those affected appeals to the constitution and the laws, those oaths renewed with so much complaisance, those hypocritical assurances of affection for the people, under the mask of which assassins were kept in pay, venal scribblers were hired to write pamphlets, the credit of our paper-money was cried down, regiments were bribed and corrupted, our armies were dispersed, our frontiers were left open and defenceless, and in short, a plan of measures was concerted for plundering our property, butchering our families, and giving a death-blow

to liberty and to the fond hopes of human nature.

“ Such crimes cannot escape with impunity. A great prosecution is going to take place ; and the national assembly discharged one of the most indispensable of its duties in collecting and publishing all the papers that are to be adduced as evidence in the trial. But in order to secure at once the tranquillity of the empire, and the progress of this important affair, all doubt and uncertainty must be cleared up respecting the facts attested by those papers. Not one Frenchman must be left unacquainted with them. It is necessary, that, when the nation is to pronounce sentence, its opinion should be, if possible, complete, general, unanimous.

“ If the importance and the rapidity of events had not prevented the National Assembly from attending to the most effectual means of informing the public at large, it would have passed some decrees no doubt for calling upon all the citizens of the empire to discuss the great concerns of their country : and for making them acquainted with the state and course of such weighty proceedings. The necessity of some steps of this kind was never more obvious than at the present crisis ; and the activity

tivity of government and the zeal of well-informed individuals must endeavour to supply the want of particular instructions on this head.

“ In conformity, therefore, to the intentions of the National Assembly, numerous copies of all the papers respecting the important discoveries of the tenth of August, are at this instant circulated through the departments. But the present mode of circulation tends unhappily to confine it to those who can read, and who have time for that purpose. How then are we to be assured that a perfect knowledge of the truth will find its way to so many other valuable men, whose want of education and whose continual labours deprive them of many opportunities of learning what is going forward, and of forming just ideas of the interest and concerns of the commonwealth? Yet these are the men, to whom such information is now of the most pressing importance, as their fate, their happiness and restoration to their proper rank in society are chiefly at stake in this present struggle between the equality of all and the usurpations of a few.

“ In some places a very plain, easy custom still prevails, and which the law has even prescribed as a point of duty to the officiating clergy, and that is to read such papers aloud to the congregations
of

of the people. This custom ought to be adopted every where ; and in case of neglect on the part of the clergy, justices of the peace, notaries, and all other persons in public characters should exert themselves to promote and keep it up. This would do honour to their zeal, and give dignity to their functions. It would even lessen the fatigue of their other labours : for the confidence of the people renders the duty of the magistrate very easy ; and if men in public offices would strive to secure that confidence, it would save them a great deal of time and trouble, which they are too often forced to employ to supply the want of it.

“ It is highly worthy of you, my fellow citizens, at this awful moment, to repair the bad effects of negligence, and to endeavour to establish this custom in the places where you reside, or to which you may have occasion to resort. Invite the people to assemble together on the days set apart for relaxation from their usual labour : let readers be chosen from among themselves, to read aloud at certain stated times all the papers both of instruction and conviction, which the National Assembly and the government cause to be dispersed throughout the empire. Let them be, as it were, the trustees, to take care of those useful papers : let them also read periodical papers and excellent works
which

which they themselves or other patriots may be able to procure. There is one in particular which I recommend to you : its title is, *on popular societies, considered as an essential branch of public instruction*, (extracted from the *chronicle* of the month of April) of which I caused a great number of copies to be distributed, when I was before in office. Endeavour to extend and to organize wherever you can an establishment so loudly called for by your country and by all mankind. I beg of you to inform me of your exertions in this respect, and to send me a speedy account of the places where you succeed in introducing so salutary an institution. The advice I receive from you on this head will enable me to regulate the dispatches I may send back, in a still more useful and effectual manner than hitherto. This new service to the commonwealth is so essentially, so closely connected with the happiness of mankind, that I cannot entertain any doubt of your utmost skill and utmost activity in performing it. Let us not forget that vice and tyranny are the children of ignorance, and are maintained by falsehood. Let us enlighten mankind : they are ready to embrace truth the moment it is made known to them : as soon as they make it the rule of their conduct, it leads them to goodness and virtue : as soon as they practice justice, they are sure to be happy. Let us reflect that the first principles

principles of policy are those of morality also ;—
 that we cannot effectually and permanently promote the happiness of the human species, unless their morals are improved by virtuous sentiments, while their actions are guided and governed by the law.”

“ ROLAND,

“ Minister for the Home Department.”

Danton

DANTON, the law minister, published also an address to the judges and all other persons engaged in the administration of justice. This address, which was written for him by Camillus Desmoulins, was nothing more than a declamatory invective against the court, extracted by the author from his own inflammatory newspapers. I shall not insert a copy of it. A thousand volumes would hardly be sufficient to contain all the publications which will one day form the memorials of these times. The history of a revolution is made up of so many local events, so many private distresses and calamities, that we are unavoidably obliged to content ourselves with tracing its origin, giving a clear idea of its spirit, and describing the general consequences resulting from the whole.

Even Rœderer was eager to lay before the people a justification of his conduct. This man, who had never justified any thing but the notorious character for deception which all parties concurred in giving him, had, at the time the palace was stormed, notified to the assembly the order to defend it which he had intimated to the guards posted there. The committees of inquiry, finding that the confessions of this magistrate contradicted their fictions and their reports, ordered the seal to be put upon his papers, and charged him with being an accomplice in the pretended conspiracy. A
Swiss

Swiss writer, who took the pen in hand to justify his countrymen, speaks thus of Rœderer: "Whether they really intended to punish his sincerity, or more probably through some collusion between his prosecutors and him, only meant to give him an opportunity of weakening his first report, he did not disappoint the calculations of his comrades.

"In a piece of *balderdash*, which he entitled *Observations*, he endeavours to wash away the *stains of integrity* with which he had been reproached. He assures us with a sort of jesuitical candor, that he *spoke*, it is true, but not peremptorily; that he spoke in order to soften every hostile requisition; that he spoke to the national guards, and not to the Swiss; that he spoke in the court-yards, and not at the head of the ranks. Do not such evasions betray the perplexity of a man torn different ways by his conscience and his immediate interest, who is writing down his account within sight of beheaded victims, and who is delivering his testimony at the foot of a scaffold! Had I the least doubt of his having given a peremptory order, I need only read the positive proof of it in this evasive denial. But of what consequence is it to hunt a slave through all his subterfuges and contradictions, when he now tells us, that his heart was always devoted to the republican cause? He either
told

told a lie in his late report, or he tells one in his *Observations*.

“ But he depends so little on the validity of his recantation, that he deduces his strongest inference against the Swiss from public report, which charges them with having fired first. Every body, cries he innocently, concurs in the assertion. Now who is this every body? The banditti, and their abettors. What indisputable authority that of highway-men would be, imputing all the guilt of their rapine to the poor wretches whom they plundered !

“ Ah ! let not the Assembly and Rœderer flatter themselves that they can deceive Europe with such juggling. Thank God, their omnipotence has not confined common sense in the dungeons of Orleans. What idiot do they hope they can make believe that seven or eight hundred men, shut up with women and children in a palace open on every side, and invested by fifty thousand armed robbers, exposed to the fire of twenty pieces of cannon, not forgetting that the municipality, the Jacobin club, and the National Assembly were at the head of the assailants, should in such a situation commence hostilities? Were ten thousand indifferent spectators to assert the fact, I could not believe them ; because I cannot believe moral imposs-

possibilities; and our brave Swiss gave proofs enough that they were not in a state of insanity.”*

But notwithstanding Rœderer's justification, he took care to hide himself for more than two months. Some persons have assured me that they saw him in England soon after the massacres in September. He has denied his having taken such a journey. This, perhaps, might be an additional reason for being convinced of it. But be that as it may, Rœderer did not make his appearance again on the stage, till after the Convention had been formed, and till the charges against him had been done away by his protestations of fidelity to the republic.

The superintending magistrates in the department of Paris were dismissed from their offices, as were all those in the other departments, who, after the 20th of June, had made an offer to the King of their hands and their hearts, of their respect and their support. One may easily guess what kind of men were appointed to fill their places.

There were also some members of the municipality of Paris who were obnoxious to the faction.

* See M. Mallet Dupan's letter to the Duke of Brunswick on the events of the 10th of August.

The municipality was therefore dissolved; and only a few of its insignificant committees retained for a time. Then the terrible committee of inspection, formed out of the common council, and which had established itself the 10th of August, seized upon all power; and Panis, Sergent, Marat, Offelin began to prepare their bloody revels.

Bailly's bust was still seen above the president's chair in the common council-hall. Ducos made the Assembly decree, that it should be pulled down and broke to pieces with ignominy. Melancholy end of human grandeur! This poor Bailly, issuing from his astronomical closet, to preside over a revolution which he knew nothing of, lost himself in the clouds and exalted regions of politics. He thought it a glorious day, when he saw the lillies of the crown brought to the municipality of Paris, and turn pale before the three-coloured scarf: but this unfortunate Bailly was afterwards obliged to stretch forth the sword of the law, and to call in the aid of the military against the people: it was impossible for him to escape punishment. He had found it much easier to insult his King, than to offend *his own sovereign*; and he was uncommonly lucky in being able to save his life at Rouen, while they were dashing his bust to pieces at Paris.

Duvivier, engraver at the French mint, a celebrated artist, had been engaged to engrave a medal with an inscription, &c. for the Washington of France ; and his La Fayette was half done. He offered up this unfinished medal on the altar of the common council : it was unanimously decreed, that it should be broke to pieces by the common executioner. Yet, to use the words of Dumas, La Fayette's aide-du-camp, in his panegyric on this first born son of liberty, a few days before the 10th of August, *within, and without those walls, every mouth proclaimed his praise.*

Thus disappeared the effigies of those two great men : and thus also that of another *great man*, M. Necker, had been destroyed the year before, when Houdon brought his bust, which had been ordered by the common council after the 14th of July. The artist, confined in his work-shop, had no idea, that, in the short time which elapsed from his receiving the order till his finishing the bust, the people could possibly have expelled from their temple the idol they before worshipped. Houdon therefore, having exerted himself to compleat it, comes all covered with sweat and dust, bringing the precious marble carefully wrapt up in matting, a few days after the expedition to Nancy. What an unfortunate circumstance ! The blood of the brethren and friends of Châteaueux had been shed :

shed : Necker was one of the king's privy council : not a member of the common council dared to express his approbation of the bust : it was rejected with contempt ; and the artist thought himself very lucky in being suffered to take it home, with the hope of selling it at some future day, as a historical monument of popular ingratitude.

While some were thus employed in breaking busts to pieces, others were equally busy in overturning every where the statues of our kings, that decorated our bridges, our squares, and our churches. Most of these statues were valuable monuments of our eminence in the arts under Lewis XIV. The masterpieces of Girardon, Bouchardon, Le Moyne and Slodtz were quickly demolished by the capstans and the cranes of Palloy, the mason. The blessings, so long and so lavishly bestowed on the name of Henry IV. could not save his admired image from the fury of the barbarians. It was pulled down and shattered to atoms. Which of our philosophers will now dare to complain of the destruction of the Roman monuments by the Goths and Vandals ? Scarcely has a century elapsed, and Henry's statue is swept away from amongst us, while that of Marcus Aurelius is still to be seen in the Capitol.

All those statues, so dear to Frenchmen, and so much admired by foreigners, were replaced by the bust of a savage old man with a thick beard, said to be the bust of Brutus. It was the King who had it brought from Rome, when he ordered David to paint the execution of the sons of that Roman. Thus his Majesty's present was made use of to insult him ; but this was not the first time that the favours he conferred rebounded, as it were, to his own injury.

Brutus was multiplied. Likenesses in plaister of Paris appeared with ugly effect in almost all the assemblies and popular club-rooms throughout the kingdom. That rigid Roman *aristocrat* was then named the tutelary Saint of all the Jacobins in the universe. It was Manuel who held him out to all the republicans in France. The following is the speech he made on the inauguration of Brutus. Poor Manuel ! He did not perceive, that the lictors were at hand ; and that all the Romans in Paris, not excepting even him, were going in a few days to be subjected to their laws and their axes !

Extract

*Extract from the proceedings of the Jacobins on the
27th of August.*

“ **A**T this instant the bust of Brutus is brought into the middle of the hall.

“ It is here, said M. Manuel, that we must prepare the downfall of kings, the downfall of Lewis the last. This then is the place where we ought to fix up the image of that great man, who first manifested the desire to rid the earth of kings. Look at Brutus, gentlemen. He will incessantly remind you, *that in order to be good citizens, you should be always ready to sacrifice what is dearest to you in life, even your children, to the welfare of your country.*

“ Now that the elections are coming on, consider, that *if there be but one Brutus in the National Assembly, France is saved*, as it will have no more kings. We should all therefore bind ourselves by an oath, of which I now set the example in swearing, that whatever post I may fill, all my efforts will be directed to the important end of purging the earth of this pest called royalty.

“ All hands appear uplifted at the same instant; and all the members pronounce with energy the following oath : *I promise, in the presence of God and of my country to employ, in whatever post I may fill, all my efforts to purge the earth of royalty.*

“ Brutus is then adopted as the patron of the club, and an order is also concurred in, prescribing the same oath to all societies united by the same principles.”

In that hurry and fickle precipitancy which so strongly marked all the proceedings of the new revolution, I must not omit taking notice of one whimsical circumstance that shews the levity of the people's character. They had just pulled down the magnificent statue of Lewis XV. which adorned the square of the same name. It appeared to them a stroke of humour to cut off the right hand of the statue, and to make a present of this bit of bronze to Mizers de Latude, who had been forty years a prisoner in the Bastille. This old man had presented many petitions at the bar of the Assembly; and every statement of his grievances had only served to justify the use of *letters de cachet*. No relief was given him : the people added sneers to the contempt with which he had been treated by the legislative body ; and they now, by way of additional mockery, made him a present of the hand,

hand, which, they said, had signed the order for his long imprisonment.

The same levity and fickleness caused the names of almost all the wards in the city to be changed. It was the third time they underwent this kind of metamorphosis. At first, the metropolis was divided into *districts*, where the electors were to be named. Every one of these districts took its name from the church, where the primary assemblies met, in 1789; as the district of *St. Roch*, of the *Cordeliers*, &c. M. Desmeuniers, one of the members of the Constituent Assembly, thought nothing could be finer than a total change of the forms and names of every thing. He took it into his head to reduce the number of the small political bodies of which the commonalty of Paris consisted, from sixty to forty-eight: he substituted the title of *section* for that of *district*; and pompous names took place of the patrons appointed by M. Necker. Then *the Cordeliers* were called the *French Theatre*; the section of *St. Roch* assumed the appellation of the *Palais Royal*, &c. &c. The third change gave birth to new names, every one of which derived its origin from the new revolution. One was called the section of *Marseilles*, because it contained the barracks of the *Marseillais*; another was the section of the *Pikes*; a third the *Sans Culottes*, &c. &c. A detail of the commutation of

names, which then took place in all the sections of the French empire, would fill a volume. The names of streets, of squares, of ships, and in short of every thing were changed at the same time. Thus a new city sprung up in an old one; and such was the rapidity of those changes, that a street had scarcely got a new denomination, when this second title was often converted into a third. Mirabeau, whose name at his death had been given to *Antin Causey*, the place of his residence when living, could not secure for a single year that tribute to his memory. The street, which his genius had conquered, was reconquered by Montesquieu, the military financier. After his invasion of Savoy, it was called *Mont Blanc-Street*.

The reduction of sixty districts into forty-eight sections occasioned no change in the modelling of the national guards. The sixty battalions remained untouched, though the number of the sections was lessened; and the municipality had very good reasons for making this difference. In the first place, reckoning two cannons to each battalion, by keeping twelve more of the latter, it secured an additional supply of twenty four pieces of artillery for the use of the city, which always had the gunners at its command; but this arrangement afterwards introduced some confusion in the execution of the laws of the police, and for the maintenance of

of good order. It was not easy to trace the exact boundaries of each circle, as the little civil power, and the little executive power of the sections were not confined within the same limits. The establishment of forty-eight committees and of sixty barracks was the true way to divide the guards and to destroy their efficiency, as they could not know where to take or to receive orders; but nothing could be more desirable to a factious municipality, always at variance with the general officers of the city guards. How shall we account for the conduct of those active citizens, who all ran to their battalions when officers were to be chosen, but who kept away from their sections, when a much more important election was to take place, that of a magistrate who was to have the command of both officers and soldiers. The whole composition of these guards was made up of vanity, carelessness, and cowardice. Their easy dissolution was the natural consequence of such elements.

The battalion of St. Thomas's Nunnery was disbanded. It had long been an object of suspicion and impeachment, on account of the purse-proud aristocracy of its members. They wore more splendid uniforms; their arms were more glittering; and their public dinners more sumptuous than those of their comrades. They were the showy troops of Paris. They had performed some
services,

services, and manifested their zeal on the 20th of June, the 14th of July, and even on the 10th of August. But they were quite disconcerted by the arrival of the *Marseillais*. The bankers and exchange-brokers, of whom their battalion chiefly consisted, could not sustain the shock of those banditti in the *Champs Elysées*. A little dust dispersed them. *Pulveris exigui jactu compressa, quievit.*

The sections themselves ceased to be what they had been till then, a sort of primary assemblies. The shop keepers deserted them. All those who had formed a part of the old national guards, or who had signed petitions, dared not make their appearance there. Lists were made out of patriots, of doubtful citizens, and of suspected citizens. Every one was afraid his name might be on the fatal list; and every one therefore kept away. Servants, day-labourers, and the lowest mechanics crowded there at the call of some political schemers. They were also divided into different parties; and as words are always suited to the dignity or to the debasement of persons and of things, the political intrigues, that were carried on there, received a new denomination: it was usual to say, *such a citizen's cabal*, just as we say, upon other occasions, *a party of friends*. Here it may deserve a cursory remark, that poets and players acted very consequential parts in those meetings.

This,

This, indeed, is easily accounted for: the latter are great talkers; and the former are wretched reasoners: besides the land of factions is necessarily found in the region of fictions.

The friends of peace and good order had still some hopes in the tribunals and courts of justice; but those hopes soon vanished. The power of those courts was not independent: they derived it from the people; and it was in the people's name that the revolution now took place. The tribunals, therefore, of the department, the judges of the criminal courts at Paris, the members of the court of repeals, all came to pay homage to the subverters of that very constitution which had created them; and as the city of Paris has usually given the first impulse to the provinces, those judges set the example of pliability and meanness to the other judiciary bodies; but our abhorrence of such conduct was carried to its utmost height, when we saw, at the head of those servile deputations, the two men who had contributed most to the framing of that very constitution.

The conduct of Thouret and Target, who came cringing to the bar, can be accounted for only by supposing them to have been grossly ignorant the year before, or guilty of the most stupid meanness in the present instance. Thus contempt, or ignominy

many must in either case await them. Those, however, who had retained any knowledge of the principles of sound policy, and of our history, could not forget, that even self-interest had always prompted the most despotic monarchs to set bounds to their own power. Lewis XI. had expressly ordered his courts of parliament to make remonstrances. He went farther; for he secured this prerogative by declaring, that the members could not be displaced during life. He was not of the opinion, adopted by the philosophical framers of our constitution, that it is enough to create institutions, without taking any pains to secure their stability and energy. Even in Turkey, the law commands the Sultan to respect the bounds which the Mufti and Cadi often set to his authority: the decisions of the law are there inviolable; and the legislator thereby demonstrated his good sense: he would not leave exposed to the caprice of any one person the law, by virtue of which he delegated the throne to his posterity. Thus, if we were to compare the most despotic reigns and governments with the Constituent Assembly, in such a parallel, Mahomet would appear as a sage, Lewis the Eleventh as a philosopher, Condorcet and Sieyes as the real tyrants, the shuffling Thouret as their eunuch, and Target as their vile slave.

This

This Target had usurped at the bar the reputation of a man of honour, for having attached himself, from factious, not from virtuous motives, to those members of the old parliament, who, actuated by a noble sentiment of duty, braved the persecutions of Chancellor Maupeou. He had obtained a chair at the French Academy by dint of servile adulation to Condorcet. He had also crept into some repute as a barrister, by purchasing the labours and assistance of some well-informed men. His heavy dullness was said to be the effect of good nature : some big and sounding words, of which he had composed for himself a ridiculous dictionary, passed for eloquence : but when his talents were put to the proof in the open face of day, he exhibited the most ridiculous figure in the whole groupe of faction. He was then buried under a load of epigrams and parodies, from the pressure of which he never could rise up, till guilt stalked abroad with undismayed front. Then Target appeared once more in his genuine character : he proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that all his vices were his own, and that all his pretended merit and abilities belonged to others.

Champion, the late minister for the home department, the son of one of the king's pages, formerly advocate to the council, the seditious commissary of Avignon, at first the friend and associate
of

of Jourdan, but afterwards his rival, just as Brissot is now Marat's rival ; Champion, I say, astonished to find himself, on the 10th of August, among royalists too virtuous for him, and being also alarmed at a decree of impeachment against all the ministers, a decree the equivocal meaning of which gave him some uneasiness, though his conscience might have made him very unconcerned on that head, did not delay a moment, in order to avert its effects, making his appearance before the senate, and giving very solemn assurances of his patriotism, that is to say, of his fears. But we must not forget, that this Champion was the son of a valet.

The high national court of Orleans, that law-monster created by Desmeuniers, Sieyes, and Dupont, was unable, with all its inconsistencies, to rise to a level with the vices of its authors. Though that court had been sitting for eight months, and the prisons were filled with the most illustrious victims, sent thither solely for the purpose of having their death-warrant signed, yet sentence had been passed only in two trials, the one was to acquit Varnier, Tardy, and Noirot of the charges brought against them by that slanderer, Bazire ; and the other, which took place two days before the 10th of August, restored to friendship and to the

the arts an old and sensible royalist.* The court of Orleans had not yet passed any sentence of death : every one of its decisions was an indirect impeachment of the National Assembly : the rage of the latter knew no bounds : charges were brought against the high court, and it was suppressed by the new power which now gave the law, under the title of the *revolutionary power*.† But before the high court put an end to its functions, some testimony of respect was due to its founders.

* M. Delatre. The legislative body had deputed two of its members to the high court, as chief managers. Nature, in forming those two, had exhausted all her power to make them the *paragons of deformity*. At the first examination of the accused, the people, who saw a strange figure make its appearance in a separate part of the court, fancied it was the culprit who was to be tried for high treason ; and all the spectators could not help crying out, *that fellow will be lucky indeed, if he escapes ; for his very looks would hang him*. This was Garan de Coulon, who had just taken his seat in the managers' box. The people's prediction will perhaps be one day or other verified.

† The section of the *Gobelins* came to the bar of the Assembly, to demand the dissolution of the high court, and the removal of the prisoners to Paris. The imperious manner in which this was insisted upon excited the loudest outcry from Brissot ; but as he wished to reconcile his principles with his revenge, in two days after he only found fault with the form of the petition, and thought it very justifiable in its motives. The modification of it, which his friend Genfonné got decreed in thirteen articles, the 22d of August, may be looked upon as an act for suppressing that tribunal.

It

It condemned one culprit, towards the close of the month of August. This servile act of barbarity, highly worthy of the constituent members that chiefly composed this phantom of a grand jury, did not prevent the dreadful explosion and the catastrophes of September. It seemed, on the contrary, to authorise them. But I must not anticipate, or break in upon the regular order of events.

The theatres were shut for several days after the 10th of August. Roland ordered them to be opened; but he could not command spectators. The first that was opened was one of those in the *Palais Royal*, belonging to Mrs. Montansier, who formerly had the management of the theatre at Versailles. This actress had been loaded with favours by the Queen and the Court; yet ungrateful, like so many others, she was the first to give a play for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in the massacre of the 10th of August. It was prudent in the other theatres to follow this example. The chief towns in the provinces, that always copy after Paris, did the like; but it is no easy matter to say, how the receipts on those benefit-nights were disposed of, or if they were ever applied to the intended purpose. Whether it be, that they were too small to excite notice, or that they followed the common fate of
all

all the sums embezzled by the municipality of Paris, certain it is, that no account has ever been heard of them.

It was not enough to cause money to be given, or promised to the families of the victims of the 10th of August: it was farther necessary to encourage the new converts that were still wanted: it was necessary to work upon the passions by striking the eye, and to mislead the understanding by an artful address to the heart: a grand funeral procession was decreed. It took place in the gardens of the *Thuilleries* on Sunday the 26th of August at eight o'clock in the evening. A pyramid had been erected over the great basin: altars, chandeliers in the antique stile, and a wooden statue of liberty were the monuments that decorated this nocturnal revel. Some maidens from the *Cornwharf* and the *Old-iron-quay* appeared there in white dresses. The fineness of the season and the novelty of the sight brought together an immense crowd. Silly curiosity, however, was the only sentiment such a spectacle excited. A few days after, some mischievous persons maimed the wooden statue of liberty. On the first of September, a guard of foederates was decreed to defend it from the like insult in future: on the 2d of September the butcheries at the prisons took place; but no decree was passed, or moved for.

In the general confusion which prevailed at that time, whatever any zealot proposed either in the common council, or in the assembly, was immediately adopted. Poets and musicians are not the least enthusiastic of the professors of the fine arts. Chenier wrote hymns, and Goffec set them to music; and their patriotic compositions were sung at the theatres, and in all the squares and public places.

The rites and ceremonies of paganism could not be revived without abolishing all the monuments of the Catholic religion which had escaped the first years of the revolution. Manuel, the apostle of irreligion, a fellow, who had been in alternate succession a school-master, a police-spy, an atheist, a news-man and bill-sticker, a frantic revolutionist, and lastly a magistrate acting as ring-leader among the assassins of the 10th of August, proposed the suppression of all the church-bells; and a decree was accordingly passed for that purpose. Those bells were, indeed, of no farther use but to be coined into money: anarchy was now completely established: the bells had been rung on the night of the 10th of August, and could be no longer serviceable to the insurgents.

By way of compensation, they ordered the silver bell in the law-courts to be destroyed, and that
also.

also belonging to *St. Germain's l'auxerrois*, both of which, it is said, had formerly been rung to give the signal for the massacre of the protestants on St. Bartholomew's day.

Before the 10th of August, the Assembly, well-knowing the King's sincere attachment not only to the principles of the religion of his forefathers, but also to the decency of public worship, and to the respect due to its ministers, had attempted to put his prerogative to a fresh proof, by suppressing the clerical habit, and all the external distinctions of religious orders.

The King had not yet explained himself respecting the sanction of that decree. The Assembly renewed it by ordering, that all those, who did not conform to that law, should be deprived of half their salaries for the first offence, and for the second, should be banished the kingdom. This decree was only a prelude to the terrible sentence of general banishment and transportation, which I shall soon lay before the reader.

It is here observable, that the Assembly not only used every effort to mislead and debauch the minds of the people, but checked with the utmost vigilance and severity whatever could have any tendency

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It is here observable, that the Assembly not only used every effort to mislead and debauch the minds of the people, but checked with the utmost vigilance and severity whatever could have any ten-

dency to set them right.* It knew the influence the clergy had over the people, and saw how that spring, if put in motion, would operate to the overthrow of seditious and defamatory falsehood. The Assembly therefore resolved to annihilate it by one daring stroke: this was the transportation of all the priests, who had not been willing to betray and renounce their religion, and whom honour and conscience had firmly attached to the altar of Christ, and to the throne of the Bourbons. The most arbitrary despot would never have thought of executing so dreadful a sentence: the faction did not take an hour to consider of it: the decree was enforced over heaps of slaughtered and quivering bodies; and its effects are still continued after several months' sufferings.

It was on Sunday the 26th of August, that Benoiston the lawyer, my cruel and infamous countryman, mounted the rostrum of iniquity, and

* We meet with the following paragraph on this subject in Brissot's Journal of the 14th of August: "As the exigency of affairs obliges us, according to the custom of the ancient Spartans, to let *the law sleep for a little while*, it is of the most pressing importance, that all the municipalities should prohibit, by the Assembly's order, all aristocratic newspapers, which poison the minds of the weak, and inflame those of the wicked." The very same language has since been made use of in destroying the *aristocratic* printing offices of Gorsas, Condorcet, and Brissot.

there

there caused the following decree to be adopted. I give the whole of it word for word. Such monuments should be handed down to future ages. The virtuous clergyman, who, at some future day, when persecution shall be at an end, may cast his eye on my work, will there read with some pleasure the sentence of his past sufferings, and his title to true glory. The foldier preserves with a sort of veneration and honourable pride the ball that once wounded him.

*Decree for transporting the clergy, which was passed
in August 1792.*

“ THE National Assembly, deeply impressed with the urgency of the measure, decrees as follows :

ART. I. “ All ecclesiastics, who, though bound to take the oath prescribed by the act of the 26th of December, 1790, and by that of the 27th of April, 1791, have not taken it, or who, after having taken it, have since retracted, and persisted in that retraction, shall be obliged, *within eight days*, to quit the boundaries of the particular district where they reside ; and, *within fifteen days*, to quit the kingdom : the different times thus allowed for their departure to be reckoned from the publication of the present decree.

ART. II. “ In pursuance of this decree, every one of them shall appear before the super-intending magistrates, or the municipal officers of the district of his residence, there to declare what foreign country he means to retire to ; upon which a pass-port shall be immediately given him, containing his declaration, a description of his person,
the

the road he is to take, and the time allowed for his getting out of the kingdom.

ART. III. “ After the expiration of the fifteen days, before prescribed, all the non-jurors of the clergy, who shall not have complied with the above-mentioned requisitions, are to be *transported to French Guiana*: the super-intending magistrates of the districts are to cause them to be arrested, and to be conveyed in distinct parties to the nearest sea-ports which will be pointed out by the executive council for the time being, who will also issue orders for the proper equipment of necessary transport-ships for this purpose.

ART. IV. “ The priests thus conveyed by the magistracy, or those who may voluntarily go out of the kingdom, being, by the operation of this decree, deprived of all revenues or salary, are each of them to be allowed three livres for every day’s journey of ten leagues to the place of their being put on board, or to the frontiers of the kingdom, in order to defray their expences on the road. These expences are to be paid out of the public treasury, and advanced by the banks of the several districts.

“ ART V. “ Every ecclesiastic, who shall remain in the kingdom, after having made a declaration

to quit it, and obtained his pass-port, or who, after quitting it, shall return, is to be punished by ten years' imprisonment.

ART. VI. " All other non-juring ecclesiastics, whether of the secular clergy, or belonging to any monastic order, whether a simple clerk, or a priest, whether friar-minors, or lay-brothers, without any exception or distinction, though not bound to take the oath prescribed by the acts of the 26th of December, 1790, and the 27th of April, 1791, shall be subject to all the preceding regulations, when by any outward act they excite disturbances which shall come to the knowledge of the administrative bodies; or when their removal shall be formally demanded by any six citizens, who are house-keepers in the same department.

ART. VII. " The super-intending magistracy of the district shall be bound to notify to all the non-juring ecclesiastics, in either of the predicaments specified in the preceding article, a collated copy of the present decree, with a summons commanding their obedience and conformity to it.

ART. VIII. " From the preceding injunctions are to be excepted infirm persons, whose infirmities shall be attested by an officer appointed by the common council of the district to examine the state
of

of their health, and whose certificate shall be revised by the same council. The like exception is to be made in favour of persons sixty years of age, of which undeniable proofs shall be given.

ART. IX. " All the ecclesiastics of the same district, who come within the exceptions stated in the foregoing article, are to be brought together to the chief town of the department, and there to reside in one house, under the inspection, and government of the municipality.*

ART. X. " The National Assembly does not mean, by the foregoing regulations, to exempt from any of the punishments established in the penal code such of the non-juring clergy as have already incurred, or may hereafter incur such punishments.

ART. XI. " The magistracy of each district shall send regular accounts of their vigilance and their exertions, in giving effect to the several purposes of this decree, to the super-intending magistrates of each department, who are to watch over its complete execution throughout the whole extent of their jurisdiction, and who are also bound to transmit information thereof to the executive council for the time being.

* We shall soon see the blessed effects of this regulation.

ART.

ART. XI. "The magistracy of each district shall be moreover obliged to send every fortnight, through the medium of the super-intending magistrates, to the minister for the home department, exact accounts of the names of all the ecclesiastics within their respective circles, who may quit the kingdom, or be transported. The minister for the home department shall be bound to communicate the said accounts afterwards to the National Assembly."

After

AFTER so violent a decree as the preceding, it could not be expected that the Assembly would preserve any one ceremony in which religion and monarchy seemed to go hand in hand supporting one another. Piety and public gratitude had for the last hundred and fifty years consecrated a procession on the 15th of August, by way of thanksgiving for Lewis the Fourteenth's having been born on that day, as his birth had saved France from the horrors of anarchy. It was very natural that anarchy and atheism should now abolish that procession composed of all the bodies who represented the former interests of the people. Its suppression was decreed.

A pyramid in honour of liberty was ordered to be erected in the room of Lewis the Fourteenth's beautiful statue in *La Place des Victoires*, which received the new name of *Place des Victoires Nationales*.

A new coinage was soon decreed, and instead of being stamped with the King's likeness, it was to have impressed on it the bust of liberty, represented by a woman's head with flowing hair, and this inscription; LIBERTY, EQUALITY. In the date, the æra of liberty was substituted for that of the King's reign; and on the reverse was the impression of an oak crown. Let us hope, that ere
long

long the small number of the pieces of money then coined will be confined to the collections of antiquaries.

The anarchy-men permitted the pedants of the Assembly to conceal the national turpitude under the cloak, as it were, of certain names of high repute in the philosophical world. Guadet, one of the Septemvirs, presented a list of *celebrated foreigners, the friends of liberty and equality*, on whom the Assembly conferred the title of French citizens. Those foreigners were,

General Washington ; Kosciuszko, a Polish general ; Anacharsis Clootz, the Prussian ; Canon de Pauw, the author of *Philosophical Researches concerning the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Americans* ; Gorani and Pestalozzi, two Italians ; Camper, the Dutchman ; Schyler, and Klopstock, both Germans ; and the following Englishmen, Thomas Paine, Priestley, Wilberforce, Clarkson, David Williams, Hamilton, Maddison, and Mackintosh.*

The

* It is to be presumed that Washington never had the least knowledge of the affront offered him by the Legislative Assembly, as we have not any where met with his protest against it : or, perhaps, he thought that total contempt was the best way of repelling so vile an attack. Brissot was the distributor of those *patriotic letters de cachet*. Oh ! how it must make those writers blush, to think that their works should have given occasion to the

The Assembly, in thus giving the name of French republicans to all those illustrious friends of Brissot, had it particularly in view to deceive foreign nations, and thereby to prepare their minds for

the inserting of their names in such a catalogue of infamy ! Old Klopstock, the author of *the Messiah*, a poem, has lately sent his renunciation of a title so little to be wished for. The following is a copy of his letter to the Convention :

“ Klopstock, the bard, to the National Assembly of France.

“ Directors of the French empire ! I send you back with horror those titles of which I was so proud, while it was possible for me to suppose that they united me to a society of Brothers, and of the friends of human kind. The illusion, alas ! is too quickly vanished ; and the most afflicting reality has come to put an end to a deceitful dream. How flattering to my fondest hopes was the fancied dawn of liberty, which I thought I saw rising from the distant banks of the Seine, and thence diffusing that benignant light which was to illuminate all Europe.

“ Why have you deceived me ? Were your rights of man then only a snare to catch your own countrymen, that you might more effectually assassinate them ? Know that the excesses of your barbarity and of your crimes have placed an eternal barrier between you and the bards of happy Germany. The tragic adventures that stain your bloody annals are related to them, and they shrink with terror from the frightful narrative. There is nothing now in common between you and us : you have rent asunder for ever the last bonds that united us.

“ I pity those who call themselves citizens, and who shed torrents of the blood of citizens. O ! enormity of guilt ! When they have spilt blood, they dance round their victim : they view
his

for the invasion it meditated, in order to enlarge the sphere of its doctrines and its robberies. Brissot drew up an address on this subject to foreign powers. It was not adopted by the Assembly: perhaps the ridiculous absurdity of it was felt: citizen Condorcet's statement was thought sufficient: Brissot's work was like all his productions very mean, and very insipid: his babbling was adjourned: I shall not copy it in here.

It was decreed to convert into cannons all the monuments of bronze, and the decorations of our churches. The statue of the famous constable Montmorency, which adorned the grand courtyard at Chantilly, was brought to Paris. The municipality of Versailles acted more wisely. Some fœderates were gone thither to fetch away all the statues of bronze from that magnificent residence of our kings. The municipality was very sensible, that there was but one step from this first act of plunder to the total dilapidation of the palace;

his agonies with a dry, an unconcerned eye: they bring their ear closer to him to catch with rapture his last groan!

“ Frenchmen! I turn away with affright from that impious troop who are themselves guilty of assassination, when they quietly suffer so many murders to be committed before their faces! I fly with screams of terror from that execrable tribunal, which not only aims a death-blow at the victim, but at the people's right to reprieve and to pardon!”

and

and that the town of Versailles would tumble into ruins with the royal monument on which it was founded. The corporation therefore begged that the palace might be spared, for the sake of foreigners, who would still come to spend some money in that guilty spot, led by curiosity to view the remains of such magnificence. The inhabitants of Versailles, in return for their crimes, are going to be reduced to the condition of the Arabs in the Desert, who skulk in huts, amidst the marbles of Palmyra.

An old historical monument was still viewed with emotion in the principal street of Orleans. The French chevalier, in looking at it, could not help thinking of the days of knight-errantry : the antiquary read in it the chronicle of past ages : the man of polite literature, and the man of fashion smiled at the idea it excited of Chapelain's *violin of Gothic memory*, and of Voltaire's pictures of romantic love : and the statuary had also the pleasure of contemplating the efforts of his favourite art in its infancy. The groupe of the Maid of Orleans and of Charles VII. underwent the sentence of general destruction. How, in fact, could it have escaped that sentence, when a decree was even passed for pulling down Lewis the Fourteenth's triumphal arches, so well known under the names of St. Denis's Gate, and St. Martin's Gate ! It was

was not without great trouble that the old rebel Duffaulx procured the report of the decree, in the name of all the artists in the universe.

It was not, however, enough to have given the people *sweet equality*: it was necessary to make them taste the fruits of it. In vain might it have before been objected to the insurgents of the 4th of August, that they had no authority to dispose of property, or to subvert, with the rapidity of lightning, the rights of inheritance, and the peace and security of families: the insurgents of the 10th of August levelled every obstacle to their arbitrary will: nothing could prevent them from overstepping every boundary: they decreed one after another,

The natural emancipation of children at the age of twenty-one;—the suppression of all the indemnities before granted by way of compensation for abolishing feudal rights, and for cutting off entails;—the inclosing and dividing of all commons, and of all the waste lands of the lords of the manor;—the suppression of the royal and military order of St. Lewis;—the sale of the estates of the emigrants in small lots, and for annual payments, &c. &c.

After

After the key-stone of the arch was once broken down, the rest of the structure was every moment tumbling to pieces.

Most of those decrees were solicited by the representatives of the common council; and it is well known, that all Robespierre's solicitations were peremptory mandates. Hardly a day passed, on which the bar of the Assembly was not disgraced by the presence of this nephew of Damiens. He caused it to be decreed, that the common council of Paris had deserved well *of the country*: he told the legislative body, that he had been *the salvation of the empire*: the people of Paris applauded: the president Lacroix, from his arm-chair, complimented the rabble in Robespierre's train; granted them the honours of a seat during the debates; and all these congratulations commonly ended with a grant to the municipality of some hundreds of thousands of livres for certain exigencies, that were always new, always starting up afresh. Every one had a hand in the plunder; but nobody gave any account: very frequently the sums that were received at the treasury served only to encourage an insurrection, the dread of which caused the exaction and grant of double the former. [Riots have since taken place twice, and a general pillage, in order to procure seven millions for that insatiable common council.]

It is thus that the city of Paris trampled upon all laws ; sported with all principles of morality and justice ; plundered private fortunes ; seized upon the revenues of the state ; and received assurances of attachment from all the banditti in the kingdom, who carried on, though upon a smaller scale, the same system of violence and depredation, of which Paris set them the example.

The metropolis had often been compared to a kept mistress, and the comparison was a just one, thanks be to the pains taken by government to procure it bread and public shews, to prevent it from being angry. This darling mistress now resembled an old prostitute, who had ruined, infected, and turned away her lover : she had begun with being the dupe of all the constitutional sharpers who had plundered her ; but on the 10th of August, she fell, if I may be allowed the expression, among a swarm of vagabonds, who shared with oaths her impure rags and tatters.

At length the faction, in order to secure the empire to the chosen representatives of the banditti of the kingdom, and to prevent the possibility of electing such of the members as had given symptoms of a *Feuillant* like modesty, constituted (what cannot be constituted) a national convention ; and adopted for that purpose a form incompatible

patible with the very word *convention*. The mode was this, that the people in the primary assemblies should only name electors, who were afterwards to chuse representatives ; and a re-imbursment of all expences was farther granted to those very electors. This was making an appeal to all the idle, turbulent, abandoned, indigent rascals in the kingdom : it was inviting them to get themselves named in the assemblies, sure of having their expences defrayed in electioneering revels : it was heaping crime upon crime, Pelion upon Ossa, Ossa upon Petion, Robespierre upon Brissot. It was keeping away from those assemblies all the fathers of families, and all people of property. They were not, indeed, *convened* there. The tenth part of the nation, at most, assembled ; and as the tribe of plunderers may be computed to amount to at least that portion of an old and corrupt nation, France might very well expect to see the choice, the very flower of the banditti deputed by all the provinces. They are met : they tear asunder the very bowels of their country : they have spread confusion every where : but so many acts of sacrilege are going at length to receive their due punishment : the trial cannot last long : the articles of impeachment are in the journals of their own proceedings ; and all the inhabitants of the globe are the witnesses.

The following number will treat of the military situation of France, after the 10th of August, and of the massacres of the 2d of September. I shall mount the scaffold: I shall go down into the quarries with the miserable victims. Overwhelmed in grief since the death of my king, astonished every day at the continual successes of the faction, I sunk under the weight of affliction, and my pen found the usual flow of ideas suspended. The shout of victory has roused me from this lethargy. Our calamities will then be avenged!—YORK, COBOURG, D'AUTICHAMP, BEAULIEU, HOHENLOHE, I am transported with hope and joy, and CLAIRFAYT! he has taken up arms again: I once more find my pen, and shall not lay it down.

While the above was printing, Brissot's Journal of the 11th of March happened to fall into my hands. I there met with the following paragraph:

“ The rights of man are no more: all the laws of nature are
 “ trampled under foot: one night has overturned the work of
 “ four years, individual liberty, and the liberty of the press. A
 “ faction, that wants to establish its throne in darkness, has for-
 “ bid philosophical deputies to enlighten their fellow citizens.
 “ The law no longer permits Brissot to exert his talents as the
 “ editor of this Journal, &c.

It is a curious circumstance to see this man of the 10th of March, this pre-eminent babbler, condemned on the very 10th of March to the most terrible punishment that could be inflicted
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on him, that of silence. In order to confound this cowardly assassin, I advise him to read over his own Journal of the 14th of August, in which he says, *that it is necessary to let the law sleep a little while*. Well ! it sleeps now for thee, thou wretch ! but it will not continue always asleep !

Gorfas made his escape on the same day from the flames of his printing office, with a pistol in his hand. This is the very Gorfas, who, at the head of his own men, had caused all the aristocratic and Feuillant printing presses to be set fire to on the 11th of August.

APPENDIX TO No. IX.

The Chancery of the Diet has just published an Appeal to the People of the Empire on the Subject of the present War. It is an Invitation to all Germans to concur both with Heart and Hand in the Efforts of the Combined Powers against France. The following is a literal Translation of it ;

“ APPEAL TO THE SUBJECTS OF THE EMPIRE.

“ **A**LL the real friends of their country, all good and loyal Germans, must view with anxious attention the present melancholy state of the empire : their thoughts must be wholly taken up in devising the most effectual means to remove from us the calamities with which we are threatened : at such a crisis, it is our duty, in order to prevent a desolation unparalleled in the annals of Germany, to declare at length, *that the country is in danger.* We are insulted with menaces to subvert our ancient constitution, to destroy our religion, to plunder

der the property of our citizens, to overturn our government, and to disturb in every respect the public tranquillity. Behold that scaffold of sanguinary laws, which the French have just erected, to spread disorder and consternation throughout the world! The specious names of liberty and equality can no longer conceal from our view the abyss they have been digging to plunge us into. This year will perhaps be the last in which we may have it in our power to embrace our children, and to clasp them in our arms, if we do not exert our utmost efforts to preserve our *cottages*, in which we have hitherto enjoyed so much peace, and our churches, where we still go to taste the sweetest consolation at the foot of the altars——

“ Our uneasiness and alarm, citizens, are not the effect of imaginary fears. Cast your eyes beyond the Rhine: you will there see troops, who have drawn the sword for a chimerical equality, oppressing our happy countries, and loading the inhabitants with contributions. They have already planted the tree of their frantic liberty, without roots: they seize upon all property: they chain down your fellow-citizens: they have made it the ruling law of their conduct to overthrow all civil order, and to abolish all religion in every country where they can force their way. Every man is compelled to bend his neck under the yoke of

their maxims. They look upon all loyal subjects as their enemies. This is the liberty with which they mean to enrich us : these are the principles and doctrines they preach openly.

“ But numerous armies are already collected on the banks of the Rhine ; and will soon display their courage and their strength to those enemies of our country : all our warriors are ready to shed their blood, to check the progress of such murderous doctrines. Till this day, none of the states of the empire has taken any direct part in the efforts of the champions of the Germanic constitution. The Langrave of Hesse-Cassel is the only one who has joined his forces to those of the Prussians and Austrians. What state has hitherto supplied our military brethren with assistance or contributions : yet they have a right to insist upon such supplies : it is not for themselves alone that they are fighting, but for all the inhabitants of Germany : they have taken up arms to protect our repose, our persons, and our property.

“ People of Germany ! We are bound to dissipate the illusion which your enemies would fain spread round you. No, it is not for themselves,—it is not for the pride of crowns, that Francis and Frederick William now make war on the audacious French : it is for the public good they are fighting :

fighting :—it is for the happiness of mankind. We might perhaps lend an ear to the suggestions of our enemies, were we not fully acquainted with the generous and magnanimous character of both these Princes, who are at once the models and the firm supporters of the states of the empire. Do we not know, on the other hand, the disorders and the excesses, of which the French are every day guilty ? Have not Custine's troops opened in our neighbourhood a horrible gulf that threatens to swallow up France and Germany ? Have not the beautiful countries bordering on the banks of the Rhine been the theatre of their depredations ? Yes, citizens, they want to destroy your property : they point their sacrilegious sword even at your altars : they wish to annihilate your religion. Let us not listen to the wicked sophistry, that would endeavour to make us believe, that none but the sovereign, the nobility, and the clergy, would be losers by the overthrow of our constitution : all citizens, all ranks are precisely in the same situation at this moment : the same calamities threaten us all, if we lose the privileges which our ancestors enjoyed.

“ Undoubtedly the first steps of the States General, to amend the French government, merited the applause of all mankind. That august Assembly had no other object in view but to regenerate
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an empire, and to break the chains of an unhappy people, who bedewed with the sweat of their brow a land, of which they were not suffered to reap the fruits. Subjects then went hand in hand with their King. With what sentiments of admiration and joy did not Europe behold a generous Monarch affording the kindest assistance to a people, who were too weak to destroy abuses which seemed to have been consecrated by length of time, and a series of ages ! But with what sentiments also of grief and surprize did not the friends of human nature see those fond hopes so soon vanish ! Instead of proceeding deliberately under the guidance of wisdom,—instead of completing with cool reflection that edifice which was to have been consecrated to the happiness of the people, the agitators began to shake the torches of discord : they filled their country with the doleful scenes of licentiousness : they excited riots : they flattered the pride of a fickle and ferocious multitude. All these fatal means dried up the source of happiness which flowed from the throne. Rage, revenge, and all the wild and impetuous passions were let loose upon the best, and most virtuous of kings. The daggers of the most savage assassins were drenched in blood. France heard the cries of the victims with atrocious and cruel indifference. Thus the days, which were to have been employed in promoting the happiness of that ill-fated kingdom,

turned

turned out to be days of mourning and of melancholy to Frenchmen. It was from the very heart of that Assembly whence France expected the the blessings of liberty, that the thunderbolt issued, which struck down the nobility, overturned the clergy, sapped the foundations of property, and subverted the whole empire. It is thus that the fortunes of individuals, the revenues and resources of the state, as well as the privileges of a respectable order were abandoned to the avidity of those new preachers of licentiousness: such conduct was not merely unjust; it was barbarous.

“ But we will refrain from any farther account of this bloody revolution: we will not wound the feelings of our countrymen by exhibiting a picture of the shocking massacres, and of the acts of violence perpetrated against a king: we will not renew the remembrance of the frightful scenes of the tenth of August, the unpunished murder of the state-prisoners, the death of so many virtuous ecclesiastics. Alas! there is not a good German who would not glory in the pretended crimes of which they were guilty. Yes, humanity must shudder with horror, and blush with shame at the recital of such atrocious deeds! Is there a man who can hear of them, and not recoil with affright? Is it possible that the people of Europe have seen beings spring up among them, who
abandon

abandon themselves to such crimes, and who witness them with the utmost unconcern? Is human nature then degraded to a level with the most cruel monsters, and the vilest animals?

“ Virtuous, but too unfortunate Monarch! how melancholy was thy doom, to be tried, and condemned by thy accusers, to die the victim of thy love for the people, whose happiness was the object of thy earnest wishes! Can Germany behold such barbarity and injustice, without feeling the liveliest emotions of grief and indignation? Where are the Germans who can remain indifferent spectators of so unheard-of a crime? France declared war upon Leopold, like a volcano in a state of explosion, spreading every where its ravages, and bearing down every obstacle to its desolating progress: Leopold, as chief of the empire, intrusted with the sacred deposit of our laws and of our privileges, invited the Germanic States to interest themselves in the fate of an unhappy King, and in the melancholy situation of a much-loved sister.

“ German citizens of every class! you all know it was the humanity of that Emperor, which prompted the French to attack our dear and unfortunate country: you know their conduct at Mentz, and at Frankfort, one of the most opulent and illustrious

ous cities in Germany : you are not ignorant of their excesses at Spire, at Worms, and on the estates of some Princes, to whom their virtue was no safeguard against the irruptions of a banditti. Should their armies make any farther advances, what will become of our lands and possessions ? You are not unacquainted with the order which the Convention has given to the Generals, to establish in every country by force of arms their pernicious doctrines. What must be the effect of such proceedings, but to open a door for all the calamities and horrors of anarchy ?

“ To the disgrace of human nature, it is but too true, that you yourselves have heard the seditious harangue of one of their orators, who had the impudence to assist in the rostrum, *that altars and thrones must be pulled down for the happiness of nations.* Is it possible that Germans, a brave and loyal people, could hear with cold blood those horrible menaces, and behold with indifference the approach of those scourges that are preparing to desolate our country ! You will either fall by the sword of the enemy, or you will soon be the unhappy dupes and victims of the fallacious propagators of their doctrines. The fatal contagion of the disease, with which they are infected, will quickly dissolve all the bonds of society : the torrent of their inflammatory opinions will break down

down every mound, and will carry into every country the seeds of devastation and of death.

“ No doubt, we are not exempt from the defects which are inseparable from the weakness of human nature ; but our passions are not of that horrid description, which annihilate property, corrupt public morals, and subvert the sacred principles of justice and humanity.

“ The French revolution, if it ever should penetrate into Germany, would there be attended with still more alarming and more fatal consequences to citizens of every rank. The multiplied divisions of our territory would render disorders more frequent, and the mischief much more irreparable. That man alone, who has nothing to lose, might gain by it ; but his enjoyment would be only momentary. Thank God ! our countrymen have but one sentiment, one opinion upon this subject.

“ Germans of every condition ! were even the national spirit and all sense of attachment to your country extinguished in your breasts, still you should seriously reflect, that it is your duty to fight for your religion, and to defend the property of your relations and friends : it is thus that children will deserve the blessing of their fathers. Yes,
every

every man, who is not dead to the incitements of honour, ought to join the imperial army in repelling the enemy who threatens every thing that is dearest and most sacred to us. Follow the example of the nation who would involve you in a revolutionary whirlpool: sacrifice all, like the French, to save your country, and to preserve future generations from the evils that are preparing for them: we ask no other favour of you, but to share in all your dangers, and to march at your head against the enemy.

“ Let us offer up our voluntary contributions on the altar of patriotism, not from motives of ostentation, but for the public good, and without seeking vain glory, or an empty name. Let us put into the hands of the Imperial and Prussian ministers the amount of our patriotic subscriptions to defray the expences of the present war. We place the fullest confidence in those two ministers of state: we are already convinced of their strict integrity, and their readiness to receive your gift and ours. Every one is at liberty to declare himself immediately as a subscriber, or to send his name in a note sealed up. However small the tribute offered by patriotic generosity may be, the diet will observe the strictest secrecy in that respect. The happy period, at which it may be allowable to publish such benefactions, will be when we have obtained

obtained a glorious peace. Then Germany will convince all Europe, that when she exerts her full energy, she is able to resist every foreign shock. Francis and Frederick-William will receive those gifts with gratitude, and will know how to distinguish those citizens who give such proofs of their attachment, Europe will soon be satisfied, that the wise and considerate German is incapable of adopting, with false enthusiasm, romantic ideas, and maxims which may introduce into the bosom of the country the principles of social dissolution.

“ Dear countrymen of every class and condition ! we once more conjure you to unite all your efforts ; to follow our example ; and to be the saviours of Germany.”

LATE

LATE PICTURE OF PARIS.

Continuation of the Massacres of the 2d of September,

The Massacre at the Abbey-prison.

IN the preceding chapter, I have given an account of the massacre of the priests at the convent of the Carmelites, and at St. Firmin's-seminary: I must now carry the reader to the gates of the Abbey-prison at St. Germain's.

What can I add to the narrative already written by an eye-witness? I have printed that narrative as a part of this work. The heart-rending agony of my unfortunate friend St. Méard has been read over and over twenty times. I can do nothing more than supply what prudence directed him to suppress, and lay before the public what friendship forbade him to conceal from me.

We had long been connected by the ties of intimacy; and the revolution drew still tighter those

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bands of old friendship by the horror it equally inspired us both with for its authors and its effects. This conformity of sentiments determined us from the very beginning to unmask the one, and to proclaim the other, without fear and without reserve. For three years we never ceased to discharge at them the shafts of ridicule and satire: yet the subject was incapable of being exhausted: though we were informed against, plundered, threatened, persecuted, we fastened upon them, and never let go our hold. The *Palais Royal*, the *Thulleries*, the clubs, the National Assembly, and booksellers' shops, were the places, where we first personally attacked Manuel, Fabre, and Desmoulins with those stinging truths and epigrams, which our newspapers afterwards repeated to all the provinces. We were to have emigrated together in the month of July, when the evil appeared to us incurable. The desire of making ourselves useful a little longer, and the hope that the king, the Swiss, and the national guards would operate as correctives of the pestilential influence of the Marseillais, detained us at Paris. The 10th of August unexpectedly came upon us there. The sameness of our sentiments made us run the same risks; and we used then to spend the greatest part of our time together, when a common friend of ours came one day to warn me of what I had to expect, by informing me of my poor friend's imprisonment.

My

My life was then wasting away in grief and affright. The news of all the butcheries at the prisons gave the finishing stroke to the extinction of my faculties, and plunged me into a stupid apathy, which prepared me beforehand for the sleep of death. When the glooms that hung over my mind began to disperse a little, the image of St. Méard torn to pieces presented itself to my fancy; and this idea, joined to the recollected spectacle of Suleau's bleeding head, made me suffer a thousand deaths every hour. On Monday evening the 3d of September, I heard a knock at the place where I was concealed. It was an anxious friend who came to know whether I was still alive. Some resemblance in the sound of his name caused him to be announced as St. Méard to the lady who had me under her care. Upon hearing the word, my protectress, who was all sensibility, wiped away her tears, and hurried to receive him. On her perceiving a stranger, the mistake and her fear produced upon her the effect of a clap of thunder. It was a long time before we could restore her to life. The person, who occasioned this momentary alarm, was a brave Englishman, the loyal Somers, who came in person to be satisfied whether my retreat was a safe one, and whether I could be assured that the assassins could not come at me. Next day, the 4th of September, the massacres still continued: the real St. Méard, who by a miracle

had been released in the night, was at my door in the morning. Scarcely recovered from the mistake of the day before, I was reprimanding the servant who thus announced him a second time, when I found him in my arms, and could once more clasp him to my heart. That moment made me forget all those which had preceded it. A flash of joy, which it would be in vain for me to attempt to describe, dissipated three weeks' sufferings—let the same enjoyment be but secured to me at the expense of the most dreadful anxiety, and I will begin again.

The popular judge, who had taken his seat at the Abbey-prison, there to carry into execution the sentences already passed and written down in Danton's tablets of proscription, was Maillard, the tipstaff, one of the heroes of the 14th of July, the 5th of October, and the 10th of August. As he resided in the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*, he was, during the whole revolution, the associate of Santerre, of Panis, of Gonchon, and of Palloy, in the direction of that terrible *Fauxbourg*. He crowned the whole by sitting as president at the massacres of the 2d of September.

After the priests, who were shut up in the Abbey-cloister, were sacrificed, the assassins called out with loud cries for the Swiss who were confined

finéd there. The subalterns were butchered without examination, or trial. Capt. Reding was the only one of all the superior officers who was left at the Abbey, as, by reason of the wound he had received on the 10th of August, he could not be removed with the rest to the *Conciergerie*. St. Méard could not venture, in his narrative published at Paris, to describe the frightful circumstances of that officer's death, of which he was an eye-witness. The following is what he told me respecting it. The assassins, who came to drag away this unfortunate man to the place of his execution, perceiving that his wound rendered him unable to stand, hoisted him up on their shoulders. The keenness of his pain forced from him some piercing cries. A third assassin, who followed them, took it into his head, in order to quiet the noise, to saw the captain's throat with his sword, which he began to do in the presence of those who were his fellow-prisoners in the same room. He had hardly reached the first steps of the staircase, before the latter perceived that the cries ceased, and that the poor victim expired. *Quis talia sando, temeperet !*

Jouneau, a member of the Assembly, of whom I before made mention, who had been apprehended for striking Grangeneuve, had already seen some of his fellow-prisoners sent off to execution,

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when he was recollected by two fœderates. A debate took place between those two men of opposite sentiments, on the inviolability of the representatives of the nation. The one who favoured him, procured him means to write to the president of the Assembly. Jouneau, who wanted neither courage, nor presence of mind, contrived, after having written his letter, to gain time to get an answer, by talking and drinking with his intended assassin. But it was necessary that the letter should be carried; and the orders of those who directed the massacres were very positive not to suffer a scrap of paper to be taken out. In vain did the fœderate, who was Jouneau's friend, observe to Maillard, that exceptions should be made in favour of a member of the Assembly. Maillard looked at the list given him, and not seeing any favourable mark added to Jouneau's name, he snatched the letter, and flung it on the table in the place where he was passing his sentences. The fœderate did not give up the matter in despair: he staid in the room, waiting for a favourable opportunity to recover the letter unperceived, and to take it according to the direction. The massacre of a prisoner, who struggled with his assassins, enabled the fœderate to accomplish his point, and to get off in the midst of the confusion. The president of the National Assembly immediately claimed his brother member, who got out, though
with

with some difficulty. It was a pleasure to see Jouneau saved. He was an officer in the *gendarmerie*, and the father of a numerous family. His quarrel with Grangeneuve had arisen from an honourable motive: he wanted to hinder the latter from committing an act of flagrant injustice in the affair of the town of Arles, of which he was appointed to make the report; and Grangeneuve so obstinately persisted in his dishonest purpose, that Jouneau could not restrain his indignation. Grangeneuve's conduct, and his unrelenting eagerness to get his rival murdered, afterwards furnished Marat with one of his charges against the faction of *La Gironde*. Marat, reproaching a pretended philosopher with his want of sensibility, was a curious circumstance! Jouneau, however, appeared at length in the Assembly, smeared with blood halfway up his leg, and brought thither by three assassins, who ordered the august sanhedrim to try him without delay, or that the people would soon know where to find him again.

M. de Montmorin, the ex-minister, received his sentence, and underwent it with firmness, at the very moment Jouneau was enlarged. He received his death-blow at the feet of the latter. The part which that minister acted in the revolution obliges me to enter into some details of his political career. The following are the principal

outlines, which I collected from the letters and conversation of an old member of the states general, who was accustomed to observe well, and to form a sound judgment of men and things.

“ The deplorable end of M. de Montmorin,
 “ and the rage with which the Jacobins constantly
 “ persecuted him, have not preserved his memory
 “ from imputations which one may venture to call
 “ slanderous.—His fidelity and his attachment to
 “ his King never once varied ; and, without pre-
 “ tending to justify all the details of his conduct,
 “ there cannot be the least doubt that Lewis the
 “ Sixteenth always looked upon him as a man
 “ sincerely devoted to his service.

“ M. de Montmorin, naturally of a mild and
 “ easy temper, was neither deficient in under-
 “ standing nor courage : he had a discerning mind,
 “ and was thoroughly acquainted with the state
 “ and political interests of Europe : he had studied
 “ our laws with profound attention ; and, though
 “ he would not oppose any useful reform, his opi-
 “ nion of the national character, and of the spirit
 “ and pretensions of the intermediate bodies,
 “ made him dread the convening of the states
 “ general.

„ From

“ From the very first meeting of the notables,
 “ he foresaw the storms that were gathering. He
 “ recommended at that time, and during the ad-
 “ ministration of the archbishop of Sens, discreeter
 “ measures, and a firmer conduct than what was
 “ adopted. His deference for M. Necker made
 “ him concur in the wavering and indecisive pro-
 “ ceedings of that minister, at the opening of the
 “ states general; and it cannot be denied, that the
 “ King’s excessive goodness contributed as much
 “ as the weakness of his counsels to render imprac-
 “ ticable any resistance which might over-awe and
 “ disconcert the enterprises of the factious—From
 “ that time M. de Montmorin thought it his duty
 “ to enter into a treaty, or to capitulate, as it were,
 “ with the revolution, and to defend the royal
 “ authority from post to post. Such was the spirit
 “ of his conduct with respect to domestic affairs :
 “ abroad, he was desirous of preserving peace, be-
 “ cause he foresaw that war would be ruinous to
 “ both the king and the state. But, as he had
 “ formed very just ideas of the constitution and its
 “ authors, he knew it was impossible to maintain
 “ such a government; and therefore all his views,
 “ all his efforts were directed to form and secure
 “ to the King a powerful party in the heart of the
 “ kingdom, by whose assistance the wounds of the
 “ revolution might be cured, without tearing the
 “ body politic asunder.—Such were the grounds
 “ of

“ of M. de Montmorin’s connections with the
 “ constitutional party. Before and after the 20th
 “ of June, he had done every thing in his power
 “ to persuade the King to quit Paris. On Satur-
 “ day, the 4th of August, having had a meeting
 “ of several friends at his house, and having been
 “ informed of the horrid conspiracy that was then
 “ hatching and ready to burst forth, on its appear-
 “ ing evident to them all, that the King would be
 “ undone, if he did not fly from the metropolis,
 “ were he even to be escorted only by the Swiss,
 “ and his most trusty servants, M. de Montmorin
 “ undertook to determine his Majesty, and to
 “ direct all the measures; but the King, who
 “ agreed to it at first, declared on the Sunday, *I*
 “ *am less afraid of the dangers that threaten me than*
 “ *of a civil war.* Lastly, it is well known, that,
 “ after the King was arrested at Varennes, M. de
 “ Montmorin continued in office solely through
 “ his devoted attachment to his Majesty. Besides,
 “ during a tempestuous administration, and in the
 “ most perplexing circumstances, he appeared to
 “ have no thought or concern about his own for-
 “ tune, or his own danger. His disinterestedness
 “ is demonstrated by what he left behind him at
 “ his death, which was barely sufficient to pay his
 “ debts. His calm and unaffected courage parti-
 “ cularly displayed itself at his examination, and
 “ in his behaviour before his assassins. As to his
 “ ministerial

“ ministerial faults during the revolution, it is
 “ thought, that the extent of his mind and of his
 “ resources was not proportioned to the impor-
 “ tance of the events he had to struggle with ; but
 “ what man has hitherto shewn himself superior to
 “ the occurrences of the present æra ?”

M. Thierry, the King's head valet, after he was condemned to die, kept crying out *God save the King*, even when he had a pike run through his body ; and, as if those words were blasphemous, the assassins in a rage burned his face with two blazing torches. Thus they employed fire and sword to destroy one of Lewis the Sixteenth's most faithful friends. Notwithstanding this death so gloriously authenticated, the seals were put on his property, as on that of an emigrant, and it was not without the greatest difficulty that his family could get possession of it.

The Count de S. Mart, a knight of the order of St. Lewis, an old colonel, and one of the assassinated prisoners, had a spear run through both his sides. His executioners then forced him to crawl upon his knees, with his body thus skewered ; and burst out laughing at the groans and painful writhing of the victim. They at last put an end to his agony by cutting off his head.

Young

Young Mauffabré, who is mentioned in St. Méard's narrative, had hid himself in a chimney. As he could not be found, they were determined to make the jailer answerable. The latter, accustomed to the tricks of prisoners, and knowing that the chimney was well secured at top by bars of iron, fired a gun up several times. One ball hit Mauffabré, and broke his wrist. He had sufficient command of himself to endure the pain he felt, in silence. The jailer then determined to set fire to some straw in the chimney. The smoke suffocated him: he tumbled down with all his weight upon the burning straw: he was dragged out wounded, burnt, and half dead. On being taken into the street, without any trial, they determined to complete his death in the manner in which it had been begun. He remained almost a quarter of an hour, lying in blood, among heaps of dead bodies, till the assassins could procure fire-arms: at last, they put an end to his life, by shooting him through the head five times with a pistol. Had not this unfortunate young man lost his senses, there was some probability, that his innocence, his youth and beauty would have caused him to be acquitted. I have been told, that Andouin is inconsolable for having been the cause of that murder. Alas! of what use to humanity is such late regret!

The

The unfortunate prisoners were all obliged, before their trial, to deliver up to the president of the bloody tribunal their purses, and their pocket-books. Whether they were acquitted or executed, all these were equally lost. It is well known, that M. de Wittgenstein, as he was going to execution, intrusted a watch set with diamonds to M. Maillard, on a promise of his having it delivered to one of that officer's female friends, who has' never since heard any more of it.

Impelled by the nearest and dearest interests, many substantial tradesmen, who had never before dared or deigned to go to those savage haunts called sections, went thither on that day to claim some friends, or some relations, in the name of the section where they lived. Several prisoners were saved in this manner. The Abbey was even of all others the place which restored to society the greatest number of victims. Among this number was the Abbé Sicard, successor to the celebrated Abbé de l'Épée in the school instituted for teaching the deaf and dumb. A friend of his, named M. Monnot, rescued him from the assassins, on Sunday the second of September, at the very beginning of the massacres; and shielded him with his own body, till he brought him to his section. But what did the stupid Assembly do all this time? Instead of calling in the aid of the military, instead
of

of summoning all those who were invested with authority, instead of going in a body to the places where the murders were continued with impunity, it decreed that Monnot had deserved well of his country, and then proceeded very coolly to the order of the day, which was the discussion of a passport granted by the Minister for the Foreign Department to the Parmesan Envoy, and a report from the committee of finance and of demesnes. What cold-blooded and barbarous atrocity ! The house rose very calmly at half past eleven at night, having adjourned till ten next morning ; and, in that interval, every member went to enjoy his usual rest : yet, will the Assembly have the impudence to say it was not an accomplice with the common council !

It is not easy to observe any kind of order in such a narration. The reader is as impatient as I can be to get out of this sink of blood. I will therefore hastily collect some memorandums of horror which I find noted in my pocket-book, in order to lay before him as quick as I can a few instances of virtue, which may afford him some little relief in the midst of so many calamities.

The section of the *Contrat Social*, formerly called *St. Eustache*, on being informed that a massacre of the prisoners was going on at the Abbey, sent there

there three different deputations to claim two of its members, who were detained there for some slight quarrel. Neither of the three deputations could get to the Abbey. When the third of them informed the section, that it had not been more successful than the two former, M. B—, a watch-maker, got up, and said, that if they would make him one of the fourth deputation, he thought he could accomplish the matter. His offer was attended to : three new deputies were appointed, and he was made one. When they were at some distance from the scene of slaughter, the ardour, with which the butchers fastened upon their victims, frightened M. B.'s companions : they abandoned to him the credentials of the section, and ran away. He advanced with much difficulty over heaps of mangled flesh, and up to the ancles in human blood. When he got to the prison-gate, two of the assassins, their hands streaming with blood, laid hold of him by the collar, crying out, *Wretch ! what do you want here ? Are you tired of life ?—I am come, said he, to claim the release of two citizens belonging to my section.—Where are your credentials ?—There they are.—Well, go in : at all events, we shall know where to find you again.*

After M. B— got in, other assassins asked him the same questions, to whom he made the same replies. Among the latter, some were drinking,
some

some smoaking, and some, gluttèd with wine and with blood, were asleep. M. B— could discern objects only by the light of two or three torches. He inquired for the president, who was pointed out to him near a table covered with papers, registers, bottles, glasses, pipes, and swords stained with blood. He explained his business, and shewed his credentials. Two ruffians constantly held him by the throat. “In the first place,” said the president, “let us see, whether the persons, whose discharge you solicit, are still here.” Upon this, he looked over a register, and suddenly cried out, “Yes, they are still here.”—He then asked M. B— why they had been committed there? “For a slight quarrel, which has not been attended with any bad consequences.”—“Are you very sure?”—“Very sure.”—“Do you pledge your life for it?”—Yes.”—“Well, there is paper: put your name to it; and if there be the slightest charge of aristocracy against them, your head shall dance for it.” The president then referred to the jailer’s book, and after having examined the commitments of the two prisoners, he said, “He is right: he has not told a lie: let those two men be called.” On their appearing, the president said to M. B—, “There they are: take them; and set off with them.” M. B— took them under his arms, squeezing them as close to him as he could; and begged somebody might be ordered to see him safe

safe into the street. The president ordered two men to go before him, and to give notice to the *knockers down*. These two men laid hold of him by the collar, and dragged him in a hurry to the door that opened into the street. As he was just going to step over the threshold, a well-looking young man, about nineteen years of age, fell upon his knees before him, and cried out, "Pray, Sir, save me too!" M. B— had not time to reply, as his guides pulled him out of the prison, while some of the murderers fell upon the young man, and dragged him after M. B—. The latter was hardly got into the street, when he saw that young man's head cut off. M. B— wished to get away in all haste, still holding fast the two prisoners whom he had rescued; but a group of the assassins surrounded him and stopped him. "Look here," said one of them, pointing to the young man whose head was just cut off. "Do you wish to see the heart of an aristocrat?" The butcher had hardly asked the question, when with his sword he cleaved his breast open, and dragging out the heart all bloody, held it up to M. B—. Then taking a glass from one of those who stood near him, he squeezed into it the blood that ran from the heart, and drank off a part of that infernal beverage. M. B— could not tell whether there was wine, or any other liquor before in the glass, because it was all smeared with blood both within and with-

out. After the cannibal drank, he presented the glass to M. B—, saying, “Come, it’s now your turn.” It was necessary to make a shew of tasting the horrid potion. After this frightful test, the cannibal cried out: “That’s a brave fellow: if there were many like him in the sections, fifty innocent wretches, whose throats I have cut, would not have been so served.” M. B— brought back safe the two men who were indebted to him for their liberty, and their lives; went to bed when he got home; and remained very ill for several days.

It was not till eight o’clock in the evening, that is to say, five hours after the massacre had begun, that the Assembly sent twelve commissioners to the different prisons. None of them went to the convent of the Carmelites; for at that hour all was over there. The commissioners who went to the Abbey were Duffaux, Chabot, and Bazire. Duffaux, on his return to the Assembly to give an account of what he had done, said, that Bazire and he had attempted in vain to speak to the assassins; for that, as soon as the people perceived that the object of their speeches was to prevent what was going on, they would not suffer them to utter a word more. *Each of us, added he, spoke to those who were near us, on the right and the left; but the peaceable dispositions of those, who listened to us, could*
not

not be communicated to THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS. We therefore withdrew ; and the DARKNESS put it out of our power to see what was doing. Chabot, afterwards making some additions to this account, stated in print last October, that in order to get to the place of the massacres, he had been obliged to pass under an arch of ten thousand swords. The scheme of those two wretches at that time was to impress a belief, that it was the people who had insisted upon, had been spectators of, and actors in, those executions. But a quarrel soon broke out between the assassins of the tenth of August, and those of the second of September. The interest of the former prompted them to reveal all the confidential truths, and after-thoughts of those frightful days. It is thus Brissot expresses himself, after he had been turned out of the Jacobins, and after a warrant was issued to take him up *.

“ I shall prove that the people of Paris had no
 “ share in this atrocity, of which none but cannibals
 “ could be guilty ; that it is not true, as the reso-
 “ lution of the twelfth of October falsely asserts,
 “ calling that an important day, that its events
 “ were the work of thirty thousand citizens, who
 “ had gone to the *Champ de Mars* to enlist. I

* See his Address to the Republicans of France, respecting the Jacobin Club.

“ shall prove, in direct contradiction to the words
 “ of that resolution, that the massacre began at
 “ two or three o’clock ; that at those hours there
 “ were not a hundred citizens in the *Champ de*
 “ *Mars* ; that the massacre preceded the enlisting ;
 “ that all the motives alledged to justify it are ab-
 “ surd ; that the authors of it had even the pre-
 “ caution to order false pretences and fictions to
 “ be inserted in the newspapers ; that those horrors
 “ might have been very easily put a stop to ; that
 “ the massacre was perpetrated by a hundred at
 “ most of unknown ruffians, who were joined by
 “ a few Parisians, now held in abhorrence by their
 “ fellow-citizens.”

Louvet adds to what Brissot wrote * :

“ Chabot has had the impudence to assert in
 “ print, that he was obliged to pass under an arch
 “ of ten thousand swords. Well ! the *respectable*
 “ Duffaux, who was one of the commissioners de-
 “ puted on the same business by the National As-
 “ sembly, will certify that *two hundred men* could
 “ have easily dispersed the assassins and the specta-
 “ tors ; and as I appeal to his testimony, shall re-
 “ late a circumstance he mentioned to me, which
 “ is truly shocking. One of the ruffians, whom

* See Louvet’s Address to Maximilian Robespierre, &c.

“ he

“he was haranguing, said to him ; *Sir, you seem to be a very brave man ; but pray, stand by, as there are two fellows behind you, whom you have hindered us from killing for this quarter of an hour : we might have even in that time dispatched twenty more.*”

The massacres at the Abbey-prison were then, as well as those at the convent of the Carmelites, the sole doing of a very small number of profligate ruffians. I shall soon come to speak of the committee that directed them ; but I must now resume my narrative.

Some days after the second of September, the daughter of M. Cazotte had been declared innocent, and she might have then quitted the prison ; but this virtuous daughter, who had never been a day from her father, could not leave him all alone, helpless, and unprotected. Heaven inspired her with the resolution to beg it, as a favour, to be permitted to stay with her father in the prison. This was granted her. There her sufferings were alleviated by the consciousness of discharging the *most sacred of all duties*, filial duty ; by the kindnesses of the Princess de Tarente ; and by the society of Miss de Sombreuil, who has been since more fortunate than the other, but who was at that time her companion in affliction and in virtue. Meantime those cruel days came on, which were

to be the last to so many irreproachable Frenchmen. Elizabeth Cazotte, in whom the natural timidity of her sex, and all the emotions of personal fear were suspended by her concern for her father's safety, interested in his behalf, by her beautiful figure, by the purity of her soul, and by the warmth of her expressions, the Marseillais who slipped from time to time into the inner parts of the prison. She engaged them to promise their protection to her aged father, whom she saw threatened with the most frightful death.

After thirty hours of carnage, sentence was passed on Cazotte. In all his letters to M de la Porte, he had painted Petion such as he saw him. There was no favorable mark annexed to poor Cazotte's name in the list of the common council. The instrument of death was already uplifted. Ten bloody hands were stretched out to pierce his respectable breast. His daughter flung herself upon the old man's neck, and presenting her bosom to the swords of the assassins; *you shall not, said she, get at my father, till you have forced your way through my heart.* The pikes are checked in their murderous career: the Marseillais recollect her, to whom they had promised protection: a shout of pardon is heard, and is repeated by a thousand voices. Elizabeth, whose beauty was heightened by her happy disorder, embraces the murderers; and

and, covered with human blood, but triumphant, she leads away her father, and goes to lodge him safe in the midst of his family. The spectators and the assassins, electrified by the irresistible ascendancy of virtue, and by that divine impression which a young and beautiful woman makes upon all beings, surround the father and the daughter. *Tell us, said they, your enemies, that we may give them their deserts.—Ah ! said the old man with a smile, is it possible I can have enemies : I have never injured any man.*

Thus was this loyal Frenchman saved for a moment by the courage and constancy of his child ; and already the powers of song, and the magic of the pencil, poetry, painting, and history are trying which shall best preserve the memory of so heroic a deed. But why must so delightful a sensation be so quickly destroyed ! Alas ! how reluctantly am I forced to continue the account of old Cazotte's misfortunes ! Elizabeth, a name that excites the idea of every virtue ! Elizabeth had saved him ! Petion, the infamous Petion, whose name implies every vice in its single sound, conspired against his own people who had acquitted Cazotte, and this unfortunate man fell a victim to Petion's revenge a few days later.

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Roland's and Petion's diligence, in getting all the papers that were found in the King's apartments printed and circulated, had spread abroad every where Cazotte's letters. The Jacobins murmured at his having been spared. His friends began to be alarmed for his safety. They wished to get him away from the capital. But he himself, unwilling at his age to look like a fugitive, waited for his fate with resignation.

Now we are going to behold virtue struggling with adversity. The disorder of joy will no more animate Elizabeth's countenance. Now, reader, I must present her to your view, pale, dishevelled, with all the pangs of death in her soul, torn from her father's embrace, stretching out in vain to him her fainting arms, and sinking under horrors still more cruel than those which she had the first time escaped.

After nine days liberty, a foldier of Château-vieux introduces himself, on the twelfth of September, and shews a warrant signed by Panis and Sergeant, strengthened by an order signed Petion. He commands Cazotte to step into a coach with him, to drive to the municipality! His daughter steps into it also, after her father, in spite of the hateful foldier's opposition. The coach takes them to the prison of the *Conciergerie*, where Ca-

zotte

zotte is made to enter ; but admission is refused to Elizabeth with insulting rudeness. She flies to the common council, and to the Minister for the Home Department : her emotion, her cries, her charms extort even from those tygers, that were in possession of authority, the favor to wait upon her own father as his servant. She fulfilled this pious duty to the very last moment. Her good father comforted her ; recommended to her to console her mother ; and to remind his friends of him. Not one word of harshness, not a single reproach against his barbarous persecutors escaped his lips. In the long examination which preceded his sentence of death, he did not seek to exculpate himself : he acknowledged his hand-writing ; and could never suppose, that they meant to convert into a serious ground of accusation the overflowings of his heart to a friend. Observing to what a pitch the animosity of his judges was carried, he said very calmly to the advocate who was pleading for him : *Sir, you have a very bad cause in hand.* When all the questions they could ask were exhausted, they granted him a respite of three hours, on account of his great age. He made use of them to take a nap, like an infant in the cradle, just as he had before done during a part of the massacre, which had preceded the dangers to which he himself was exposed at the Abbey. Two of his judges passed by him, and they were heard to utter these words ;

Sleep,

Sleep, sleep : thou wilt soon sleep in peace. Wretches that they were ! Had they wished to find out innocence, would not this sleep have evidently pointed it out to them ?

Elizabeth Cazotte, encouraged by several persons of the jury, who had told her that the law was against her father, but that she might still perhaps get him pardoned, had sent after the same Marfeillais to whom she had been so much indebted on the second of September : she had already collected some women, and given directions for every thing that could be done at such a crisis : her heart was full of hope. Well ! at the very moment, that sentence was passing on her father, she was laid hold of, in order to be kept in custody during his execution. Fancy to yourself, reader, if you can, her horrid situation. *What right*, said she, with that tone which nature alone can give, *what right have you to rob me of my liberty ?—Are you not very well here, Miss ? Have you not these women to keep you company ?—*The ruffians meant two good-natured washerwomen who had joined her, and who were executing her orders. *My duty calls me elsewhere*, replied she with energy, *your conduct proves you to be traitors.—Only mind this little insolent wench ! Are you not too happy in having a municipal officer given you for your protector ?—*Sir, if I speak to you with harshness, my situation is a sufficient excuse :

excuse : nothing, however, but an incredible baseness of soul can prompt you to treat me with such indignity.—

During this dialogue, the unfortunate daughter heard the barbarous jest of her father's judges : they were saying with a savage and sardonic grin, *that she would do for a second volume to Nina.*

Meantime Cazotte was with his confessor : he asked for pen and ink ; and wrote these words, *My wife ! my children ! weep not for me : do not forget me : but, above all, remember not to offend God.* They then lead him to the scaffold : he mounts it with composure : he himself cuts off his grey locks, and charges his confessor to give them to his daughter. *I die, as I have lived,* said he, with a loud and firm tone of voice, *faithful to God, and to my King ; and,* after having spoken thus, the axe of guilt struck off his respectable head.

His advocate, M. Julianne, on being told that there was some intention to put Elizabeth under arrest, ran, before such an order could be issued, to rescue her from the place where she was still confined through a sort of barbarous prudence. After having quitted that horrid spot, she was obliged to wander from one place of retreat to another for eight days, and then to make her appearance before the murderers of her father, there to receive some hateful compliments, and the sentence that
declared

declared her innocent. This angelic daughter is still in France : she remains there to alleviate the sorrows of an inconsolable mother ; and she gives herself up to this last duty with all the zeal that virtue can inspire.

Miss de Sombreuil had also the happiness to save her aged father from the spears of the assassins : like Elizabeth Cazotte, she presented her bosom to the instruments of death, and desired the murderers to pierce her heart : she shed the same tears ; she gained the same triumph : but more lucky than her companion, her triumph was without any alloy. Her father is still alive : he has escaped Petion's final vengeance ; and while his daughter, receiving his blessing, was obtaining the palm of filial virtue, the son was crowned with the laurels of honour in the plains of Champagne, and received from the King of Prussia's own hand the order of military merit, in the field of battle where he had conquered.

Miss de Sombreuil's friends will pardon me for having dwelled longer on the narrative of the young Cazotte's misfortunes. They both deserve, no doubt, the same praise ; but the last stroke of Elizabeth's cruel fate could not but excite deeper concern. The one is surrounded by objects of consolation and of hope, still living ; the other
has

has nothing but her virtue and her sorrows : she has lost her good father. Well ! it was my earnest desire to draw such a faithful likeness of her, that every man of sensibility in Europe might be ambitious of the happiness of the old *Troubadour* * ; that all might wish to be the fathers of Elizabeth ; and that every daughter, clasping in her arms the author of her life, might swear by the name, the example, and the tears of Elizabeth, always to cherish and display the same filial love, the same devoted attachment. Cazotte ! Sombreuil ! in whom we see reproduced the zeal and the virtues of the Grecian daughter, permit me to join, though late, my humble tribute of respect to that of the bards who have already celebrated your merit.

The Princess of Tarente, now Duchess of Tremouille, was kept for forty hours in all the horrors of the agonies of death. At length being taken before the bloody tribunal, she there recovered her strength, when she heard that they were renewing the same questions, concerning which she had been interrogated before the common council. They wanted her to accuse the Queen, and to declare her Majesty guilty of some treasonable plots. They threatened her with death, the instruments of which were before her eyes, if she persisted in defending

* A name given to the ancient Poets of Provence.

her friend against the calumnies poured out upon her ; while they promised to spare her life, if she spoke but one word in confirmation of those slanders. Duty, truth, fidelity triumphed over the weakness of her sex, her youth, and the horrors of her situation. The Princess never ceased to refute the Queen's accusers, at the risk of her own life : heaven rewarded her firmness and her virtue : she was saved by her very courage. Thus the name of Tremouille has acquired through her a new lustre ; and the last drops of the blood of the Châtillons were not shed by the daggers of assassins *.

With these instances of virtue I shall close my account of the massacres at the Abbey-prison ; but I must not quit this subject, without exculpating St. Méard from that seeming respect which he was forced to assume towards the people in his narrative. It is much easier to condemn, than to decide with impartiality on such conduct, when we are

* The Duchess of Tremouille is the only surviving branch of the ancient family of the Châtillons. The fear of giving offence to her modesty has prevented me from enlarging more particularly on her examination. It will be enough to add, that having been acquitted and led off to the door of the prison through a stream of human blood, an order was hurried after her to countermand her release, and to detain her for farther consideration. She refused to go back, and insisted on being put to death, or immediately set at liberty. The assassins, struck with such heroism, conveyed her in triumph to her own house.

not.

not in the midst of assassins. But, to say nothing of St. Méard's well-known loyalty, were we, like him, to see several of our associates in misfortune executed a week after their acquittal; were our ears still to ring with the shrieks of dying victims; and at a time too, when an imprisoned King, and his dispersed party afforded little prospect of support or success; should we not think it justifiable to put on some little disguise before we exhibited ourselves in public? And, if it was impossible, without some trifling flattery, to secure the circulation of the first pamphlet, that was to inform the world of the dates, the circumstances, the plots, and the unravelling of this bloody tragedy, ought we to deem it criminal in a writer, in order to accomplish that point, to throw out some expressions without any meaning? None but perverse minds can take offence at it. Let such persons be made undergo the same trial; and then their opinion will have some weight. Meantime I shall content myself with informing them, that, though St. Méard made this sacrifice in his narrative to the perilous state of affairs, he was six weeks before he could get a bookseller who would venture to sell his *Agony*. The publication of it was like a blaze of light that hastened the counter-revolution; and that good effect alone will make amends for whatever may appear censurable in it *.

* The French author here subjoins a variety of lists. The first contains the names of thirteen of the clergy who suffered

The Massacre at the Cloister of the Bernardin Monks.

I mention this prison before the *Conciergerie*, or the *Hotel de la Force*, that my narrative may follow

at the Abbey, with eight or ten more of their ecclesiastical brethren, whose names he could not procure. Among the former, he takes particular notice of Abbé de Chapt de Rastignac, and the Abbé l'Enfant; the one a man of family, and once a member of the States General, had distinguished himself by some political and religious productions, particularly by an essay against the new law of divorce, which he endeavoured to prove to be equally repugnant to revelation and to reason; and the other, one of the most eminent preachers of his time, and supposed to be the author of a speech addressed to the privy council on the plan for restoring their civil rights and privileges to the protestants, which was published in 1787.

The second list contains the names of three of the Swiss officers: of twenty-five persons belonging to various departments under the crown, either civil or military; and of an hundred and nine more without any particular denomination; to whom are added twenty, whose names the writer declares himself unacquainted with; so that the number of victims in this and the preceding list amounts to one hundred and eighty.

The author's third list contains the names of sixty-eight prisoners who escaped the massacre by having been previously discharged, or claimed by their sections, or acquitted by the president of the Marseillais.

In his fourth list he gives the names of forty-one prisoners, whose fate he had not learned; and in his fifth list, the names of nineteen who were removed to the *Conciergerie*, and there executed. As the characters of the principal sufferers are described in the narrative, the catalogue of names is omitted in the translation; for the reason before explained.

the

the order of their local situations in Paris. There were in all nine theatres of slaughter, two on one side, and seven on the other side of the river, the former northward, and the latter southward.

The convent of the Carmelites, St. Firmin's seminary, and the Abbey lay in the southern division of Paris. As the victims that were butchered at these three places were chiefly the martyrs of religion, I thought it my duty to begin with them.

The other four prisons, which also lay to the southward, were the cloister of the *Bernardins*, the *Salpêtrière*, *Bicêtre*, and the *Conciergerie*, which is situated in *Notre-Dame Island*.

The cloister of the *Bernardins* was the receptacle for persons condemned to the galleys, who were confined in St. Bernard's tower before its destruction. Their number amounted to seventy-three, all waiting to be sent off to their places of punishment. They were all butchered.

The Massacre at the Salpêtrière Hospital.

It was here that the common prostitutes were usually confined, and other women who had been

sentenced by the police to undergo some correction, more or less severe. There were forty-five of them put to death on the morning of the third of September. Among that number was the widow of the famous Desfrues, whose guilt and execution every body is acquainted with. The following account is given of this woman in a work lately published at Paris :

“ This unfortunate woman fancied that the moment for her being set at liberty was at hand. A commission had, in fact, been appointed, during M. Duport de Tertre’s ministry, for releasing such of the prisoners under the old government as were entitled to indulgence from the nature of the offence with which they had been charged, from the length of their captivity, or from their good behaviour since their imprisonment. The commissioners, who visited the *Salpêtrière*, received from the superintendants of that house so good an account of Desfrue’s widow, that after they had satisfied themselves, that one of her uncles was ready to take her under his protection, they promised to set her at liberty. Unfortunately the functions of the commissioners ceased on M. du Tertre’s going out of office.

“ This

“ This ill-fated woman had seen her husband
 “ die upon a scaffold, under the old government,
 “ and her children confined in hospitals. She her-
 “ self had a mark of infamy then put on her by the
 “ public executioner, and was condemned to per-
 “ petual imprisonment. Under the new govern-
 “ ment, she suffers a painful death, at the very mo-
 “ ment when, in consequence of promises that
 “ filled her with what she fondly looked upon as
 “ a well founded hope, she thought that the door
 “ of her prison was going to be opened for her
 “ release. Some persons are doomed to so cruel a
 “ fate, that, under whatever government they live,
 “ they cannot escape the rigours of their destiny.”

The Massacre at Bicêtre Hospital.

THIS was the scene of the longest, the most
 bloody, and the most shocking carnage. This
 prison might be called the haunt, or receptacle of
 every vice : it was an hospital also for the cure of
 the foulest and most afflicting diseases : it was the
 sink of Paris. Every creature there was put to
 death. It is impossible to ascertain the number of
 victims. I have heard them calculated at six thou-
 sand. The work of death never ceased one instant

for eight successive days and nights. Pikes, swords, and guns not being sufficient for the ferocity of the murderers, they were obliged to make use of cannon. Two sections suffered them to take the cannon they themselves had been intrusted with for the defence of humanity. Then, for the first time, were prisoners seen fighting for their dungeons and their chains. They made a long and deadly resistance. They were subdued in the following manner. A certain number of the malefactors were parted off into a yard. The doors were secured: some of the assassins, who were posted there, fired at such of the prisoners as had the boldness to make any attempt to escape that way. The cannon was then brought; and while they pretended to point it at one of the corners of the yard where most of the prisoners seemed to be crowded, when the latter began to run off to the other side in order to avoid the direction of the cannon, the murderers quickly turning it about, fired off old iron at the flying group. The joy and bursts of laughter of those savages increased in proportion to the number of the poor wretches that fell. It was not till so few of them were left that it would take up too much time to kill them one by one with cannon-shot, that the murderers, for the sake of greater dispatch, had again recourse to their small arms. In a word, they had devised a new pleasure in shooting at the human species running;

running; and who were the persons that practised this new invention? The disciples of those who declaimed philosophically against the destroying of deer in a park! Thus it is that a philanthropist takes a vast deal of pains to excite the pity of men in favour of the brute species, while he labours underhand to animate monsters worse than brutes to butcher men with impunity. Such, in short, is the philosophy of the eighteenth century!

Towards the close of these massacres, Petion, who had neither gone to the convent of the Carmelites, nor to the Abbey-prison, went to Bicêtre. There his bowels yearned, for the first time, at the sight of his butchered fellow-creatures. The cannonading was over. The prisoners, who still remained to be put to death, had taken refuge in the cellars, in holes and places under ground, where neither the cannon nor the light of day could reach them. The assassins were working away at the pumps to drown them in those subterraneous retreats. Petion spoke to them in the language of humanity, and of *philosophy*. The murderers, who thought it quite as philosophical to dispatch these wretches, as the victims at the Abbey, in favour of whom they had not seen Petion make the least intercession, gave the mayor of Paris a rude rebuff. The mayor of Paris, on going away, addressed to them these horrible

Cc 3

words;

words; WELL, CHILDREN, MAKE AN END OF IT. However shocking this language may be, it is perfectly of a piece with what he made use of to the furies of the 20th of June, when he told them before the King's face; *Citizens, you have behaved with discretion and dignity!.....O! what a wretch! the most execrable, surely, of all mankind!*

The Massacre at the Conciergerie.

IT is to this prison that most of the Swiss officers had been removed from the Abbey. Their trials before the revolutionary criminal court had begun with that of the brave Bachmann, their major. He was standing before his judges, and they were in the midst of their proceedings on the bench, when the slaughter of the prisoners began directly under their eyes, at the very door of the sessions room, and at the foot of the grand staircase leading to it. They took no step whatever to prevent the massacre. They affected some shew of respect for the major, as he was in the hands of the law; but they shewed him this momentary kindness, and saved him from the assassins, only because they knew his execution was certain: they shewed him some kindness, only to add to his own future sufferings

sufferings the sight of the murder of eight of his brother officers : in short they put on the shew of kind concern for him, only to endeavour to extort from his lips some confessions to the injury of the Queen. But the man, who had seen the 10th of August come on without fear, and even with pleasure, was likely to contemplate the 2d of September without emotion. Bachmann, silent and cold, made no reply, and would not even deign to discuss that kind of innocence of which he would have been ashamed. He asked for death, and received it like a hero. Wrapping himself up in his red cloak, with nothing but his shirt on under that cloak, he mounted the scaffold with a firm and unaffected air ; flung off his cloak with dignity ; looked with disdain at the surrounding mob ; and with quivering lips uttered these few prophetic words, *my death will be revenged*, when his head was severed from his body.—Few men were endowed with such unshaken courage as Bachmann. His manly figure, his severe countenance, his martial air would have made him be picked out of a thousand to serve as a model for an artist going to paint the God of battle. He was the MALSEIGNE * of Switzerland. He united to this all the virtues of his country.

* M. de Malseigne, major general of the carabineers, an officer of almost supernatural intrepidity, and bodily strength.

Besides the Swiss officers, and the Marquis de Montmorin, of whose murder I have before made mention, there was no other put to death, who was imprisoned solely for manifesting opinions contrary to the reigning one of the day. The malefactors, killed in the court-yard, amounted to seventy-five in number. These being added to the ten military victims make in all eighty-five.

One woman, who suffered among the former seventy-five prisoners, deserves particular notice. She was the nosegay-girl of the *Palais-royal*, who had been charged with having, in a fit of jealousy, mutilated her lover, a grenadier in the Swiss guards. She had been already condemned, but had obtained a temporary reprieve. She was now tied to a stake, naked; her legs expanded; her feet nailed to the ground; her breasts chopped off with a sword; and, to complete the tortures of her death, both fire and sword were made use of in a manner which decency and humanity forbid me to describe. This vengeful barbarity seems to prove that there were several of the French guards among the assassins.

The Massacre at the grand Châtelet.

AT this place were killed two hundred and fourteen prisoners, none of whom had been committed on political charges. They consisted chiefly of persons taken up on suspicion of having forged and circulated counterfeit assignats; and even of some, who having taken them through ignorance, wanted afterwards to pass them off again. Among the latter was a brother-in-law of M. d'Espremeuil, who miraculously escaped, through the assistance of a national guard of Bordeaux. Chance having thrown him in my way a few days after the 2d of September, he confessed to me, that in getting out of the *Chatelet*, disguised and armed like one of the assassins, he plunged up to the knees in a stream of blood, and was more than two hours at the fountain *Maubnée*, washing out the stains, in order to avoid shocking the sensibility of the family, at whose house he intended to seek an asylum.

The dead bodies were piled upon one another at the sides of the *Pont-au-change*. Thither also were brought those who had been killed at the *Conciergerie*. Some waggons, brought out of stable-

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stable-yards in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, to which horses, seized the night before, were harnessed, and having for their drivers men smeared with human blood, carried off successively those mangled bodies, and conveyed them to the receptacle pointed out by the common council, the stone quarries in *Montrouge* plain, about a league from Paris.

In these waggons women were seen riding along, and children holding torn limbs in their hands, and shewing them to all those who went by. Such a series of atrocious acts is not to be met with in the history of any nation that ever existed.

The Massacre at the Hotel de la Force.

THIS prison, which was divided into several new buildings, had been made choice of to receive the overflowings of the Abbey, which could no longer contain the prisoners that were crowded into it; and of the Châtelet, the contagious dungeons of which, though sufficient under the old police, were become insufficient for all the acts of outrage, the robberies, the swindling, the squabbles, the assaults, the unpunished assassinations which

which the *sublime* revolution had given birth to. The debtors' side of this prison had been lately burnt down ; and they had been removed to St. Pelagia's Convent, where they were set at liberty to the number of fifty-three.

One Truchon, a commissiner of the common council, came in the night to the committee of twenty-one who continued assembled, to make his report to them, that having found the massacres begun at the *Hotel de la Force*, he had thought it his duty to send away the women. He had therefore set at liberty twenty-four, among whom were Madam de Tourzel, and Madam de St. Brice : he had, however, prudently ordered these ladies to be taken to the section of the *Rights of Man*, there to wait their trial. The committee extraordinary gave themselves no more concern about the fate of those two persons, than about that of the Princess de Lamballe, and other women whom Truchon had thought proper to leave in the prison.

Tallien, another commissioner of the common council, said, that he had used his utmost efforts to prevent the people's violent excesses, but that he had not been able to restrain their *just* vengeance. But, what were all those mighty efforts to prevent the outrage of fifty ruffians ? They consisted in asking Santerre for some detachments of the national

tional guards; *but*, added he, *there were so many employed upon duty at the barriers, that there were not men enough left for the execution of any new orders.* In order to throw some necessary light on this passage, the reader must be informed, that there are fifty-two barriers at Paris; that of those fifty-two there are not twelve that require more than twenty men to guard them; that consequently fifteen hundred men are enough to block up Paris completely; and that its public forces, or what may be called its acting militia, which before consisted of thirty thousand citizens, was, since the tenth of August, increased to two hundred thousand men. Besides, to say nothing of the *gendarmerie* ever ready to be called out, were there no more than those fifteen hundred men to be sent upon duty, what necessity was there for employing them to keep the barriers of Paris shut, rather than to save the lives of unfortunate prisoners? One would be apt to think, that it was a corps de reserve of assassins, whom the common council of Paris seemed to have drawn up in the second line. The committee of twenty-one made no change in that disposition, or arrangement of the forces. They contented themselves with drawing up a very long and verbose report. But, of what persons did that committee consist? Of men, who are now said to be all *pure* and spotless. Vergniaud, Gensonné, Brissot, and all the perfidious *Rolandins*.

A third

A third commissioner, named Guirald, waited upon the committee to give them a detail of the forms of proceeding in the trials that took place at the prison. He extols the justice of the people. *Twelve jurors, said he, are interrogated, on their conscience, what they think of the prisoner: they lay their hands on his head; and, on being asked if they are of opinion, that the prisoner should be ENLARGED, if they answer YES, he is immediately MASSACRED with pikes; if they answer NO, he is SET AT LIBERTY, with shouts of THE NATION FOR EVER!* The committee by their silence gave a sanction to such barbarous evasions.

The committee were farther informed, that the people had instituted another tribunal to examine the dead bodies, and to lay their spoils in a place of security. *A water-carrier, says one, going by the cloister of the Bernardins, where a massacre had taken place, saw a coat lying on the ground; seemed to wonder at it; stooped down, and turned it. Immediately, three men with drawn swords ran up to him, crying out, "Ab, you wretch, you wanted to steal that coat;" and then laying hold of him, struck off his head.—Another man has been killed stealing a handkerchief; says a second. A third tells the committee, that five Louis d'ors, and eighty-three livres in silver had been found upon a Swiss.—During these and the like reports, Brissot, who never attends to any thing in*
a re-

a revolution, but the use he can make of events in a pamphlet, or a newspaper, very coolly takes down notes, and is already studying a speech and some paragraphs either for, or against the Jacobins; and to this was confined the zeal of all those pretended honest men !

The massacre at the *Hotel de la Force* began with the unfortunate Rhulieres, formerly commander of the Parisian patrols, and afterwards of the horse *gendarmerie*. He was a good, brave, and gallant man; faithful to his king from principle, and from inclination; and who had never incurred the least reproach. He lived and died as a soldier. He was the brother of the celebrated Academician of the same name, who had published a poem on Disputes; a Secret History of Russia; and two volumes of Inquiries respecting the State of the Protestants in France.

M. de la Chesnaye, one of the six commanders of the national guards, and an Abbé Bardi, strongly suspected of having assassinated and robbed his own brother, suffered also on the evening of the 2d of September; but the person, on whose lamentable fate I wish particularly to fix the reader's attention, is the Princess of Lamballe.

This

This unfortunate princess, having been spared in the night of the second, flung herself on her bed, oppressed with every species of anxiety and horror. She closed her eyes, only to open them almost in an instant, startled with frightful dreams. About eight o'clock next morning, two national guards entered her room, to inform her, that she was going to be removed to the Abbey. She replied, that, as it was only changing one prison for another, she liked as well to stay in that where she was, as to go any where else : she therefore absolutely refused to quit her room, and insisted on their not disturbing her. One of the guards then went up to her, and told her in a harsh manner, that she must obey, and that her life depended on it. She replied, that she would then do what was desired ; and requested those who were in her room to withdraw a little. She slipped on her gown ; and calling back the national guard who gave her his arm, she went down stairs into the formidable sessions-room, where she found the two municipal officers, both in their scarfs, who were trying the prisoners. Petion, who saw them the next day in the afternoon, did not think proper to mention their names ; but it was soon known, that they were *Hebert* and *l'Huillier*. When she entered this frightful court, the sight of weapons stained with blood, and of executioners whose hands, faces, and cloaths were smeared over in the same dreadful

dreadful manner, joined to the screams and expiring groans of the wretches whom some of the assassins were butchering in the street, gave her such a shock, that she fainted several times successively. The care of Mrs. Navarre, her chambermaid, hardly brought her to her senses in one instant, when she lost them again the next. When at length they thought her able to undergo an examination, they affected to set about it. The following are nearly the words of that examination, as taken down by her family from the lips of an eye-witness.

Question. Who are you ?

Answer. Maria Louisa, princess of Savoy.

Q. Your quality ?

A. Superintendant of the Queen's household.

Q. Had you any knowledge of the plots of the court on the 10th of August ?

A. I do not know that there were any plots on the 10th of August ; but this I know, that I had no knowledge of any.

Q. Will

Q. Will you swear to liberty ; equality ; and a detestation of the king, queen, and royalty ?

A. I shall readily swear to the two first ; but I cannot swear to the last, as I have no such sentiment in my heart.

Here some by-stander whispered in her ear, *swear then ; if you do not swear, you are a dead woman.* The princess made no reply ; but lifting up both her hands as high as her eyes, made one step towards the small door. The judge then said, let Madam be *enlarged*. This word, as before observed, was well known to be the signal of death. It has since been reported, that the judge had no intention that she should be executed ; but those who wished thus to extenuate the horrors of her death, have forgot to tell us what precautions were used to prevent it. Some say, that when the prison door was opened, they desired her to cry out *the nation for ever* ; but that terrified at the sight of the blood and the dead bodies which she perceived, she was unable to utter any other words but these, *ah ! shocking !* ; and that the assassins, mistaking this natural exclamation for a reply to their desiring her to shout *the nation for ever*, immediately struck at her. Others pretend that the only thing she said at the prison-door was, *I am undone*. Whatever she may have said, her death

was so fully determined upon, that she hardly stepped over the threshold of the door, when she received on the back of her head a blow of a hanger, which made the blood spout—that blood which issued from a race of kings. Two men then laid fast hold of her under both arms, and obliged her to walk over dead bodies, while she was fainting every instant. They had now dragged her into the narrow passage, called *Cul de Sac des Prêtres*, leading from St. Anthony's-street to the prison. Being at length so exhausted as to be unable to stand, they completed her murder by running her through with their spears on a heap of dead bodies. She was soon stript of her clothes, and her naked corpse then exposed to the view, and to the insults of the populace. In this state it remained for more than two hours. When any blood, gushing from its wounds, or from the bodies that lay near it, stained the skin, some men, placed there for the purpose, immediately washed it off, in order to make the spectators take more particular notice of its whiteness. I must not venture to describe the excesses of barbarity, and lustful indecency, with which this corpse was defiled. I shall only say, that a cannon was charged with one of her legs. Towards noon, they determined to cut off her head, and to carry it in triumph round Paris. Her other scattered limbs were also given to troops of cannibals, who

-trailed

trailed them along the streets. Her head was first carried to St. Anthony's Abbey, where she had resided some time. It was presented to Madam de Beauveau, formerly the Abbess, and the Princess de Lamballe's particular friend. After that, it was carried to the *Temple*, as I shall presently describe in a more particular manner; thence to the *Palais Royal*; and afterwards to the *Hotel de Toulouse*, the house of her father-in-law, the Duke of Penthievre, where she had long taken up her abode. Some of her deplorable remains have since been collected, and interred.

When the authors of this massacre had resolved to have the mangled and mutilated body carried to the *Temple*, in order to make the royal family, and the Queen in particular undergo a punishment unknown before our times; a deputation from the Assembly, that was sent thither with great dispatch, began to deliberate with the commissioners belonging to the *Temple*, on the steps proper to be taken. By the weakness and timidity of their measures, they became accomplices in this outrage offered, not merely to royalty, but to humanity. Approving in their hearts of the rage of the assassins, and far from wishing to repress it by the assistance of the guards under their command, they caused the guns of these guards to be examined, in order to be assured that they were not

D d 2
charged,

charged, and made them unscrew their bayonets. Then they ordered a triple-coloured ribbon to be extended along the Temple walls, and fastened on it, in several places, a paper with this inscription ;

Citizens !

You, who, to a just revenge

Know how to unite the love of order,

Respect this barrier :

It is necessary for our guardian vigilance ;

And for our responsibility.

Gorfas, who for a long time defended, and afterwards impeached the assassins of the 2d of September, published on the 4th, in his usual strain of bombast, *that the people stopped at the sight of that insurmountable barrier ; that they even approached the sacred ribbon with religious respect, and kissed it on their knees.* Were this a fact, it would only tend to prove, what every body is but too well convinced of, that the people, when in a ferment, are susceptible of all sorts of impressions : they assassinate, they fall upon their knees, they drink blood, they speak of humanity, they swear, they obey, they laugh, they cry, they murder, they sing, they adore, they yield, in short, to every impulse, just like an automaton entirely governed by the spring that puts it in motion.

The

The intention of those, who directed the mob of murderers, not being yet perhaps quite fixt upon the prisoners in the Temple, they did not prompt their agents to violate the triple-coloured barrier. A parley took place with the commissioners, to procure admission for the Princess de Lamballe's head. The assassins protested, that they did not want to offer the least violence to the hostages in the Temple ; but that they wished a deputation, or small party might be permitted to enter, to accompany, they said, that impious head *to the foot of the throne*, and to make those, who were the causes of it, see the result of their plots and conspiracies. Chardier and Guichard, the two cowardly commissioners of the Temple, terrified at the sight, assented to the request of the murderers, and went previously to inform the king and royal family of the people's wish, and of the necessity of their majesties' going to behold that melancholy spectacle. Palloy, the mason, inspector of the Temple, and the commanding officer of the guards on duty remained with the King. The commissioners then went to introduce the train of assassins, who entered with their frightful trophy into the principal yard of the Temple ; crossed du Bailly's passage ; and went into the garden, just under the windows of the side building, called the *little Tower*, which the royal family then occupied. When the Princess de Lamballe's head was

brought there, the commanding officer gave notice to the King to shew himself at [the window. His Majesty, who very naturally concluded that his last hour was come, prepared to meet death, as he afterwards did in reality. Concealing his grief under his dignity, he replied with great courage to the jailer, who was making a speech to him on the occasion in the true revolution-spirit, *you are very right, Sir*. He then walked up to the window; and, after shewing himself, almost immediately withdrew. The Queen and Princess Elizabeth had fainted away, and did not see that ghastly spectacle.*

After this procession round the Temple with the Princess de Lamballe's head was over, they did not fail to carry it to that place which had always been the grand focus of rebellion. Every reader has already anticipated me in naming the *Palais Royal*. The pike that supported the head was planted under the very windows of the Duke of Orleans. It was brought there at the moment that this monster was going to sit down to dinner with his concubine, and, as I must tell the whole

* As Captain James has given a different account of the above event, the French Author subjoins to this part of the original work a note, which, for the reasons before explained, is suppressed in this translation.

truth, with some Englishmen. At the sight of the head, Madam de Buffon flung herself into an arm-chair ; covered her face with both her hands ; and cried out in the unequivocal tone and language of conscious guilt ; *Ab ! good God ! my head will perhaps be one day carried about in the same manner !* The duke, who knew the whole matter before, went very coolly to look at the head ; returned into the dining-room ; helped his guests ; continued a long time without uttering a single syllable ; but recovered the use of his tongue towards the close of the entertainment, without discovering the least symptom of uneasiness, of pleasure, of terror, or of satisfaction. One of the Englishmen, whom he had invited, could not stand such a scene, but slipped away unperceived, before they sat down to table.

Doctor Sayffert, a German quack, lately come from Saxony, to poison the people of Paris with his drugs and his political principles, had acquired some reputation by curing young girls, and thus got to be physician to the Duke's family. He acted a grand part in the assassination of the Princess de Lamballe ; but it is impossible for me to determine with certainty between two contrary reports, the one stating, that he threw himself on his knees before the Duke, though in vain, to procure a note from him which would have saved

the Princess; and the other asserting, that he was one of those who urged on her execution. Time alone can clear up this point. The last account, however, seems more deserving of credit, as there has been some intention since to appoint that quack to the post of commander of the national guards of Paris; and it may be fairly presumed, that a man would never wish to command people, who, contrary to his sentiments, had acquiesced in the sacrifice of a princess, whose friend he professed himself to be.

When we consider, that, on the same day, the Princess de Lamballe, and Madam de Tarente were examined respecting the Queen; and that, after having made the same replies, one of them was saved, and the other murdered; no doubt can remain in our minds, but that particular and secret orders were given at the *Hotel de la Force*, and assassins hired on purpose, to butcher a princess whom the people had always loved and respected. Now, who can be ignorant that the Duke of Orleans was animated against her by the double thirst of revenge and interest? The princess had, ever since the 5th of October 1789, refused with disdain all sort of intercourse with him. By causing her to be murdered, he gained her jointure of a hundred thousand crowns, which she received out of the fortune of the Duchess of Orleans, her
sister-

sister-in-law : he kept in his own family the gifts which the Duke of Penthièvre heaped upon her, and which the other regarded as so many robberies committed on himself : he hastened the death of that virtuous nobleman, whose whole inheritance he already devoured in thought, as he has clearly demonstrated since, by the restless avidity with which he seized upon it the very instant of the Duke of Penthièvre's death. In short, a combination of probabilities since the 2d of September tends to fix the strongest suspicion on that monster, to whom one crime more or less was a mere nothing. If we add to these circumstances a few more facts, the conveyance of the head under his window by the very ruffians who had received from him the wages of iniquity ; Rotondo's boast, at a public table in London, that he had assisted in murdering the Princess de Lamballe ; the notorious connection of that Rotondo with the Duke of Orleans, who employed him and kept him in pay for two years against La Fayette ; the avowed sentiments of the bloody duke at the time of the king's murder ; if, I say, we take all these facts into the account, every doubt will vanish, and the Princess de Lamballe's death will be certainly looked upon as his work. It is not even improbable, that this single object may have made his council of assassins determined upon all the horrors of the 2d of September. Marat, who directed them,

them, had just received fifteen thousand livres from him, under the pretence of making use of them to publish his works *on criminal jurisprudence*. Panis, Marat's associate, was the brother-in-law of Santerre; and Santerre, who made not the least stir till four and twenty hours after the death of the Princess de Lamballe, had been all his life the creature, the hireling of the Orlean's party. This party was also very sure that Petion and Roland would not oppose the general massacre, as the priests and the aristocrats would thus be sacrificed to their vengeance. By abandoning the Princess de Lamballe to the mob, and causing her head to be carried to the Temple, there was some reason to believe that the prisoners in that place would share her fate! What a variety of grounds to support our conjectures, that the hero of the 5th of October was the grand director of the 2d of September!

The Princess de Lamballe then died the victim of a thousand combined villainies. But she died worthy of herself, and of the family to which she was attached. A natural death would have only procured her the tears of friendship: her murder has already gained her a place in history, and excited the regret of all Europe.

Young

Young Tourzel, the worthy inheritor of the attachment of his forefathers to the royal family, had staid near the king's person till the 10th of August. His sister and his mother were in prison on the 2d of September. Full of anxiety and alarm, he remained constantly on the watch near the *Hotel de la Force*. His eagerness to save persons so dear to him made him several times risk his life in attempting to get near the prison-door, where the victims were butchered. When the Princess de Lamballe's head was stuck upon a pike, he enquired into the cause of the shouts of the murderous group. Somebody, who knew nothing of the matter, rashly said, it was Madam de Tourzel's head that the mob were going to carry about in triumph. Fortunately for the young man, though his eyes were filled with gushing tears, he happened to perceive the Princess de Lamballe's long hair; and by that mark alone was convinced he had been misinformed. His grief gave way to horror and consternation; but in the evening, he had the happiness to clasp his mother and sister in his arms. Paulina! Tourzel! good children! heaven has restored your mother to you; but it is not enough for you to console her by your love for such terrible afflictions: do not forget that she has lost two other children: redouble therefore your affection, and strive by
your

your tenderness to soften at least the anguish she must feel in being deprived of her august pupils !

M. de Chamilly, one of the king's four upper valets, was acquitted at the *Hotel de la Force*, on the very day that his fellow-servants Messrs. Thierry and Champlost were put to death at the Abbey-prison. This is the place to introduce one of the secret anecdotes that do honour to the memory of our unfortunate King. After he had parted from the good Edgeworth, his confessor, at the foot of the scaffold, he reflected that the mention he had made of the honourable services of Messrs. Chamilly and Hue in his will might expose them to danger, in case that will should ever happen to be published ; for it must be remembered that he made that will only to discharge a conscientious duty, and that, in his situation at the time, it was even impossible for him to foresee that a miracle could preserve it. On recollecting, I say, the before-mentioned circumstance, he turned back to his spiritual comforter, and his last words to him were an earnest advice on his part to Messrs. Chamilly and Hue to get away as soon as they could into some foreign country. M. de Chamilly has already profited by that advice. What composure, what presence of mind does not this single circumstance discover in the unfortunate martyr ; and at what a moment !

Mrs.

Mrs. Septeuil, the wife of the only one of the King's four upper valets who had not been taken, was also released; and a ribbon, fastened on to her door, served her as a barrier against a mob who had no reason to want her life. Let the flatterers of the people boast as much as they please of this clemency in the multitude; I defy them at least to justify the robbing that lady of all her diamonds, and of the notes in her husband's and her brother's port-folios: I defy them to justify the fictitious receipts fraudulently signed by members of the common council, who sent the notes and bills of exchange, found in those port-folios, to be converted into cash. The robbery thus committed on M. de Septeuil, who was also treasurer of the civil list, amounted to eleven hundred and eighty seven thousand livres, very near fifty thousand pounds sterling. The bills, taken out of the port-folio of the civil list, amounted to seven hundred thousand livres, or near thirty thousand pounds sterling.

The husband of the too celebrated Countess de la Motte, who had thrown himself into prison, by the directions of the faction, in order to demand a revival of the trial concerning the necklace, to bring the Queen into Court, and to subject her to the horrors of being confronted with the parties, was a personage of too much consequence to the
schemes

schemes of the regicides, to be included in the general massacre. He was acquitted. The report of his having been killed was erroneous. It is but a little time since he sent to London to procure legal vouchers of the death of his wife, to be presented with his petition at the bar of the convention. His claim will, indeed, be highly worthy of the tribunal to which he intends to appeal.

The regularity that prevailed at the *Hotel de la Force*, thanks be to the members of the common council who passed sentence there, has permitted us to have an alphabetical list of the principal victims that were butchered at that prison. In this list are not included the names of malefactors, of suspected characters, of vagabonds, or of similar culprits, who excite no other concern than for their having been taken out of the hands of the law, by which alone they ought to have been tried, and according to which they ought at least to have had the benefit of a fair hearing in a court of justice.*

* The Author inserts here a copy of the list, as published at Paris. It contains the names of a hundred and sixty-four persons, including those of the Princess de Lamballe, M. de Rhulieres, the commander of the horse *gendarmerie*, and M. de la Chesnaye, one of the six temporary commanders of the Parisian national guards. To this list are added the names of twelve persons, who were released from

from the same prison. These were the Marchioness de Tourzel and her daughter; three waiting maids belonging to the royal family; the Princess de Lamballe's waiting maid; and Messrs. Chamilly and Hue, before taken notice of, the former one of the King's upper valets, and the latter a valet to the Dauphin.

The Massacre of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.

BEFORE I enter upon my proposed discussion of the causes and the authors of the 2d of September, I must give some account of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld's murder, and of the massacre of the prisoners, who were to have been tried by the high national court at Orleans, but who were butchered at Gisors and at Versailles on the 6th and 9th of September. These new catastrophes, commanded by the same directors, executed by the same assassins, and connived at by the same legislators, cannot be separated. These are the last exploits of the constitutional faction.

It is well known, without the necessity of any farther remark, that the ruling faction were not satisfied, with lists of the proscribed in their hands, to cause the barriers of the metropolis to be
blocked

blocked up, to have every house searched, and to crowd into all the prisons the victims that were soon to be sacrificed : the rage, the vigilance of persecution and revenge went still farther : commissioners were sent off by the faction to scour the country and the neighbouring departments in order to hunt out and destroy such of the intended victims as prudence, fear, or even chance had removed out of the way of their unrelenting fury.

The Duke de la Rochefoucauld had been president of the department of Paris. He it was who in his official capacity had moved for and signed the decree of the administrative bodies for suspending Petion and Manuel, after the events of the 20th of June. The National Assembly rescinded that decree, though it had been confirmed by the King ; and thus rendered the two magistrates of the people more popular than ever. From that moment, the duke foresaw all the calamities that threatened the constitution, the king, and the members of the department. He retired from Paris, to avoid seeing misfortunes imputed to him, which it was no longer in his power to prevent. Towards the close of the month of August, he went to drink the waters at *Forges*, with the Duchess d'Anville his mother, and the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld. He was then advised to go to England ; and his friends were ready to facilitate

litate his escape. But he never would consent to part from his wife, or his mother.

While the massacres were going on at the prisons, Santerre, instead of quelling with the military under his command the horde of assassins, signed the order for the Duke's murder. I give that name to the warrant for apprehending him, which Santerre gave in charge to some of his ruffians. A commissioner of the common council of Paris arrived at Forges, and went to inform the Duke of the order he had to bring him to Paris. But more humane than the rest of his brethren, and perhaps penetrated with that respect which even the most corrupt men must feel for real worth, for misfortune, for years, and a long reputation for philanthropy, this commissioner, whose name I am sorry to suppress, hinted to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, that he would run very great risks by going to Paris in the midst of the ferment that prevailed there: he even went so far as to say, that he would take upon himself to conduct the Duke, till fresh orders, to his seat at Roche-Guyon.

The persons, who had accompanied the Duke to the waters, took coach with the commissioner and him. They stopped at Gisors, to take some little refreshment. A battalion of national guards belonging to the department of Finisterre just en-

tered the town, and had among them a detachment of the Paris assassins. These assassins loudly insisted on having the Duke given up to them. The mayor and the national guards of Gisors came to protect him. The Duchesses d'Anville and de la Rochefoucauld were then advised to set off, and to let the Duke walk through the town to the suburbs where they were to take him up. The Duke crossed a part of the town, with the mayor on his right hand, the commandant on his left, and on every side, a four-fold fence, as it were, of national guards. This escort was, however, followed by the Parisian banditti, who loaded the Duke with abusive language and menaces.

On getting out of Gisors the road became narrower; and to increase the inconvenience and danger, a cart unfortunately stood in the way. This threw the whole train of attendants into some confusion. At that moment, one of the assassins, getting closer to the Duke, flung a stone at him, which laid him dead on the spot.

A message was sent to the Duchess d'Anville, that her son could not go to her that evening; and on that very evening she heard at once of the death of her son, and of that of her grandson *,
who

* M. Charles de Rohan Chabot, a younger son of the Duke de Rohan Chabot, and brother to the Prince de Léon, and to the

who had been murdered a few days before at the Abbey-prison.

The part which the Duke acted in the French revolution, and his reputation in the philosophical world, render some remarks on his character necessary.

That reputation for philosophy, or, to speak with more precision, for philanthropy, was the simple result of a strict probity and virtue, (which nobody ever attempted to deny him) joined to a passionate love for the sciences, which he cultivated himself, and patronised in others with the fondness of a discerning judge, not with the idle ostentation of a man of fortune. This reputation had procured him numerous friends in several foreign countries, particularly in England, where he was connected with almost every man of scientific or literary eminence. The news of his death reached this country nearly at the time that I landed here. I was witness to the deep concern it excited; and I soon after heard his death urged in parliament as a proof that the ruling faction in France were become total strangers to all bounds, or moderation. Even Mr. Burke, who cannot be suspected of

the *Duchess de la Rochefoucauld*. He was both the nephew and the brother-in-law of the Duke, as the latter had married his own niece.

sharing in the Duke's political opinions, could not help scattering some flowers over his grave.

If the Duke de la Rochefoucauld's reputation had in some sort increased the number of his admirers and supporters of the revolution, on seeing that he had adopted it with enthusiasm, his death has made still more enemies to that barbarous revolution. There were in France and in foreign countries a numerous class of people, who, incapable of any deep reasoning themselves, had taken the constitution upon credit, and fancied the very name of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld was answer enough to all those who might attempt to make them ashamed of their stupid credulity. In fact, nobody could charge him with political intrigues during the framing of that constitution, or with any views of private ambition while he was president of the department of Paris. The proprietor of an immense fortune, and without any children, the Duke could see nothing in that presidency, which he had to wish for, or which was in the smallest degree flattering to him, except the means of annexing his name to public buildings, to highways, to institutions for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures; and this passion, which took its rise from a very noble sentiment, the love of doing good, made him blind to the disgrace he incurred from being connected with a

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knot of factious men, whom he could not help despising, of apostate bishops, of avaricious bankers, of needy lawyers, who had made the modelling and revising of a constitution their trade for life; who had devised the seizure of the property of others, in order to appropriate it to their own use; who had recommended assignats, to embezzle some of them; a civil list, to share it among them: and a king without power, to reign in his stead. Such were the errors committed by the Duke de la Rochefoucauld; and these errors were entirely owing to the intercourse of those crowds of philosophers that were always in his mother's parties, and at her table. Educated in some sort by them, he forgot that he was a nobleman of high rank, in order to become an academician. He afterwards lost his life by the bite of those serpents that were cherished in the bosom of his family; and, by his death, he affords a striking lesson, or rather a dreadful warning to persons of rank, not to quit that in which heaven placed them at their birth, as it never can be done without danger.

Farthermore, whatever may have been the Duke de la Rochefoucauld's errors, it is but justice to his memory to allow that his private conduct was always irreproachable. As to his political principles, he had professed them for five-and-twenty years in private life, without any objection having

been ever made to them. Would it not then be the utmost cruelty and barbarity to fix upon the very moment when he fell a victim to those principles, to make them the subject of censure and accusation. Besides, the dreadful calamities experienced by his family in the short space of a month * should disarm every candid and feeling historian, and prompt him to spread a veil over the Duke's errors.

Manuel, whom the Duke had caused to be suspended in his office, had one day the hypocritical artifice to demand that just punishment should be inflicted on his murderers, to shew that he himself was not an accomplice in that horrid assassination. Yet, Condorcet, the infamous Condorcet, who had so long worn the mask of an honest man, would

* The Duke was the fourth person of his family who was killed in one week, including Rohan Chabot, his brother-in-law, and the two bishops who were massacred at the convent of the Carmelites.

The Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, archbishop of Rouen, made his escape almost by a miracle in the dress of a common citizen. Two grand vicars of the same name were sent into banishment. Lastly, the Count Alexander de la Rochefoucauld, who had spent the day, on the tenth of August, with the King, and who had even given the Princess de Lamballe his arm in going from the Palace to the Assembly, having been impeached and sought after, made his escape with the greatest difficulty.

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not even take the trouble to express some counterfeit sorrow for the loss of a man to whom he owed his existence *, and who had been so cruelly

* In a note at the bottom of page 505, Vol. 1. I mentioned M. Condorcet's having received a hundred thousand livres from the Rochefoucauld family to facilitate his marriage with Miss Grouchi. The following are the exact particulars of the fact. The Duchess d'Anville made M. Condorcet a present of that sum at the time of his marriage; but he chose to take no more than forty thousand livres in ready money, and to leave the remaining sixty thousand at interest to be paid him annually. As he every day manifested sentiments and principles more and more opposite to those of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, he was obliged to keep away from all farther intercourse with the Duchess d'Anville, who ordered her door to be shut against him, after she had long resisted the importunities of her friends and relations who had repeatedly advised her to do so. Condorcet, who found it rather awkward to go every six months to receive the interest, and thus to renew twice a year the remembrance of the kindness shewn him, and of his own ingratitude; or, perhaps, wishing to collect all his property into his own hands, so as to be ready for flight, in case the party that wanted to dethrone the King should not succeed; Condorcet, I say, had it intimated to the Duchess d'Anville by a third person that he would be very glad to receive the principal, instead of leaving it any longer at interest. Next day the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, happy to break off all sort of connection with a man who had forced the Duke to despise him, went to M. Condorcet's, and took him the money. He wished to give it into his hands himself, from an excess of delicacy, in the first place, not to publish the favor he had conferred, and in the next place, not to make his steward, or servants acquainted with the philosopher's ingratitude. M. de Condorcet took the sixty thousand livres, without uttering a word; counting them over; gave the Duke a receipt; and took leave of his benefactor in these words; *Sir, its all right.*

blinded with respect to him for twenty years. By his silence, however, on that occasion, he discovered all the blackness of his soul to those who knew nothing before of him, but from his philosophical reputation. Now that the anarchy-men are imprisoning the republicans, one might expect to see M. de Condorcet, the great author of the republic, persecuted with Brissot.—No such thing.—He takes his seat near Robespierre, and joins in consultation with Marat *.

*The Massacre at Versailles of the Prisoners from the
High National Court at Orléans.*

The establishment of a supreme court of judicature for the trial of persons accused of high-treason against the state was one of the most criminal institutions of the Constituent Assembly. Formed at a moment when men's passions were all roused; when the traces of nature were hardly discoverable

* In the rapid succession of events in France, it is no wonder, that many of the author's remarks, though perhaps just, at the moment he wrote them, should not continue applicable to the ever-varying scene of those affairs. But for this the candid reader will make necessary allowances.

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in any character ; and even before people had agreed in defining what the crime of treason against the state was, this tribunal seemed, from the first instant of its creation, designed for no other purpose but to be made the instrument of private revenge, and not to administer public justice with impartiality. As if it had not been enough to have pointed out to the judges and the juries the servile obedience due from them to the will of the populace, by making their appointment dependent on the choice of the people, the Constituent Assembly had also set them an example beforehand of the punishment they were to expect in case of their resisting the factious wishes of the mob, by dissolving in an arbitrary manner the provisional high court itself, had instituted, when the tribunal of the Châtelet, as if to atone for the sentence of death passed on Favras, ventured to issue a decree of impeachment against the authors of the crimes of the fifth of October. In vain were the thunders of argument and of eloquence hurled at the establishment of this supreme court, which was to unite in itself the august functions of our old parliaments, and of the court of peers : the meanness, the ignorance, and the barbarity of Desmeuniers, Target, and Duport prevailed over the logic, the rhetoric and the sensibility of our best orators. The following extract from a periodical publication, which appeared soon after the death of Favras

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in 1790, contains the sentiments of the thinking part of the public on such an institution at that time.

“ It is absurd to erect a tribunal of this kind,
 “ before men are agreed upon what should be un-
 “ derstood by the crime of high-treason. For
 “ want of a precise explanation of this point, opi-
 “ nion alone, which may be so easily misled, or
 “ corrupted in times of confusion and anarchy,
 “ will *make* crimes of high-treason ; will name the
 “ guilty ; will impeach the culprits ; and will
 “ urge on their punishment. The judge, thus
 “ deprived of every fixed rule, without any posi-
 “ tive law to direct him, and often having no other
 “ guide but popular alarms, will more than once
 “ find himself liable to punish what, in tempestu-
 “ ous moments, he would easily have pardoned ;
 “ and, agreeably to these ideas, if the erecting of
 “ such a tribunal be thought necessary, the strictest
 “ precautions should at least be taken to define
 “ and limit the crimes, which are to come within
 “ its cognizance, in such a manner, that it never
 “ may become, through arbitrary accusations, fatal
 “ to innocence.

“ But farther, in erecting a tribunal of high-
 “ treason, it is not enough barely to determine
 “ what crimes that tribunal is to take cognizance
 “ of ;

“ of; it is of no less importance to determine with
 “ equal exactness the forms of the proceedings,
 “ and by whom the prosecution is to be carried
 “ on. If it be right that serious informations
 “ should first be made, and, above all, that the
 “ representatives of the nation should decide on
 “ the grounds of impeachment, before any man
 “ be brought to trial for high-treason, as is done
 “ in England, in America, and wherever rational
 “ ideas of liberty are entertained; we should be
 “ equally careful not to leave the management of
 “ the prosecution for such crimes at the mercy of
 “ those obscure informers, so common at the time
 “ of a great ferment, and who may be too easily
 “ actuated, or set to work by particular enmity, or
 “ secret revenge.

“ Under the disposition of one man, and where-
 “ ever the will of an individual may at pleasure,
 “ either with or without the forms of any judicial
 “ proceedings, dispose of the liberty and property
 “ of others, the number of crimes of high-treason
 “ must be considerable; because all are dissatisfied
 “ with their condition, and secretly long to change
 “ it. A secret complaint, a bare murmur, an un-
 “ guarded word, an action often seemingly of no
 “ consequence, may in such a state produce a ge-
 “ neral commotion: many things will therefore
 “ be looked upon by the government as crimes of
 “ high-

“ high-treason, which would be hardly noticed
 “ elsewhere ; and in order to secure the tyrant’s
 “ peace, it will be necessary to convert into state-
 “ offences every disturbance that may interrupt,
 “ even for a few hours, the dead silence in which
 “ all his subjects are to remain, as it were, buried.

“ Under the despotism of several, and where-
 “ ever oligarchy is established, crimes of high-
 “ treason will also be very numerous. Oligarchy
 “ is in its very nature mistrustful and jealous.
 “ The members of such a government, being but
 “ little distinguished in private life from those
 “ whom they govern, are incessantly afraid that
 “ people may proceed from examining their per-
 “ sons to examine their authority. There, power
 “ will of course be guarded by a standing inquisi-
 “ tion ever active, and ever upon the watch to dis-
 “ cover even the secret workings of men’s minds :
 “ state-crimes will therefore become more unli-
 “ mited in proportion to the badness of the oli-
 “ garchy.

“ From these premises we may boldly conclude,
 “ that the length or shortness of the catalogue of
 “ such acts as are made to constitute crimes of
 “ high-treason in any government is an unquivo-
 “ cal proof of the vices, or of the goodness of that
 “ government ; that every addition to the list is a
 “ proportional

“ proportional diminution of liberty ; that every
 “ legislator, who multiplies crimes of that kind,
 “ proclaims by that very step either his ignorance
 “ of liberty, or his aversion to it ; nay more, it
 “ shews, that he himself mistrusts the wisdom of
 “ his own institutions, and that he is unacquainted
 “ with the great art of establishing them on the
 “ basis of reason, (of reason, which quiets every
 “ fear,) since he feels the necessity of spreading a
 “ sort of terror round them, in order to give them
 “ greater stability.”

Notwithstanding these remarks, the Constituent
 Assembly framed all the parts of its high court *in*
the true revolution spirit ; neglected to define the
 crimes of high-treason : encouraged informations,
 by never punishing false informers ; and consigned
 to two members of the Legislative Body, under
 the title of Grand Solicitors to the Nation, the
 charge of prosecuting all culprits brought before
 that tribunal. Fortunately, the jurors and the
 judges were almost all chosen from among the
 members of the Constituent Assembly ; and the
 accused met with some favor, I will not say in the
 conscience of their judges, God forbid, but in the
 hatred with which they were inspired by the con-
 duct of their successors in legislation, and by the
 sight of the grand solicitors. Such of the culprits

as were acquitted, were more indebted to revenge than to equity for their getting clear.

One of the great defects also of this tribunal was the power intrusted to ill-disposed grand solicitors. They might protract a trial to all eternity, and make prisoners groan for years under the pressure of the most tyrannical yoke. They were not confined to any particular time in preparing the indictment, or bringing on and forwarding the trial, nor were they in any sort accountable to the court for the informations they had received. The consequence was, that, under the pretence of investigating the truth, when the testimony of any of the witnesses did not bring the charge home to the accused, they might call in others, and upon the least inconsistency or contradiction in the evidence, they might still send for other fresh witnesses from the most distant provinces, and even from the colonies ; and as if the government had been afraid of wanting victims, or informers, each of the witnesses was allowed by a decree of the legislature a salary of six livres a day, besides twenty sous per league, to defray their travelling expences, from the place of their residence to Orléans. By such rewards, there was a certainty of establishing in France a new profession on the ruins of morality and public security.

It

It was under these auspices, that the prison for the reception of persons to be tried by the high national court was opened; and, in a few months, this revolutionary cavern had already received sixty-two victims, when the revolution of the tenth of August at once destroyed the tribunal and the solicitors: and assassins started up to disperse the judges, and to butcher the prisoners.

The departments, eager to display a barbarous zeal, and to shew themselves worthy of the appeal made to them by the constitution, exerted all their activity in hunting after victims to fill that inquisitorial prison. They not only obtained decrees of impeachment with the greater facility, as they thus demonstrated to the legislature that its sovereignty was without any controul; but the Assembly even passed several of those decrees, unsolicited and of its own accord, to gratify the private revenge of some of its members, or to render itself popular. The more exalted the rank of the victim was, the higher the Assembly rose in the esteem of the galleries. This was the grand motive for sending to Orléans the Duke de Brissac, and M. Delessart, the minister. The departments had sent thither on their part a bishop, a lieutenant-general, officers of every age and every rank, lawyers, farmers, revenue-collectors, editors of news-papers, tailors, apothecaries, soldiers, musicians, fruiterers, and even

even common servants. In short, none were too high or too low for their vengeance, which extended even to persons that were not properly within their jurisdiction.

In consequence of a single information, laid by the Jacobins of Perpignan, of a plot said to have been entered into by the regiment of Cambray to deliver up the citadel of that town to the Spaniards, thirty-six prisoners, of whom twenty-seven were officers, were sent from that frontier to Orleans. Those unfortunate men were nine-and-twenty days traversing such an extent of country, chained in pairs by the neck, though they were attended all the way by a numerous guard. To justify the excesses of the popular rage against them, the agitators of the people, wretches employed to inflame the minds of others, spread beforehand a report in all the towns and villages through which those ill-fated victims were to pass, that they were devourers of children, monsters that cut open pregnant women, with a thousand other horrors, which a historian cannot venture to relate, for fear of appearing fabulous *.

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* Among those officers, there was one with a broken leg, who had not been able to walk without crutches for three years past.

This march of almost a hundred and eighty leagues afforded some sublime instances of virtue. I shall select a few.

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I shall take notice in regular order of the various charges brought against their hapless comrades.

An old knight of the order of St. Lewis, about seventy years of age, whose hoary locks, which had grown grey in the service of his King and country, proclaimed his honourable career, having found, among those prisoners from Cambray, a young man, a nephew of his, was unable to express the emotions he felt at such a sight. He drew near his relation, kissed his chains, and was immediately taken ill.

One of the prisoners, named Chapoulard, a serjeant, observing that M. d'Adhemar, his lieutenant-colonel, who had been six-and-fifty years in the service, was sinking under the weight of the irons with which he had been loaded, offered to carry them for him. This generous offer had made such impression on those who had the command of the escort, that they struck off M. d'Adhemar's irons.

Another officer, young Montgon, had perceived, upon their march, that the key of his portmanteau could open the padlock of his irons ; but too proud of their galling pressure, and of the cause for which he suffered, he was determined not to quit either his chains or his comrades. When they reached Orleans, the proper key of the padlock that secured the chains of the whole band, could not be found ; M. de Montgon offered the key he happened to have, and it served to unlock all the chains. Every body, even the jailers were affected at such a proof of perfect heroism. I hope the reader, in pursuing this account, will feel tears trickle down of the same sort as those which burst from our eyes, when we read the histories of Regulus and of Du Guesclin so gloriously sacrificing themselves to the good of their country. When this instance of heroism, so worthy of the golden age of French honour, first got abroad, and found its way into the public prints, Madam de Montgon, on hearing it read, cried out ; as if by inspiration ; *It must be the chevalier, my grandson !* Happy mother ! thy chevalier has escaped !

The members of the high national court had so little idea of any regular system of judicature, that they spent more than two months before they could agree in settling the plan, or method of their own future proceedings. During this space of time, several prisoners were left to groan in their private dungeons, out of which they could not be taken till they underwent their first examination. Some were confined in that manner for three months, not being allowed the least communication with any body; not knowing even what they were accused of; without clothes, assistance, or consolation; and forced to implore an execrable jailer's pity, in order to procure from him upon credit some nourishment at a dreadful expence.

At last the court proceeded to business; but the resolution that was taken to carry on all the proceedings and prosecutions together, served to retard, instead of dispatching the trials. Witnesses were then seen crowding from all parts of France. The registry was filled with the most extravagant and the most contradictory charges. The club of Orléans, that constantly gave the kindest reception to those witnesses, made the city ring with imprecations against the unfortunate prisoners; but by a remarkable singularity, several of the infamous witnesses, eager to earn their money, and to secure the esteem of those who employed them,

them, went so far beyond all bounds in their evidence, that, in the midst of their jarring testimonies, it very frequently happened, that the charge brought by one clearly proved the imposture of another, and the innocence of the accused was the just and inevitable consequence.

The first trial that came on was that of Messrs. Tardy, Vernier, and Noiroi, charged with enlisting men for Coblenz. After a great deal of time spent in preparing the indictment, and the evidence in support of each allegation, they were brought before the Court towards the middle of July. They presented themselves with all the confidence of an irreproachable conduct; and were acquitted in spite of all Garan de Coulon's malicious obstinacy.

This savage national solicitor had sent for thirty seven witnesses in Vernier's case from all the extremities of France, from l'Orient to Dijon. He had strengthened their depositions with the barbarous accusation of Bazire, a member of the Assembly, who had gone in person to Orleans, in order to influence the judges, and to animate the club. This Coulon, in the course of the trial, advanced maxims of jurisprudence so absurd, so impolitic, and so odious, as to shock not only the judges, but even the people who were in Court,

and who could not help hissing him. He had the impudence to maintain those principles for three days with the obstinate fury of a tyger fastened upon his prey. At length, universally reprobated, borne down by the force of truth, and crushed by the eloquence of M. Piet from Paris, official pleader for the accused, he was compelled to acknowledge with blushes, that the accusation was unfounded; and the prisoners were acquitted, after ten months' confinement, without making them the smallest compensation. In this age of barbarity, every one thought himself extremely well off, when he did not lose his head on a scaffold.

The second trial was that of M. de Lattre, law-professor in the university of Paris. This respectable old man, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, had yielded to an impulse of nature in giving his son, who intended to emigrate, a recommendatory letter to M. de Calonne. It is of importance to observe that the constitution at that time guaranteed not only the liberty of going out of the kingdom, or coming into it at pleasure, but the inviolable secrecy of letters also. M. de Lattre's letter to the ex-minister had been stolen out of a waistcoat-pocket, at the bottom of a trunk in a boat, and was sealed; so that the pretended crime, laid to M. de Lattre's charge, was supported in
evidence

evidence by a real crime, the stealing and breaking open of a letter. The ground of accusation was besides of no force in law ; for his son having changed his intention, the recommendation was of no use. This did not hinder Coulon, the grand solicitor, from concluding his arguments six different times with an assertion that the prisoner deserved death, nor from persisting in such sanguinary conclusions. Fortunately the jury did not agree with him in opinion ; and M. de Lattre was acquitted on the 8th of August. He had been also near ten months in prison. The horrors of the 10th of August came on so soon after his release, that he had barely time to get off to England, abandoning all his professional means of support.

It was during this trial, that a mother, almost a hundred years old, was seen come to the bar to plead her son's cause, without awakening the least emotion of pity in the breasts of those monsters either by her age, or the tone of her affliction. Those who denied her their compassion, and the honour of a seat, were, no doubt, at that time reserving all their sensibility for the old negro woman, who went at the head of all the female negroes in Paris on the 4th of June to the Convention, to receive a kiss from the president, and to take her seat by him on the same arm-chair, where

the king of the constitution once sat by the side of M. Pastoret. It is really impossible to say which is most predominant in this revolution, ridicule, or horror. How often do we feel, again and again, the force and justness of Voltaire's expression of *tyger-monkeys* !

Meanwhile the high national court had already passed sentence twice ; and, as we have seen, had not yet given up any victim to Garan de Coulon. This monster, like the foaming lion, *going about seeking whom he may devour*, made the National Assembly ring with his furious roar. According to his assertions and those of his party, the high court consisted solely of aristocrats, whom no proofs of guilt could induce to condemn culprits of their own sentiments. As the judicial power did not exactly pursue the same line as the legislative power, the National Assembly was likely to be covered with disgrace, since every sentence tended to prove the injustice of its decrees of impeachment. A new mode of proceeding was therefore necessary, *in the true revolution-spirit*, and new expurgatory measures. Such was the language of Messrs. Pelicot and Garan de Coulon ; and indeed M. Lameth himself, when president of the Jacobins, could not have spoken better. The grand solicitors were fully acquainted with the nature of all the trials pending in the high court.

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They well knew how hard it would be for them to obtain from the jury one verdict to affect the life of any of the prisoners, and particularly of the victims of high rank, whom Brissot and Guadet had sent thither. It was necessary to deviate from the ordinary rules of justice: the massacre of the prisoners at Orleans must therefore have been included by the authors of the 10th of August in the number of things which were to result from that revolution. The same abandoned ruffians, who managed the massacres of the 2d of September, undertook also the clearing of the prison under the cognizance of the high court; and the service they thus did the National Assembly, by relieving it from the disgrace of seeing its decrees of impeachment disallowed, leaves no doubt of its having beheld those massacres with much satisfaction.

In order to ensure the execution of this plan, newspapers, libellous pamphlets, patriotic posting-bills, in short, all the echoes of the faction did not fail to declaim against the unfortunate prisoners. Their dungeons were represented as the seats of pleasure and delight: good cheer, wine, play, women, music, dancing sweetened their prison-hours, and converted into a new Elysium those places, where grief and shame ought to have been universally diffused. But the fact was, that there

were only the wives of two of the prisoners, who had been admitted to see their husbands, between the hours of eight in the morning and eight in the evening : their cheer was bad and extremely dear : none but the Duke de Brissac had it in his power to invite some of the prisoners every day to dine with him : they were permitted to walk only in parties of six at a time, for an hour ; and in order to supply this want of exercise, a room was allowed them to play at shuttle-cock : three or four of them, who were musicians, endeavoured with plaintive tunes to fill up some of the tedious moments : lastly, the municipality would not grant any more than six permissions each day to persons who solicited leave to go to see and console their relations and their friends. This was the whole of what Carra called pleasure and delight. He might, indeed, be allowed the expression, had he been comparing this manner of living with that of the dungeons at Maçon, to which he was condemned on being convicted as a sharper ; but there is no prison where the like indulgence is not granted to the prisoners before conviction ; and nothing but the gaiety of a good conscience could give such a mode of living that inexpressible cheerfulness and serenity, to which the Jacobins gave the name of delicious enjoyment, because they themselves, notwithstanding their omnipotence,

tence, were perpetually livid with rage, or pale with fear.

By a decree of the 25th of August, the chief justice was ordered to send two commissioners to Orleans, to ascertain the state of the proceedings of the high court, the state of the prison, and the precautions used to secure the prisoners. I think it unnecessary to add, that the chief justice selected those commissioners from the members of the common council. Bourdon de la Croisniere, the one who took the lead in the business, went to the municipality of Orleans, where he heard nothing but accounts favourable to the prisoners, while the latter joined in one cry, in one pressing requisition, for *justice*. As Bourdon was obliged to make his report publicly, he did it with tolerable exactness; but, at the same moment, the wretch was urging on, underhand, and in concert with the chief justice, the complete execution of the grand scheme.

A party of the Marseillais had already marched as far as Longjumeau, on the road to Orleans, whence they wrote to inform the National Assembly, that they were going to Orleans, to bring the prisoners to Paris. The first decree looked like a sort of prohibition. What did the Marseillais do? They sent, on the 26th of August, a deputation

tion to justify their conduct ; and this was the apology that Brissot himself then undertook to make for those assassins :

“ Slandorous attacks had been made on those
 “ citizens who had set off yesterday for Orleans.
 “ It was said that they wanted *forcibly to rescue* the
 “ prisoners from the hands of justice, and to bring
 “ them to Paris. A deputation from those citi-
 “ zens comes to justify their conduct, and de-
 “ clares that their sole intention is to go and guard
 “ those prisoners, a scheme for the *forcible rescue* of
 “ whom they know is now in agitation. Besides,
 “ they solemnly avow their resolution to obey
 “ whatever shall be decreed by the legislative
 “ body.” *

The Assembly, however, having referred this matter to the committee extraordinary, and received the report of that committee on the subject ; and duly considering the apprehensions which had been raised about the guarding and securing of the prisoners, passed a second decree, directing the executive power *immediately to send twelve hundred men from Paris to Orleans, to oppose the forcible rescue of those prisoners.* A rescue, great God!—Here the historian and the reader are stop-

* See the *French Patriot* of the 27th of August.

even in spite of themselves by emotions of horror, and by the shock they must feel at such a total subversion of all ideas of order and of common sense. How can the Assembly ever justify such a decree! To send twelve hundred ruffians to repress two hundred Marseillais in a town, where the city militia consisted of six thousand men! Was it not enough to issue an order to the municipality of Orleans to defend the prisoners, without sending assassins there as auxiliaries? What does the word *rescue* mean in this decree? Who would have attempted, and who could have executed the rescue of fifty-eight prisoners, in the very heart of France, at a time when every eye was on the watch, when every man was in arms, and when all the barriers were blocked up? But what did it signify to an expiring assembly, that had violated all other laws, to violate also the laws of reason and truth? Having made itself subservient to the orders of the populace, as it could not restrain their furious excesses, it was obliged to share in, or adopt the confused ideas and language of the mob. Brissot, who afterwards accused the authors of the 2d of September, certainly forgot that he himself had applauded a petition from the *section des Gobelins* which was inimical to those unfortunate prisoners, calling it *just in its motives*; and asserting in his newspaper (the *French Patriot*) that *there was not a good citizen, who did not feel indignation at the slow*
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proceedings of the high national court, and who did not see with concern that this tribunal, which ought to have been the terror of conspirators, was become, in some sort, their safeguard.

Fournier, the notorious ruffian, encouraged by the secret orders of the chief justice, and by Brissot's approbation, put himself at the head of eighteen men taken from each of the sixty Paris battalions, and set out for Longjumeau, where he did not fail to reinforce his detachment with the two hundred Marseillais.

While he was advancing towards Orleans, the high court passed its third sentence. This tribunal, perceiving, by Brissot's language and the march of the Marseillais, the discredit into which it was fallen, had sought out among the prisoners for one, the proofs of whose guilt might afford some ground for convicting him.

M. du Lery was the expiatory victim made choice of by the high court to effect its reconciliation with the ringleaders of rebellion. The trial of this unfortunate man in the sixtieth year of his age, charged with raising recruits for Coblenz, had been brought on; and he had several times contradicted himself in the course of his examinations. Though endowed with great firmness of soul,

foul, which he carried to a degree of heroism in his last moments, he wanted that spirit of consistency so necessary to a culprit when making his defence. Extremely impetuous, he had even the imprudence to contradict his own counsel; to declare what nobody asked him any questions about; and to tell the Court, that, as the people wanted a victim, he should feel a pleasure in the sacrifice of his life, if he could thereby save the lives of his associates in misfortune. He was condemned on the 26th of August. They affected to refer the verdict to the tribunal of repeals; but this was only to gain five or six days, in order to disarm the infernal cohort by presenting them with one head cut off, just as if blood had ever quenched the thirst of blood. Nothing could be more affecting, or more glorious to Du Lery's memory than the manner in which he underwent his sentence.

The municipality of Orleans, however, foresaw the events that were likely to take place, notwithstanding the artifice employed by Bourdon and Fournier, to deceive them. But as the members of that municipality were too weak and too pusillanimous to dare to contend with the terrible common council of Paris, and the legislature, its tool for passing decrees, they resolved to adopt conciliating measures. A party went to meet the
whole

whole troop of ruffians, and prepared a grand breakfast for them all. They hoped to allay by bumpers of wine the thirst of the assassins for blood: it produced a contrary effect. The troop entered the city on the 30th of August. They drew up in the great square; and the first step was to detach the two hundred Marseillais to go for M. du Lery, and to escort him to the place of execution. When that was over, the same escort returned to the prison with beat of drum. No extraordinary precaution had been taken by the municipality for the security of the prisoners. The Orlean's guard was soon broken through: the outer gates of the prison were also forced open: the Marseillais rushed in, just as if they were entering a place taken by storm, their leaders having a drawn sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other, and all the private men with their bayonets fixt. They drew up in order of battle on the green before the prison, charging their guns, and taking aim at the prisoners who appeared at the windows. The jailer made some hesitation to open the last inner door. They laid hold of him, and had like to cut off his head. After this, they met with no more obstacles; and they rushed at once into the galleries, with dreadful imprecations. They particularly cried out for *Brissac* and *De Lessart*. The Duke de Brissac's valet-de-chambre being about to barricade his master's door, M. de Loyauté,

Loyauté, an officer of artillery, and one of the prisoners, who was then in the Duke's company, thought that such a measure would serve only to provoke the assassins, and to animate their fury: he thought it more prudent to open the door himself: three ruffians, foaming with rage, immediately came up; and on hearing him begin to speak in defence of that respectable friend of the king, they forced him away from the duke, and dragged him into the gallery. The Marseillais, however, that entered the duke's apartment, contented themselves with robbing him of the plate he had for his use, and of forty thousand livres in assignats which were in his bureau, besides all his papers which were carried to the civil commissioner, Bourdon de la Croisniere. Every prisoner experienced a similar robbery in a proportional degree. Two or three of those unfortunate men had taken refuge in the garrets: one of them, attempting to make his escape on the roof, fell from the second floor into the street, and broke his leg. Orders were immediately given to cut off his head; but one of the Marseillais, less wicked than the rest, stopt the blow which would have proved the signal for a general massacre. At last, every prisoner was close confined in his room, after having suffered all sorts of ill-usage. Some of them remained in this state of confinement for six and thirty hours, without any victuals. The corporals kept

kept the keys of the room-doors, and never went in but with swords and pistols in their hands. This situation continued from the 30th of August till the 3d of September.

At six o'clock in the evening of the 3d, one Becare, a cousin of Santerre's, who was second in command of the troop, went to acquaint the prisoners, that a decree of the National Assembly ordered them to be removed to the distance of forty leagues from Orleans*; and a municipal officer informed them, that they must get ready to set off next morning.

At seven o'clock in the evening, some *agitators* intermixed with the guard on duty, and strove to persuade them, that they ought, once for all, to butcher the prisoners, as it was useless to be carry-

* This decree had been passed in the evening of the 2d of September, on the motion of Genfonné. It stated that, as the prisoners were not safe at Orleans, the persons detained to take their trial before the high court should be under the watchful care of the grand solicitor to the nation, and of commissioners from the executive power; that the commanding officers of the national guards of Orleans and Paris, who were now in the former city, should be obliged to have those prisoners removed from Orleans to Saumur, under a good escort; and lastly, that the national guards, who had gone to Orleans, should return to Paris without delay, to assist their fellow-citizens at these critical moments.

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ing any farther such a set of rascals. They said they were sent for this purpose by the general. It happened rather fortunately, that the guard then on duty consisted of some steady men, who thinking themselves responsible for the prisoners, declared that they would pay no regard to any insinuations, till they saw the general's positive order. On this refusal, the agitators returned to get reinforcements at the town club. A party was soon formed, who sent a deputation to the national guards on duty at the prison, where they even had two pieces of cannon, to let them know, that a body of men, with a great many of the national guards of Orleans among them, were going fully determined to force their way into the prison. Notwithstanding all this, the guard on duty resolved to oppose them : the cannon were planted, and the muskets charged : both parties were drawn up facing one another, and the town was illuminated. Twice did the assailants receive the word of command to present their firelocks ; and twice did they seem just ready to begin the action. General Fournier was the person who fomented this quarrel, in order to find means, by a reconciliation, to avoid executing the decree, and to get some pretence for taking the prisoners in triumph to Paris, where he was sure to see them murdered, and thus also to secure for himself some more plunder, by seizing upon the money and

effects which the prisoners had within a few days been able to procure from their friends at Orleans. The national guards of this city, well pleased with a pretended reconciliation, which kept up the appearance of their having honourably done their duty, yielded to the hint given them to let the prisoners set off for Paris. This setting off for the metropolis was the point concurred in to reunite both parties. As soon as the shout *to Paris* was heard, every body repeated it, and they all joined and mixed together as friends. They even wrote it down with chalk on all their hats, to prove that there was now only one party; and the officers of the municipality and of the guards thence took occasion to say, that they did no more than obey the sovereign will of the people. Here we see an instance of the manner, in which the sham laws of the pretended representatives of the French nation were treated and annulled!

Next day, the 4th of September, at six o'clock in the morning, seven open waggons were got ready with straw in them. Here the prisoners were placed, eight in each waggon. Their effects were left in the prison, and were never after heard of. They set out under the escort of fifteen hundred men commanded by that ruffian, Fournier. He had decorated his horse's breast with nine crosses, the insignia of the order of St. Lewis, and
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with one of the order of Cincinnatus, which he had stripped his victims of.

It is useless to enter into any detail of the ill-treatment and insults the prisoners met with upon this journey, which lasted five days and a half. At the different stages where they stopped for the night, they were crowded pell-mell into a stable, and were hurried away next morning at day-break, covered with all sorts of vermin.

On the sixth of September they arrived at Etampes. They were met there by five commissioners from the common council of Paris, who said they were deputed to confer with General Fournier on the best means of ensuring to the prisoners perfect security and justice. The prisoners then made choice of one of their own party to speak to the commissioners. M. de Loyauté, who was the object of their choice, addressed the commissioners in the name of all his comrades, and said, that he and his companions would think themselves very happy, if it was compatible with the powers, or consistent with the plan of the commissioners, to have them tried in a summary manner, even at Etampes, by any number of the citizens of that town, with whom it was impossible to suppose that the prisoners could have the smallest connexion. The commissioners replied, with an

air of satisfaction that gave new life to the hopes of the prisoners, that they would immediately use every effort to gratify their wishes ; and that they might be assured, that the commissioners would not have undertaken this business, had not the object and issue of it been likely to prove agreeable to the prisoners. To confirm this idea, their spokesman returned to the prisoners three hours after, to inform them, that they should stay at Etampes, till the Assembly could be again consulted respecting their fate.

Those commissioners had been sent by the Assembly, on receiving intelligence from Garan de Coulon in a letter of the fourth of September, to the following purport :

“ It gives me the utmost concern to acquaint
 “ you, that the law has been violated by the per-
 “ sons who were intrusted with its execution.
 “ The prisoners of the high court are upon the
 “ road to Paris, &c. &c.”

On the arrival of the express with this news, the committee extraordinary drew up the plan of a decree, which was laid before the house by Vergniaud, and adopted, viz. That the executive power should pursue such measures as were necessary for the security of the prisoners ; should have them
 taken,

taken, till some farther arrangement, to any place, without the department of Paris, that might be deemed most suitable; and should send commissioners to meet the Paris battalion, and to let them know, that they had been essentially regardless of the law, to which it was their duty to submit.

Thus the method always taken, from the very beginning of the revolution, to substitute argument in the room of irresistible conviction, or mere babbling instead of force, and to oppose commissioners to armed soldiers, had destroyed all the laws by rendering their execution absolutely impracticable. A single ruffian with a dagger in his hand put the inhabitants of a whole street to flight: he alone personated the people: he alone was therefore at that time the sovereign. In vain did his delegates afterwards lay before him the law they had made in his name: the savage trampled it under foot; and the creation disappeared before the original creator.

It was thus that Vergniaud's plan, the decree of the Assembly, and the power of the commissioners vanished before the threats of one outrageous assassin of Fournier's and Bourdon's gang. This fellow alone rushed out before the commissioners, and with all the gestures of intoxication, he told them in stammering accent and with foaming lips,

that there might be some innocent persons among the prisoners, but that he also knew that there were many very great criminals, and that the people of Paris alone had a right to try them. The commissioners were afraid that, in case they ordered this fellow to be put under arrest, his comrades might take his part, and join them to the prisoners. *The fear of persons unknown* struck them dumb. But as one man who roars out is always supposed to be right among a thousand who hold their tongues, the silence of the commissioners was considered by the troop as a silence of approbation. The shout *to Paris* was heard a second time, and was repeated at three o'clock in the morning by the whole gang, in contempt of Vergniaud's decrees, and of the orders of the pretended executive power. The commissioners having withdrawn, Fournier consulted with his gang; and in order to reconcile, as far as possible, their secret designs with the shew of respect which they still wished to preserve for the constituted powers, they pretended to put some mutineers out of the way, and consented to stop at Etampes for twice twenty-four hours, on condition that they should set off for Versailles on the morning of the eighth of September. The commissioners sent privately to inform the prisoners, that having gained some time, they were going to Paris to get a proper number of men chosen out of the several sections, and to send

send a sufficient body of armed forces to Etampes, to protect them, and to make the law respected.

On the morning of the eighth, the prisoners were taken to Arpajon, where they found the minds of the people had been filled with the most horrid prejudices against them. Some of the assassins of the second of September were come there. They spoke only of cutting off heads, particularly those of Messrs. de Brissac and Delessart. Their lodging for the night was in a stable belonging to the Marshal de Mouchy's *château*. It may be easily supposed that it was impossible for them to close their eyes, in the midst of such sanguinary imprecations. At night, Captain Fournier, who saw that there was not a moment to be lost, insisted upon their giving him fifteen hundred livres to defray their travelling expences, though he had received fifteen thousand livres from the municipality of Orléans, for the expences of their removal to Saumur. Three-fourths of these ill-fated victims had not a single crown : such of them as had money paid for the rest.

Meantime the fatal day drew near. On Sunday the ninth of September, the murderous cohort hung the extremities of their guns with laurel; put their bayonets into the scabbards; and set off for Versailles.

All the way from the village of Jouy, the road was covered with crowds to see the prisoners pass along amidst the oaths and imprecations poured upon them from every quarter. Here those unhappy men were told, that they were to be confined in the *ménagerie* in iron cages like wild beasts. Farther on, they heard it repeatedly asserted, that ten thousand Parisians were waiting for them to cut their throats. But all this gave them no new alarm : their minds were made up : they were prepared for the sacrifice of their lives.

When they reached the iron gate at the entrance of Versailles, seven public *functionaries* [civil officers], each of them decorated with a triple-coloured scarf, presented themselves to protect the waggons, and to escort them to the *ménagerie* prison. But no military precautions had been taken. Fournier on that day had hardly made his appearance by the side of his column. There were only five rank and file on each side of the waggons. The platoons, appointed to guard them, were above thirty yards distant. This mode of proceeding discovered but too clearly the pre-determined intention not to oppose any attempt that might be made by assassins. As soon as they reached the grand square at Versailles, ten or twelve men laid hold of the reins of the horses in the first waggon, crying out, *off with their heads.*
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Some struggle took place to make those fellows give way, for a few minutes ; after which the waggons proceeded on without interruption, till they came to the gate called *Green-house Gate*, which leads to the *ménagerie* in the park *. The gate was opened to let through the four cannon belonging to the van-guard. As soon as these were admitted, the gate was shut directly, and the rest of the train was stopped a second time. A groupe of fifteen men at most cried out again, *off with their heads*. Fournier seemed to be in a great bustle to get the gate opened : it was, indeed, opened and shut two or three times, one after another. He himself, the second in command, and all the cavalry of the escort never once drew their swords, or manifested the least intention to employ force. At last, Fournier thought proper to abandon his cannons, and to make the waggons and escort wheel about to the right ; without a possibility of any person's being able to guess at his reasons. About two hundred yards from thence, on their coming to the cross-streets that are called *les quatre bornes* [the four boundaries] they were stopped for the last time. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. There were a few curious spectators in the streets of Versailles ; but the whole escort was under arms. Fournier had disappeared.

* All the avenues to Versailles are secured by iron gates.

Fifteen assassins surrounded and attacked the first waggon, renewing the cries of death. The public functionary, who had taken this waggon under his care, was the mayor of Versailles. He attempted but in vain to harangue the murderers : in vain did he get up into the waggon, and use some efforts to guard and cover with his own person the two first of the prisoners who were killed. The assassins, masters of the field of slaughter, killed one after another with their swords and hangers forty-seven out of fifty-three of the prisoners. This massacre lasted for at least an hour and a quarter. It is hard to say which we ought to be most astonished and afflicted at, the ferocity of the murderers ; the resignation of the victims, who did not even attempt to defend themselves, though they might have done so, as they were not chained, and were fifty in number against fifteen ; or lastly, the atrocious insensibility of those who were witnesses to such bloody scenes, without endeavouring to oppose them.

The dead bodies of the victims experienced the same indignities, as those of the persons who had been massacred at the Abbey-prison, and in the Tuilleries. Their heads and limbs were cut off and fixed upon the iron rails round the palace of Versailles. At the sight of such bloody spoils, hanging before the palace of our Kings, one would be

be apt to think, that the new land of liberty was become the country of halts and mutes. The château of Versailles, having become the property of the Jacobins, exhibited the spectacle of vengeance of the Divan at Constantinople.

Most of the prisoners who escaped were in the last waggon. They owed the preservation of their lives to the weariness of the murderers, and to a kind of concern which they at last excited in the breasts of others. They found shelter in some coffee-houses, shops, and garrets, whence they had afterwards a great deal of trouble to effect their final escape.

When the assassins thought they had dispatched all those who were accused of treason against the state, they betook themselves to the prison at Versailles, where they killed about twelve persons, seven of whom were priests, who had been taken up, in order to be sent out of the kingdom. The municipal officers attempted to make some resistance ; but it was to no purpose.

I have enlarged on the massacre of the prisoners of the high national court. It was my duty to do so, in order to include in my narrative the whole history of that tribunal, so worthy of the constitution that gave it birth. I have nothing to add,
except

except that after the massacre of the prisoners, it still continued to sit till the twentieth of September. The only affair it then had finally to decide upon was the impeachment of the King's brothers; of the Princes of the house of Condé; of Messrs. de Breteuil, de Calonne, de Bouillé, de Fersen, the Cardinal de Rohan, and Viscount de Mirabeau. The four chief judges wrote to the National Assembly, on the eighteenth of September, an apologetic letter on the subject of their proceedings; and did not fail to state, as some claim to national gratitude, the dispatch they had used in passing sentence on the former Princes, and the persons involved with them in the same charge. A vote for their impeachment had been decreed by the Assembly in April; the charges against them were investigated in May; and a first sentence was passed upon them in June, declaring them *to have forfeited the title of French citizens*. The names of the judges were Albaret, Caillemer, Creuzé de la Touche, and Marquis.

Wearied out with the tardiness and the formalities of this tedious high court, the Legislative Body, which had already given a death-blow to its own existence, and to that of the executive power, completed the ruin of the constitution, by a decree for dissolving this supreme judicial establishment, the powers and functions of which were soon transferred

transferred to revolutionary tribunals that proceeded to business in the public square, and regulated their sentences by the caprice of the mob; and as the regular trial of the French Princes and of their army would never be ended, a general sentence of death, passed against all emigrants, without any distinction of age, sex, or motives, settled in one quarter of an hour an hundred thousand trials for outlawry.

Such was the birth, and the death of that strange tribunal, an institution without power, dignity, or independence, alternately just from the impulse of hatred, and cruel from that of fear; in a word, worthy of its authors, and still more worthy of its successors. I do not give a list of the members that composed it. I think it would be equally improper to insert their names in the pages of history, or in the records of the criminal courts. Let us leave them in oblivion, and present the genius of royalty with the honourable catalogue of its new martyrs.

List

List of the Prisoners of the High National Court of Orleans, who were murdered at Versailles on Sunday the Ninth of September, at three o'Clock in the Afternoon, by Thirty Assassins, in the Presence of Fifteen Hundred National Guards.

N. B. The names of those who escaped are printed in Italics.

Lewis Hercules Timoleon, Duke de Cossé-Brissac, Knight of the orders of the King, Lieutenant-general of the Forces, Governor of Paris, Commander of the hundred Swiss of the King's life-guard, and lately Commander in Chief of his Majesty's constitutional guards.

The Duke had been charged, without any proofs, or without even the shadow of a pretence, with having modelled these guards in an *anti-patriotic* manner, and with admitting into them some *suspected* officers. This accusation had been laid before the Assembly at the close of a permanent session, which lasted during the three Whitsuntide holidays, at a moment when men's passions had been worked up to the highest pitch by the trial of La Rivière, the justice of peace. During the debate on the disbanding of the King's guard, and on the accusation of its commander, at a time when Gaudet and Brissot's faction seconded with all their might the other faction of Chabot, Bazire, and Merlin, the Duke de Brissac had been offered every means of getting away into some foreign country; but he would not quit the King, near whose person he had already spent three years of the revolution, without losing sight of him for a single day. At the time of his Majesty's being brought back from Varennes, he was the only person whose presence could afford the King any comfort, amidst all the hateful vexation he experienced from La Fayette and his party.

party. He was the person, who, embracing the unfortunate Monarch the very evening of his return to Paris, renewed the scene between Sully and Henry IV. When Lewis XVI. was surrounded by his ferocious jailers, he forced the loyal Duke to leave him, observing to him, that his attachment to his person might make him suspected. Nothing could equal the grief the King felt at being obliged to put in execution the decree against his friend. Perhaps, he ought on that day to have mounted his horse, and, at the head of his guards, to have resisted such a flagrant breach of the constitution. But civil war, which alone could give the King any chance of safety, was so repugnant to his heart, that he preferred sacrificing his trusty subject, rather than make an appeal to the people, which might have saved them both. At that time, it is true, Dumourier, Servan, Claviere, and Roland were the ministers; and the King had no influence over his own privy-council. However this may be, the Duke de Brissac could not, after that, escape the fate that threatened him; for even if he had not been imprisoned, he would not have quitted the royal family on the tenth of August, and in that case he would have fallen by the side of M. de Viomesnil, or of M. Bachmann.

The Duke de Brissac was the comforter of all the unfortunate prisoners at Orleans. M. du Lery seemed oppressed with profound melancholy some days before his trial. The Duke wished to know the reason. He was informed that the unfortunate man was afflicted at the idea of leaving a wife and two children without any resource. He restored to du Lery his former undaunted firmness, by securing to both his wife and children an annuity of twelve hundred livres [about fifty pounds a-year.] I should fall short of the truth, were I to attempt to describe all the instances of loyalty, dignity, and true greatness which eminently distinguished the Duke's career for fifty years. It is enough to say, he was one of the small number of persons, who, in these late times, exhibited to our view what the principal nobility of France once were, and what they still ought to be. It is the smallness of this number of genuine nobility that fills with despair
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such people as sincerely wish to propose to us a House of Lords like that in England; but which constitutes the happiness of those who would be glad to avail themselves of that scarcity, in order to make up such a house with bankers, lawyers, and academicians.

Anthony de Lefart, the Minister for the Foreign Department, formerly a councillor of state, and Minister for the Home Department.

M. de Lefart had been accused and imprisoned on the tenth of March, in consequence of an intrigue in which Brissot was the agent, and of which a minister, whom De Lefart had caused to be dismissed from office, was the soul. The grounds of the accusation were his not having declared war, without which, said Brissot, we should never have had a republic. Thus M. de Lefart's crime was his having been faithful to the constitution, and his wanting to secure its continuance. M. de Lefart was a man of abilities, of great application to business, and of sincere attachment to the King's person. The obligations he thought himself under to M. Necker had made him, in some sort, the mere creature and servile admirer of that minister. M. Necker, in his vindication of Lewis XVI. cited, as a solemn evidence, the words addressed to him by his friend Lefart from the glooms of his prison, some days before his death. It was just as if the genius of virtue was to call up the genius of friendship from the regions below; while, at the very same time, Necker's daughter and the competitor of her father's friend were seen together in public in a neighbouring country!—But, being fully employed in painting crimes, mere vice is too inconsiderable for my notice.—I return therefore to M. de Lefart. He kept up, during his confinement at Orleans, a constant correspondence with the court. Even in his prison, he was the best informed man in all France. He had there foretold a hundred times the king's death, his own death, and that of all the persons who have suffered since: he gave excellent advice, which was never followed: finally, he
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saw his last hour approach, with all the courage and coolness of the bravest soldier, or of the most resigned philosopher. His death secured to him a reputation which his former acquaintance and connections would have otherwise disgraced for ever.

Charles Xavier Joseph de Franqueville d'Abancour, one of M. Calonne's relations, and minister for the war department on the 10th of August.

John Arnaud de Castellane, bishop of Mende, an old man of sixty, accused, without proof, of having excited disturbances in the department of la Lozère.

John Baptiste de Rets, captain of the national guards in that department, and included in the same charge with the bishop of Mende. He was a cousin of La Fayette's.

Charles Francis de Malvoisin, a lieutenant colonel in Monsieur's regiment of dragoons, accused of enlisting men for Coblenz. It was he, who, at the time the Marseillais broke into the prison at Orleans, jumped down from the roof, and broke his leg.

Charles Francis Mark, a journeyman apothecary of Toul, about eighteen years of age.

It was this young man, who had informed against M. de Malvoisin; but he had been guilty of such contradictions and prevarication, when confronted with the accused, that the court resolved to commit him. This is another instance, which serves to shew upon what frivolous grounds the legislative body passed decrees of impeachment. This Mark, after his commitment, amused himself in stealing from all his fellow-prisoners.

Michael Dieudonne de Loyauté, an officer of artillery, and son of the celebrated general of the same name.

He had been accused of being one of the three who intended to deliver up the citadel and town of Strasburg to the Prince of Condé. Of twelve witnesses, whom the solicitors had sent for, eleven declared they did not even know him. The twelfth was the informer. M. de Loyauté was run through the body in several places, when the assassins left him to fall upon the Duke de Brissac. He had sufficient strength and presence of mind to retire to a neighbouring house, and to escape from the assassins by going from one hospital to another, and from one hiding place to another, till he at last got away to England.

Hyacinthus Joseph de Silly, an officer of the regiment of Bourbonnais, included in the same charge with M. de Loyauté, but less fortunate.

Lewis Joseph Meyer, a taylor of Strasburg, charged with the same crime as Messrs. de Silly, and de Loyauté.

Hubert de Laffaux, a brigadier in the original German regiment of guards.

He was going to quit France, in order to return to the country of his forefathers, and there to end his days. He was sixty five years old. He was apprehended on the frontiers; and having been accused as an emigrant and as an enlister of men for Coblenz, a decree of impeachment was passed against him and his fellow-traveller.

John Baptiste de Chappes, an officer in the light horse.

John Baptiste Etienne la Riviere, a justice of peace, of the section of Henry IV. at Paris.

The

The crime laid to La Riviere's charge was his having received a malicious information against Bazire, Chabot, Merlin, and Carra; and his having put the law in force against them according to the strict letter of the constitution. The faction could never forgive the obstinacy with which he persisted in being right, when he appeared at the bar of the Assembly, first to ask what he had to do, and the second time to give an account of what he had done. His elocution was very graceful and persuasive. He had gained the good opinion of the judges from his very first examination; and he would have been acquitted, some days later. His courage failed him, when he saw the Marseillais masters of Orleans. He had at first plunged headlong into the revolution: he had not only been a member of the first rebellious municipality; but he was one of those who had gone in person to Compiègne in pursuit of M. Bertier, to bring him to Paris to face the daggers of assassins.

Francis Maria Jerome Charlier Dubreuil, an officer of accused of enlisting for the army of the emigrants.

Anthony Gautier, M. Dubreuil's servant.

Peter Molette, a fruiterer from the vicinity of Lyons.

Arrested on the ground of some letters of his, the seals of which were broke open, and on a suspicion that in his bills of parcels and invoices he described the *tiers état* (the commonalty) under the name of *potatoes*, the nobility under the name of *apples*, and the clergy under that of *pears*. This poor countryman was hacked and cut to pieces with hangers: he was, however, able to crawl to the stair-case where M. de Loyauté had taken refuge, to let the blood run out of his wounds. He was so maimed, that it is not supposed he could survive it.

Officers of the Regiment of Cambray.

The author here inserts the names of fifteen officers and subalterns, belonging to the above regiment, who fell in the massacre;

sacre ; and of five who escaped. The only one of the former, to whose name he subjoins any particular remark, is a M. Joseph Duroux, the son of the famous lawyer who formerly pleaded the cause of Calas, and who was made, for his merit on that occasion, principal magistrate of Thoulouse.

To this list are added the names of eighteen others who suffered at the same time ; but respecting whom the writer of this account had not been informed of any interesting particulars.

Recapitulation of the Persons massacred in the different Prisons at Paris, in the course of a few days, from Sunday the 2d till Friday the 7th of Sept. 1792.

244 at the Convent of the Carmelites and at St. Firmin's Seminary.

180 at the Abbey of St. Germain.

73 at the Cloister of the Bernardins.

45 at the Hospital of La Salpetriere.

85 at the Conciergerie.

214 at the Châtelet.

164 at the Hotel de la Force.

1005

To these should be added the poor creatures who were put to death in the hospital of Bicêtre, and in the yards at la Salpetriere ; those who were drowned at the Hôtel de la Force ; and all those who were dragged out of the dungeons of the Conciergerie and the Châtelet, to be butchered on the *Pont-aux-change*, the number of whom it will ever be impossible precisely to ascertain, but which may, without exaggeration, be computed at 8,000 individuals.

LATE PICTURE OF PARIS.

General Reflections on the Massacres in the Month of September.

WE have just taken a survey of the shocking scenes, which, to the eternal disgrace of Paris, succeeded those of the 10th of August. Almost eight thousand new victims were added to the four thousand of the preceding month. Thus, in the course of thirty days, twelve thousand human creatures were struck out of the population of a single city, while all the civil officers and magistrates seemed to enjoy the full exercise of power : yet, not only the cries of public vengeance, which are heard throughout all Europe loudly demanding the punishment of the murderers, have hitherto remained unsatisfied ; but we have been even kept almost in the dark with respect to the persons, who were the real authors of these last acts of unparalleled atrocity.

A debate on this subject has taken place between the two parties, who are now struggling for supe-

riority in France, and one of whom, proud of their 10th of August, as the constitutionalists are of their *immortal* 14th of July, throw all the guilt of the 2d of September on their adversaries, nearly in the same manner as La Fayette hoped to elude all reproach for the events of the 5th of October by his pretended sleep, and by imputing the whole to the Duke of Orleans.

All the attempts to investigate this matter, which have been made in the Assembly, have only served to embroil more and more so clear a question. The liberty of the press, and the spirit of party have multiplied mistakes on this head in several places, particularly in England. Roland and Brissot have their partisans even in this country; and the *Girondins* on the banks of the Thames always see Marat, and nobody but Marat, in these assassinations, and will not allow that the 10th of August was only the prelude to them, and that the persons who prepared the one cannot be separated from those who executed the other.

I have even heard foreigners ascribe those scenes of havoc to the Duke of Brunswick's proclamation: yet they confessed, in the same breath, that this insignificant proclamation, in which he threatened not to leave one stone upon another in Paris, was not of a nature to frighten the Marseillais,
the

the fœderates, or the other actors in those murderous scenes, who had not the least property at Paris ; and that, on the contrary, all those, whom the proclamation seemed to menace, expected the Duke of Brunswick with impatience, relying on his philanthropy, and on his respect for every man's property.

In the midst of so many contradictory assertions, we must endeavour to strike out the truth, and to fix public opinion on the real cause of the 2d of September. For this purpose I must lay before the reader three principal papers that were published by those whom the different parties reciprocally accuse.

The first is a copy of *the speech of MONSIEUR, the King's brother, to the French nobility*, on the 23d of August, just before their entering France.

The second is *Roland's perfidious letter to the National Assembly*, that famous letter of the 3d of September, in which we see an old minister, with false wit, boasting of his own crimes, in order to charge the common council with having followed his example ; composing harmonious and well turned periods in his closet, instead of exerting his official authority at the several prisons ; and striving to palliate murders, which cannot fail,

fooner or later, to rouse public and private vengeance. The demon of pride must certainly have dictated this letter.

The third is the horrid *address to the departments from the committee of inspection belonging to the common council*, inviting the former to imitate the city of Paris ;—an address which, as is very well known, was dispatched from the Chancery-office by Danton's two secretaries, Camillus Desmoulins and Faber d'Eglantine, and was counterfigned by himself.

I am almost ashamed to exhibit in one view what France regards as her proudest boast, and what human nature must blush at as its greatest reproach and disgrace. I sincerely beg pardon of the princes for introducing them to public notice in such company as that of Roland and Marat. But I remember that Vernet, when painting the horrors of a sea-storm, and when the coast was seen covered with wrecks and dead bodies, often shot through the gloomy scenes a ray of comfort ; and how was it possible for me, but by means of some such cheering contrast, to render *this late picture of my country* interesting, or even endurable ?

Monsieur's

Monsieur's Speech to the French Nobility.

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ Tomorrow we are to enter
“ France. That memorable day must have a
“ necessary influence on the series of operations
“ which are committed to our management; and
“ the fate of France will probably depend upon
“ our conduct.

“ You are no strangers to the slanders, with
“ which our enemies never cease to asperse us,
“ nor to their industry in propagating a report,
“ that we are re-entering our native country, for
“ no other purpose but to glut private revenge.

“ It is by our conduct, Gentlemen, by the cor-
“ dial reception we give to all those who may re-
“ turn from their errors to our friendly embrace,
“ that we shall convince all Europe, that the
“ French nobility, deriving new lustre from their
“ misfortunes and their firmness, know how to
“ conquer their enemies, and to pardon the mis-
“ takes and delusion of their countrymen.

“ The powers and authority, with which we are
“ invested, would give us a right to exact what
“ our interest and our glory inspire us with; but

“ we are addressing ourselves to French chevaliers,
 “ whose hearts, inflamed with true honour, will
 “ never forget the duties which that noble senti-
 “ ment prescribes.”

Could a nobler, or a more affecting profession of faith have been made by the French princes and the emigrant gentry, when supported by an army which they had a right to believe irresistible, if it had not been forced by the season and other extraneous circumstances to disperse? After reading this speech, who will dare to charge them with having provoked revenge and slaughter.

I shall now contrast with this speech Roland's letter, every line of which breathes a spirit of baseness and cruelty. Necker had *virtue* constantly on the tip of his tongue, something like this fellow; but he had at least the discretion not to excuse publicly the crimes, of which he silently availed himself on the 23d of June, &c. But what renders Roland's letter still more curious is its being a well-drawn picture of democracy, and of its dangers.

*Copy of a Letter from M. Roland, Minister for the
Home Department, to the National Assembly, printed
by the Assembly's Order,*

*Paris, September 3, in the fourth
Year of Liberty, and the first
of Equality.*

“ MR. PRESIDENT,

“ I am about to discharge
“ a sacred duty, the performance of which may
“ cost me dear ; but I never betrayed, I never
“ entered into any compromise with my con-
“ science ; and I shall always be obedient to its
“ dictates, whatever may be the consequence.

“ It is unnecessary, on the present occasion, to
“ enter into any detail of *the circumstances which led*
“ *me, for the first time, to a share in the ministry,—*
“ to an office, which I neither desired, nor expect-
“ ed (1). I had no object in view but the oppor-

(1) So complete a master of state-craft as you are would never wish to remind us of *those circumstances*. But you cannot make the King's friends forget that your promotion was owing to the intrigues of Dumourier, your colleague ; of Brissot, your fanatical panegyrist ; and of Condorcet, your protector and patron.

“ tunity of unfolding principles which have the
 “ love of human nature for their basis. *I told the*
 “ *truth without disguise or reserve to a King, whom I*
 “ *saw likely to involve the whole empire in his own*
 “ *ruin* (2). Nothing could then check my cou-
 “ rage : I love my country too well to think even
 “ of glory : and when the welfare of all is at stake,
 “ I am never influenced by any selfish considera-
 “ tion. The weight of office has again been laid
 “ upon me by the confidence of my country, and

Every body knows that your party threatened to impeach the Queen, if the King did not model his privy council according to their wishes, immediately after the accusation of Delessart; and you were one of those whom his Majesty was then compelled to appoint.

(2) If you had any truth to tell the King, was it not your duty, silly old man ! to speak to him with respect and firmness, instead of publishing your sentiments to the world in the alarming manner you did, after your dismission from office ? The printing of your traitorous letter was an appeal to the populace. It was a direct challenge to your King :—it was a personal struggle with him for his throne. He should have crushed such a daring reptile in the dust.—The happiness of society required it. But he suffered you to live.—Death has been his fate ; and you have taken his place on that throne which was the fond object of your wishes.—Well ! now that a decree of impeachment has been passed against you, confess that *truth*, for which you professed so sacred a regard—Proclaim it to the servile courtiers of popular favour : and you will then at least have the merit of doing some service to mankind, before your execution.

“ at

“ at a still more critical period than before. I
 “ submitted to it without hesitation, because I look
 “ upon the confidence and the call of my country
 “ as a law. I shall never shrink from the burthen,
 “ while I have life, or strength to support it for
 “ the general good; but it is my duty to lay it
 “ down *the moment I feel myself nothing more than*
 “ *a representative phantom, without power and with-*
 “ *out influence* (3).

“ But let me ask, what is the exact state of our
 “ affairs at present? What are the consequences
 “ likely to attend such a situation? What are the
 “ obligations it lays us under?

“ *I know very well that revolutions are not reducible*
 “ *to any common standard* (4); but I also know that
 “ the

(3) You complain of being only *a representative phantom, without power, and without influence*. Was the King any thing more during his *constitutional* reign, in consequence of your calumnies? Had you more power, or more influence, the first time you went into administration, and while you then continued in it? Was it in the people, or in Lewis the Sixteenth that you found the greatest obstacles to good order, to justice, and to the sovereignty of the law? As you have been seated at the table of Kings, and have also been entertained at the banquet of the people, you can tell us which of the two affords the greater number of poisoned dishes.

(4) You know that *revolutions are not reducible to any common standard*. Why then did you madly excite an insurrection? Why did

“ the power, which brings them about, should al-
 “ ways secure the sanction of law, and abide by it,
 “ unless a total dissolution of the state is intended.
 “ The wrath of the people, and the impetuosity of
 “ an insurrection may be compared to a torrent,
 “ which overturns obstacles that no other power
 “ could have destroyed, but *the overflowings of*
 “ *which will spread its devastations far and wide*, un-
 “ less it soon falls back into its channel. Had it
 “ not been for the tenth of August, it is evident
 “ *that we must have been ruined* (5). The court,

did you justify the subversion of all order, when it was in your power to prevent it? Can we suppose that the proprietor of an estate, in order to fertilize his land, would ever be so silly as to break down a flood-gate, and to let in a torrent that was likely to spread universal devastation?

(5) Who must have been ruined? We! Yes, the whole tribe of rebels and regicides, whose pride was flattered, and whose rapacity was fed by the revolution, must have been ruined, but for the tenth of August!—a hundred thousand individuals, who sprung out of the revolution, just as insects are ingendered by putrefaction, and who spread their pestilential influence over France and all Europe, like one of the plagues with which Heaven afflicted Egypt!—a hundred thousand individuals, who by means of terror and division have got to be complete masters; and who are now quarrelling with one other for heaps of ashes, moistened with human blood! Those are the persons, *who must have been ruined, but for the tenth of August*; and who will not escape due punishment, when the divine wrath is to be satisfied. As for you, Roland, that wrath follows closely your profession of faith; for *you are already undone*.

“ which

“ which had long been making preparations, wait-
 “ ed for the moment to complete all its treachery ;
 “ to spread, as it were, the flag of death over Paris ;
 “ *and there to reign by means of terror* (6). The
 “ people, who always determine with readiness and
 “ justice, when they are not misled or deceived,
 “ anticipated the moment fixed upon for their
 “ destruction, and made it fatal to the conspi-
 “ rators.

“ Victory must, from the very nature things,
 “ and from that of the human heart, be attended
 “ with some excesses. The roaring of the sea
 “ continues for a long time after a violent tempest.
 “ But every thing has its proper limits ; and it is
 “ high time to set bounds to those excesses.”

“ *If a state of disorder and tumult should become*
 “ *habitual :—if zealous men, but without knowledge*
 “ *or consistency, should presume to interfere every day*
 “ *with government, and clog its wheels :—if, by means*
 “ *of popular favour, obtained with great ardour, and*
 “ *supported with great loquacity, they should scatter*
 “ *abroad the seeds of mistrust and impeachment, ex-*
 “ *citing the rage of the people, and dictating proscrip-*
 “ *tions government would then become a mere*

(6) If it was the intention of the court to reign by means of terror, what are the means since made use of by you and your party to establish your reign ?

“ *shadow,*

“ shadow, or a non-entity ; and it would be the duty
 “ of any honest man, who had been placed at the helm
 “ to quit that post the moment he found himself unable
 “ to steer the vessel of state, well knowing that he was
 “ not put there for show, but for action (7). The
 “ provisional common council has done the coun-
 “ try great services. It does not want my testi-
 “ mony on this head ; but I speak from the over-
 “ flowings of my heart. Yet the common council
 “ is now very wrong in continuing the exercise of
 “ a revolutionary power, which becomes perni-
 “ cious, if extended beyond the instant of neces-
 “ sity. I cannot help adding, that the common
 “ council will bring great calamities upon us, if
 “ it does not immediately confine itself within its
 “ just limits. This is another declaration which I
 “ make with as much boldness as the former ; for
 “ it is our duty to speak the truth to the people, as
 “ well as to kings ; and I shall not suppress it in
 “ addressing myself to the one any more than to
 “ the other.

(7) How was it possible that you could write such a para-
 graph ? Could fear or rage have such an effect on your memory,
 as to make you forget that in those few lines you were passing
 sentence on yourself ? Could the King, whose existence you *dis-*
organized, whose administration you *impeached*, and whose person
 you *proscribed*, have said more in his last will, where he reminds
 his son, that a king without authority, cannot command respect,
 and is more detrimental than useful.

“ The

“ The Assembly has passed wise decrees, which
 “ preserve in a *general council* the commissioners
 “ who continue to enjoy the confidence of the
 “ sections. But that *council*, as the name itself im-
 “ plies, is solely for the purpose of *deliberating*
 “ on measures. *Action*, for the sake of greater
 “ unity and vigour, should be concentrated in the
 “ municipal body. To this body alone the exe-
 “ cutive part belongs ; and the mayor should en-
 “ joy the influence which is expressly given him by
 “ the law. Yet these just boundaries appear to be
 “ either unknown, or forgotten : the public are
 “ often surprised and perplexed by contradictory
 “ orders ; and cannot always tell by whom they
 “ are issued. Thus the responsibility of the mi-
 “ nister and of the mayor becomes fallacious or
 “ cruel, as it is attached to facts of which they have
 “ no knowledge, or which they cannot prevent.
 “ Never was unity of action more necessary than
 “ at present. A numerous and well-disciplined
 “ army of enemies have forced their way into our
 “ territories : they threaten our metropolis : their
 “ desperate fury is directed to this object : here
 “ they hope to glut their revenge ; *to dissolve the*
 “ *government* (8) ; and to profit by our disunion.

(8) You say that the enemies, who were advancing, hoped
 to *dissolve the government*. Yet you confess that there was no go-
 vernment, as all the powers of the state were involved in such
 disorder, irregularity, and confusion, as to be totally inefficient.
 Shall we never find any consistency in your assertions ?

“ No

“ No doubt, the energy of the people, if well di-
 “ rected, will oppose insurmountable barriers to
 “ their progress ; but it is precisely to give it that
 “ direction that unanimity and vigour are neces-
 “ sary. Both these are impossible, when every
 “ body wants to command. I have known the
 “ minister for the war department lament the de-
 “ lays occasioned in the forming of a camp by the
 “ interference of commissioners, full of zeal and
 “ ardour, but total strangers to things of that
 “ kind.

“ I grant that the people have a right, either
 “ personally or by means of delegates, to see what
 “ is doing by the executive power ; but they
 “ should let this power act, at the risk of perishing
 “ in its own disputes. The persons invested with
 “ such power must either enjoy the confidence of
 “ the people, or not. In the latter case, they
 “ ought to resign : in the former, they should exert
 “ with full energy the power intrusted to them.
 “ A jealous uneasiness still keeps the minds of men
 “ in a sort of ferment, and fills them with preju-
 “ dices against this power, *as if it rendered all men,*
to whom it was committed, essentially vicious (9) ; as
 “ if

(9) What right have you, vile wretch ! impudently to call
 all those men vicious, who preceded you in the functions of the
 executive power, while you pretend to an exemption from the
 same

“ if a fameness of names could also cause a fameness of things; and as if responsible ministers could have any thing in common with such a being as an inviolable King !

“ Yesterday the impeachment of the ministry was confidently spoken of even in the town-hall; and though the charges were of a vague nature, as no specific grounds could be pointed out, yet they were made with such warmth and positiveness of assertion as to strike the fancy, to deceive for a moment, and to destroy that confidence, without which no man ought to hold any office in a free government.

“ Yesterday also, in a meeting of the presidents of all the sections, who were called together at the mayor's house by the ministry, with a view of conciliating their attachment by satisfactory and mutual explanations, I perceived that mistrust, which is ever suspicious and inquisitive;—

same charge ? How did you come to be made the judge of the intentions of the King and the court ? Ah ! had they still remained in possession of the executive power, during these lamentable times, you would have seen your Monarch face your assassins, in order to rescue you from their daggers ; while you, with all your boasted virtue, instead of employing that usurped power to repress such abominations, think you discharge your duty by calumniating the King whom you dethroned.

“ which

“ which encourages disorder, and cramps every
 “ operation.

“ *Yesterday was a day, over the events of which*
 “ *we ought perhaps to spread a veil. I know that the*
 “ *people in their vengeance are guided by a sort of jus-*
 “ *tice* (10). They do not seize upon, as victims,
 “ every body that happens to fall in the way of
 “ their fury: they direct that fury against persons,
 “ whom they look upon as having been too long
 “ spared by the sword of the law, and whom the
 “ perilous state of affairs suggests the expediency
 “ of sacrificing without delay. But I know that
 “ it is easy for wicked men and traitors to *pervert*
 “ to the worst purposes *such a ferment* of the public
 “ mind, and that it is therefore necessary to check
 “ it. I know we ought to publish to all France a
 “ declaration, that the executive power *could neither*
 “ *foresee nor prevent those acts of outrage* (11). I
 “ know

(10) The horror excited by such expressions must make one's hair stand erect. They certainly cannot want any comment.

(11) You say, *that the executive power could not prevent them.* But what is the truth of the matter? This is it: On the second and third of September, the only victims as yet murdered were priests, a princess, a few Swiss, and some of the gentry; and the wrath of the *virtuous* minister beheld such sacrifices with savage complacency. But what hindered him, on the evening of the second, from sending to Santerre that requisition for the aid of
 the

“ know that it is the duty of the constituted au-
 “ thorities to put a stop to them, or to look upon
 “ themselves

the military, which he sent on the fourth, not till the moment that some criminals were going to be butchered, and a decree was passed against himself? Was it not his duty to have done so, instead of wasting his time in composing this tiresome detail of falsehood, and getting it printed on the third of September? The following are copies of the requisition he addressed to Santerre, and of the answer made by the latter :

Copy of a Letter from M. Roland, Minister for the Home Department, to M. Santerre, dated the fourth of September, in the Fourth Year of Liberty.

“ I charge you, Sir, in the name of the nation, and by the
 “ order of the National Assembly, and of the Executive Power,
 “ to employ all the forces, which the law has put into your hands,
 “ to prevent the security of persons and of property from being
 “ violated ; and I now declare you responsible for all the out-
 “ rages that may be committed against any citizen whatever in
 “ Paris. I send you a copy of the law that prescribes to you that
 “ vigilance and that protection of persons and property which I
 “ recommend. I shall also inform the National Assembly and
 “ the mayor of Paris of my having transmitted to you these or-
 “ ders.”

* *M. Santerre's Answer.*

M. MINISTER,

“ I have this instant received your letter. It charges me, in
 “ the name of the law, to watch over the security of the citizens.
 “ You open afresh the wounds with which my heart is ulcerated,
 “ on receiving intelligence every instant of the violation of that
 Vol. II. K k “ law

“ themselves as annihilated. I also know that this
 “ very declaration exposes me to the rage of some
 “ incendiaries. Well ! they may take away my
 “ life : I wish to preserve it only for the sake of
 “ liberty and equality : were these to be violated,
 “ or destroyed either by the reign of foreign des-
 “ pots, or by the misconduct of a deluded people,
 “ I should hope to live no longer. But while I
 “ have breath, I shall do my duty. This is the
 “ only felicity of which I am ambitious, and which
 “ no power upon earth can rob me of.

“ It is necessary for the salvation of Paris that
 “ all the civil powers should instantly return to
 “ their proper channel, and be confined within
 “ their respective limits. I cannot help repeating,
 “ that the approach of the enemy, and the vigorous
 “ measures which must be taken to repel them, in-

“ law, and of the enormities that are committed. I have the ho-
 “ nour to acquaint you, that, as soon as I heard the people were
 “ at the prisons, I issued the most precise orders to the com-
 “ manding officers of the several battalions, to form numerous
 “ patrols ; and to the officers upon duty at the *Temple*, and
 “ such as were stationed near the King’s residence, and the *Hotel*
 “ *de la Force*, to whom I recommend the care of that prison,
 “ which was not yet attacked.

“ I am going to redouble my efforts with the national guards ;
 “ and I swear to you, that, should they remain inactive, I will
 “ shield with my own body the first citizen, to whom any vio-
 “ lence may be offered.”

“ dispensibly

“ dispensibly require such a combination of force
“ and unity of action as cannot be found in this
“ clash of contending authorities. It behoves the
“ National Assembly to declare its sentiments on
“ this head with the dignity and firmness which
“ such important concerns require. It was my
“ duty to lay this state of affairs before the house,
“ that it may directly proceed in its wisdom to
“ suitable determinations; and that, even in case
“ these determinations should not produce the de-
“ sired effect, which is a very afflicting but frank
“ supposition, the metropolis may be prevented
“ from involving the whole empire in its ruin.

“ But the people, listening with docility to the
“ voice of their legislators, made acquainted by
“ them with the real state of affairs, and with their
“ own true interests, called back also from their
“ rash deviations to the regular line they ought to
“ pursue, will soon be made sensible that it is their
“ duty to honour their own work, and to obey
“ their representatives till the time fixt for re-
“ electing the members of the Legislative Body
“ with still greater powers. They will perceive
“ that the fate of the metropolis depends on its
“ union with the different departments. They
“ know that the South, full of fire, energy, and
“ courage, was ready to separate itself, in order
“ to secure its own independence, when the revo-
“ lution

" lution of the tenth of August became the means
 " of procuring us *a convention which is to unite and*
 " *cement all* (12). They know that the wise and
 " the timid would readily join to establish this
 " convention elsewhere, if Paris did not hold out
 " to us the happy union of the greatest liberty
 " with the talents and knowledge which guide and
 " support public opinion. In the first moment of
 " calm reflection, they must be convinced, that
 " the succours they expect from all the depart-
 " ments can only be the fruits of that unanimity
 " and confidence, which the maintenance of good
 " order and a due submission to the laws establish
 " and justify. They will discover, in fine, that
 " their secret enemies may avail themselves of this
 " ferment to ruin their best friends, and their most
 " formidable champions. Let them shudder at
 " this idea, and put a stop to the present career of
 " outrage ! *A just anger, and indignation, carried to*
 " *the utmost height, begin proscriptions, which at first*
 " *fall only upon the guilty ; but in which errors, or*

(12) *A convention to cement all !* See what that convention has
 given birth to ;—a spirit of intestine division ;—a rending asun-
 der of all parts of the kingdom ;—a war between the whole hu-
 man race ;—a series of murders which nothing can restrain ;—
 and lastly, what you, no doubt, will call a CONSPIRACY (after the
 regicide where you presided as minister), I mean, the arresting
 of your colleagues, and your own impeachment on the 31st of
 May.

“ private

“ *private passions may soon involve the innocent* (13).
 “ We are still in time ; but we have not a single
 “ moment more to lose. Let our legislators de-
 “ clare themselves ; let the people hearken ; and
 “ let the dominion of the law be established.

“ As for me, who bid equal defiance to misre-
 “ presentation and malignity, because I have no-
 “ thing in view but the good of all, which I feel
 “ it my duty to promote by every means in my
 “ power, I have devoted my life to justice, to
 “ truth ; I shall never swerve from either.

“ I am ready to remain at my post till death, if
 “ I can be useful there, and if I am thought so :
 “ but I am equally ready to resign, and now do it
 “ in express terms, if any body else be found bet-
 “ ter qualified to fill my place, or if the silence of
 “ the laws should continue to keep me in a state
 “ of total inaction.

“ ROLAND.”

(13) Here we see the doctrine of proscriptions preached up,
 and justified at the very bar of the Assembly. La Fayette never
 went farther than to assert that insurrection was a sacred duty.
 Sylla and Marius have found a modern advocate in M. Roland.
 Some proscriptions are just ! Then the anger of those enemies
 who now *proscribe* you is a *just* one ! You have passed sentence
 upon yourself : nothing remains for you but to have it executed.

We must now prepare to read the sanguinary dispatches of the common council of Paris to all the other common councils in the kingdom. While we are reading them, we must not forget, that Petion had appeared five days before at the bar of the Assembly, to justify the proceedings of this common council. He there boasted of its virtues, its patriotism, its signal services to the state, and all this to get its authority restored. Nor should we forget, that Gorsas was then appointed law printer, and that from the strong resemblance of the stile of this address to the language of his news-paper on the third, and on the fourth of September, there is great reason to suspect that he was the author of it.

Copy of a circulating Letter to the different Departments from the Committee of Inspection belonging to the Common Council, dated the Third of September, and countersigned by Danton, the Chief Justice.

“ FRIENDS AND BRETHREN,

“ A shocking plot, concerted by the court, to
 “ butcher all the patriots of the French empire,—
 “ a plot, in which a great number of the members
 “ of the National Assembly are found to have been
 “ involved, having, on the ninth of last month,
 “ reduced the common council of Paris to the
 “ cruel

“ cruel necessity of resuming into its own hands
 “ the power of the people, in order to save the na-
 “ tion, this council left nothing undone to de-
 “ serve well of its country ; and the National Af-
 “ sembly itself has just concurred in giving it this
 “ honourable testimony. But, could it be thought
 “ possible that, even then, other plots, not less
 “ atrocious than the former, were concerting in
 “ silence ! These plots broke out at the very mo-
 “ ment that the National Assembly, forgetting its
 “ late declaration *that the common council of Paris*
 “ *had saved the country*, seemed eager to dissolve it,
 “ as the reward of its patriotism. This no sooner
 “ got abroad, than a general outcry, excited from
 “ all parts, made the National Assembly sensible
 “ of the urgent necessity of a perfect union with
 “ the people, and of a speedy restoration of its
 “ former powers to the common council.

“ Proud of thus feeling itself in full possession of
 “ the national confidence, which it will constantly
 “ strive to deserve more and more ; placed also,
 “ as the common council is, in the very center of
 “ all conspiracies ; and determined to sacrifice it-
 “ self for the welfare of the state ; it will not make
 “ a boast of having completely discharged its du-
 “ ties, till it can obtain your approbation, the fond
 “ object of all its wishes, and of which it cannot
 “ be assured, till all the departments give their
 K k 4 “ sanction

“ sanction to the measures it has pursued for the
 “ salvation of the commonwealth.

“ Professing principles of the most perfect equa-
 “ lity, and ambitious of no other privilege but the
 “ honour of advancing first to the breach, it will
 “ not delay reducing itself to a level with the smal-
 “ lest common council in the whole empire, the
 “ very instant the country shall have nothing more
 “ to apprehend from those clouds of ferocious sa-
 “ tellites that are now seen advancing towards the
 “ metropolis.

“ The common council of Paris is also impa-
 “ tient to inform its brethren in all the depart-
 “ ments, that a part of the ferocious conspirators,
 “ who were confined in the prisons, have been put
 “ to death by the people. These acts of justice
 “ were deemed indispensable, to strike a terror into
 “ the myriads of traitors, who skulk within our
 “ walls, at the moment that all true patriots were
 “ going to march against the enemy. No doubt,
 “ the whole nation, after having been led to the
 “ very brink of a precipice by a long series of
 “ of treachery, will adopt with eagerness a mea-
 “ sure so essential to the public safety; and all
 “ Frenchmen will cry out, like the Parisians: *Let*
us march against the enemy; but let us not leave be-
 “ *hind*

*“ bind us those perfidious assassins to butcher our wives
“ and children.”*

“ Friends and brethren, we expect that a part
“ of you will come to our assistance, and will unite
“ your efforts to ours in repelling the servile le-
“ gions of these despots, who have formed a con-
“ spiracy to effect the ruin of Frenchmen. We
“ are going in a body to save our country, and
“ will share with you the glory of rescuing it from
“ the abyss of destruction.

“ Signed by

*“ The Administrators of the Public Safety, and
“ their Associates, Peter Duplain, Panis,
“ Sergent, l'Enfant, Jourdeuil, Marat, the
“ Friend of the People, de Forgas, le Clerc,
“ Dufortre, Celly, appointed by the Common
“ Council, and met at the Mayoralty.*

September 3, 1792.

“ N. B. Our brethren are requested to get this
“ letter re-printed, and to transmit it to all the
“ municipalities within their respective circles.”

I do

I do not suppose that any reader, after perusing this address, and Roland's letter, can be at a loss in his opinion about the immediate authors, and the indirect abettors of the massacres. I shall however add a few circumstances more; and shall then take a summary view of the leading points of analogy between the last murders and those of the 10th of August.

The actual perpetrators of those bloody deeds are still almost unknown. Strangers, for the greater part, to the people of Paris, or of so low and abject a class that several of them were only known in the places where they worked, by vague Christian names, or by those of their respective countries, they escape notice, and are hid in their own dirt. If the names of a few of them have been picked up,* in order to be one day presented to

* Several of them, no doubt, are well known at Paris. Their own ferocity and violence would betray them. The following anecdotes may serve, at one time or other, to lead to the detection of some of them.

A labouring man in *St. Dennis's Street*, returning home covered with the blood of those he had killed, frightened his wife in such a manner that she died suddenly. This man's neighbours may be able to give information of him.

The atrocity of a young *Marseillais* was conspicuous in the massacres at the *Abbey prison*. He boasted his having murdered more

to the king's attorney general, it is to be presumed that they will have met with their fate either on the

more than fifty persons with his own hand, to revenge the death of two brothers whom he had lost in the insurrection of the 10th of August. He may be traced by this anecdote.

The three men, who conducted St. Méard home, signed the certificate of his acquittal. I have seen that certificate and the signatures, which may lead to the discovery of the persons.

A great many others, who were set at liberty, must have the like certificates.

It was a mason, that M. de Champlost had once employed, who recollected him, and saved his life, amidst a heap of dead bodies which had just fallen by his hand.

In several of the sections adjoining to those scenes of slaughter, the murderers, when tired, went to rest themselves; often shewed the sweat and blood with which they were covered; and made people give them something to drink, and five livre notes for their day's work. The sections then encouraged them, pitied their great fatigue, and paid them. It is easy to suppose what kind of people the sections consisted of.

We meet with the following anecdote in Louvet's answer to Robespierre:

" One morning four men went to the house of the minister for the home department, and addressed themselves to citizen *Fepoul*, one of the head clerks. They were armed with pikes and a mourning sword stained with blood. They demanded the price of their labour, which they had been told was to be paid

the frontiers, or in the internal disturbances, long before the hand of justice can lay hold of them.

As

“ paid them by the minister for the home department. Citizen
 “ Fepoul, notwithstanding the horrid explanations they entered
 “ into, still affected not to understand what kind of work they
 “ demanded payment for. You are to observe, that during this
 “ strange conversation, one of these *workmen*, overcome by the
 “ double intoxication of blood and wine, had thrown himself
 “ into an arm-chair, where he fell fast asleep. Fepoul’s constant
 “ reply was, *you had a job given you : you say you did it well : you*
 “ *ask for payment : nothing can be more reasonable : but you should*
 “ *apply to those who employed you.* At last, the executioners, dis-
 “ satisfied enough, roused their companion, and went away.
 “ Between seven and eight o’clock the same evening, one of
 “ them returned with a written order to this purport : *M. Vallée*
 “ *de Villeneuve, the city treasurer, is ordered to pay to* [Here
 “ were inserted four names] *the sum of twelve livres each, for*
 “ *having dispatched the priests at St. Firmin’s.* The office-boy,
 “ who recollected the fellow to be one of the four who had come
 “ in the morning, would not suffer him to go in to citizen
 “ Fepoul ; but being, on the other hand, very impatient to get
 “ rid of the cruel creditor, he cast his eye hastily over the order,
 “ did not give himself time to decypher the scribbled names of
 “ the *workmen*, and of those who had signed the order, and then
 “ running back to the head clerk’s private apartment to refer to
 “ the Royal Register, he directly brought to the man citizen
 “ Vallée Villeneuve’s address. How the latter can get himself
 “ out of this business is not very clear.”

Either Fepoul, the head clerk, or Villeneuve, the treasurer, must have taken some memorandum of those orders, or at least of the names that were inserted in them.

It

As to the popular judges, who had seated themselves on the bench to preside over the massacres, three of them are known, Maillard at the *Abbey*;

It cannot be a difficult matter to find out the name of the corporal who caused two innocent victims to be murdered in the following manner. We have Brissot's testimony for the fact.

"At the *Hotel de la Force*, where they were dispatching prisoners with some shew of the forms of law, a sort of mock jury, and in the presence of municipal officers, one of the culprits, charged with forging assignats, refers for his character to a citizen in *St. Anthony's Street*. He is directly sent for: he happened to be busy in settling some accounts with a lodger: he comes however; but at the sight of such piles of dead bodies; of bludgeons stained with blood; and of those assassin-judges, he loses his senses; answers confusedly, and has his brains dashed out. The corporal then recollecting that he had found him with a man who was writing down figures, and supposing that those figures might be assignats, and that the man was probably an accomplice, sets out after him, fetches him, and has him also executed. Well! upon inquiry it appeared that this man was the father of a family, a worthy citizen, an elector in 1791, and chosen again as an elector the day before by his section!"

The national guard, who saved M. de Santuary, M. d'Espremeuil's brother-in-law, will also be able to make known several of his comrades.

But after all, these discoveries will be the proper objects of investigation in a provost marshal's court; and I do not suppose that any history of the revolution will stoop so low as to collect such ignoble names. Nobody writes the history of wolves.

Herbert

Herbert and l'Huillier at the *Hotel de la Force*. Those who directed the murders at the Châtelet have not yet been discovered. But several individuals have introduced themselves to the Jacobin club with the proud boast of their being some of the heroes of the 2d of September. Of this number was one Taillefer, now a member of the Convention.

Louvet thus relates a fact, which he says he had from Gorsas, some days after the 2d of September:

“ Gorsas mentioned to me, and to many others,
 “ a strange conversation which he had with a man,
 “ who, in a certificate signed by him, dated the
 “ 9th of September, assumed the title of sovereign
 “ judge elected by the people on the days of the
 “ second and third. This man went into a book-
 “ seller’s shop, where Gorsas happened to be. He
 “ asked for the *Couriers of the Departments* for the
 “ last fortnight. The bookseller had not those
 “ papers. The man seemed very much vexed.
 “ Gorsas, upon this, made himself known as the
 “ Editor, and asked what the other wished to look
 “ for in those papers. *I am told*, said he, *that in*
 “ *giving an account of the events of September, you*
 “ *made some mention of me.*—So then! you had some
 “ *hand in that business!*—Yes indeed, I was grand
 “ *judge.*—You can then inform me how that business
 was

“ *was managed. How did you distinguish the inno-*
 “ *cent from the guilty?—Pshaw! there were hardly*
 “ *any—But after all, how did you find out even those*
 “ *few?—We had lists, and then we saw things*
 “ *directly. There was indeed one great lubber, who*
 “ *wore his hair like a Jacobin: we could not cleverly*
 “ *make out his name in our list, and the fellow made*
 “ *no bad defence: he had enough to say for himself, I*
 “ *assure you.—Well?—Well! I sent to inquire of*
 “ *Panis and Marat: the message I received was, ITS*
 “ **ALL VERY RIGHT: ENLARGE THE FELLOW.**”

All those magistrates and their sham juries will be easily found out. They will perhaps alledge, in their own justification, the will of the *sovereign* people, and the example which was set them by the legislative body in forming that popular tribunal of the 10th of August, where Offelin presided as judge, where Bachmann, Laport, and Derozoï were condemned, and Messrs. de Montmorin and d’Affry were acquitted. They also will perhaps name the prisoners whom they acquitted. But the crime of the one is no extenuation of that of the other; and Maillard’s execution should not occasion the least change either in the punishment due to Offelin, or in that of all the judges created by the populace, or more especially in that of the members of the Constituent Assembly, who, by decreeing that all the judges should be chosen by
the

the people, thus stript the King of the noble exercise of *sovereign* justice, and sanctioned beforehand all the sentences pronounced by Maillard, and the decree of death passed against Lewis XVI. The former by committing law and justice to hands interested in being unjust, subverted the whole system ; and if they are not punished for it, Maillard must be inevitably acquitted.

If from the judges in the prisons we proceed next to those who directed their operations, we shall immediately find the members of the common council that composed the committee of public safety, appointed by Panis on the 1st of September. Their signatures at the bottom of the address of the 3d of September, render any farther comments unnecessary. But we cannot help remarking with horror, that the execrable Marat himself acted but an under part there. Panis was at the head, Panis Santerre's brother-in-law !

Charges had been brought against Brissot and the whole *Girondin* party, by Robespierre, on the 1st of September. Next day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the committee of the common council made out eight warrants for apprehending them ; but fearing that their rank as members of the legislature might excite some disturbance in their favour, the words *for apprehending* were scratched

scratched out of the warrants, and *for visiting* were inserted in their stead. The three commissioners who executed those warrants were *Berthelton*, *Guermérié*, and *Cousteau*, commonly called *Mignon*. Several certificates were signed by this *Mignon* during the massacres. Those commissioners can tell from whom they had the warrants which they executed.

The fact related by Gorfás is another proof that, during the massacres, there was a committee constantly met to direct them, and where Panis and Marat always presided.* Just in the same manner, the committees of *Charenton* and of the *social circle*, where Barbaroux; Louvet, Chenier, Brissot, &c. presided, had digested the plan, and directed the murders of the 10th of August.

The reader may be surprised not to find Robespierre mentioned, as performing his part in those massacres. But it is proper to observe that upon all occasions, which required a man's person to be exposed, Robespierre lay constantly hid, and never

* Sergent, an engraver, belonged to this committee. Applications were made to him for his protection during the massacres. One day as he was issuing a warrant for apprehending an intended victim, somebody trod on his dog; upon which he said very coolly, *pray, take care: you seem to have no humanity in you.*

made his appearance till the crime he had planned was executed by somebody else. But his impetuous zeal to justify the proceedings of the 2d of September; his approbation of the sanguinary address of the third; his reply to Genfonné, who reproached him with having ordered those assassinations, *I know very well that neither you, nor any of your friends would have had an aristocrat assassinated*; Marat's perpetual panegyrics on him, recommending him to the people as a dictator, or at least as one of the triumvirate with Danton and himself; his continual conferences at that time with Danton, Collot d'Herbois, and Robert de Keralio; his being chosen member of the National Convention on the very day of the massacres; in general, his well known blood-thirsty disposition; his outrageous violence in the common council and in the Jacobin club; his very name; his vote against Lewis XVI. nay, the very blood of Damiens that flows through his veins; all these concur to remove every doubt of his guilt, and to place him upon a footing with Marat and Panis.

We must now come to the supreme director of those murders; to the commander in chief of the assassins; to the man, in whose presence Marat and Robespierre, like little stars, must hide their diminished heads; to Danton, in a word, who was invested with the authority of law minister,

[Chief

[Chief Justice] for the forty days, of which I am writing the history.

The domiciliary visits, and the disarming of suspected persons, which were decreed on his motion and executed by Robespierre; the appointing and dispatching away those *ambulatory commissioners*,* who occasioned the massacres at Lyons, Rheims, and Meaux, and who preached up every where murder, pillage, and the agarian law; the secret service money, of the expenditure of which he never would give any account; the punishment of death which he caused to be decreed, on the morning of the 2d of September, against all those who should thwart his operations; the address to the departments, countersigned by himself, which was sent off on the third,—an address printed in the night, drawn up the evening before, and which must have been composed in his office; his well-known connections; his ferocious character; his former course of life; his influence on the revolution; his words which became proverbial; in short every circumstance, even his atrocious looks proclaim aloud, BEHOLD THE RINGLEADER OF THE SECOND OF SEPTEMBER!

* Perhaps the English reader would have a clearer idea of their office, if we were to call them *commissions of the circuits*.

The committee extraordinary urged him to put a stop to the massacres—He smiled—*Put in force*, said that committee to him, *the decree of impeachment against Marat*. He coolly replied, *I had rather resign my place*.

Brissot, on the morning of the 4th, actuated by fear, or, if people will have it so, by impatience, waits upon the Chief Justice: he finds him in company with Faber d'Eglantine: he complains of those shocking massacres: but adds with a mixture of silliness and ferocity, *how is it possible to prevent the innocent from being confounded with the guilty?*—*Not one, not one of the former will be hurt*, said Danton.—*But what security have we for that?* rejoined Brissot. *I have had lists given me of all the prisoners*, replied the Chief Justice, *and the names of those, whom it was proper to discharge, have been struck out*. We see in St. Meard's narrative, that, on the 26th of August, a municipal officer had been to take down the names of the prisoners at the Abbey.

But, were even all these proofs of Danton's guilt insufficient, would not his speech to the Jacobins on the 14th of June 1793, which was inserted at full length two days after in the newspaper belonging to that club, be enough to point out the supreme director of the murders in France? News
had

had just then reached Paris of the taking of Saumur, of the insurrection in the provinces, of the vigorous measures pursued by England, and of the bombardment of Valenciennes. Danton goes to the Jacobins, and this is the peroration of his sanguinary harangue :

“ Be assured that I shall vie with you in spirit,
 “ in genius, in revolutionary intrepidity, and that
 “ I shall die a Jacobin. I am often obliged to
 “ act with great delicacy and mildness in order to
 “ manage weak, though in other respects excellent
 “ minds ; but the public welfare is the great ob-
 “ ject of all my labours, and I feel beforehand an
 “ assured presage that we shall be victorious.
 “ Never fear the efforts of faction. There is no
 “ bond of union between the people, and the per-
 “ fidious administrators in the departments. I am
 “ informed from good authority, *that the people*
 “ *are preparing to take just vengeance on them. Ano-*
 “ *ther terrible example will be made of the counter-*
 “ *revolutionists.*”

The two last lines point out beforehand the author of massacres, which will make even those of 1792 be forgotten.

I do not take any notice of the crowd of subordinate Jacobins who took a more or less direct

share in this catastrophe. Collot d'Herbois, Danton's friend and privy counsellor, called it publicly *the grand credo* (creed) of *French liberty*. Anacharsis Clootz invented the word to *Septemberize* a man, in order to express more emphatically the act of dispatching an enemy. Chabot, whenever he mounted the rostrum, kept continually boasting of those *days of purification*. Faber d'Églantine and Camillus Desmoulins were Danton's secretaries all the time. Bazire, who was ordered to make a report of those massacres to the legislative assembly before its dissolution, imputed them to the valets of the murdered aristocrats, who, in order to rescue their masters, had gone in a riotous body to the prisons, and there butchered all those who preceded their masters, that they might keep up a shew of patriotism, and under this mask make way for the escape of the persons they intended to rescue.* Bazire added, that all their masters would,

* A report was spread abroad, that the Princess de Lamballe's valets had gone in disguise to the prison-door of the *Hotel de la Force*, with a view of saving their mistress, and that they had assisted in murdering several persons, in order to entitle themselves to lay hold of the Princess as soon as she appeared, and to carry her off in triumph; but that they were detected, and driven away from the murderous groupe, or, to use the late expression of one of the members of the Assembly, from the *sovereign assassins*. On the grounds of this report, M. Bazire raised the superstructure of his narrative; and the Assembly, being

would, however, have been killed, had not the people and the popular tribunal saved a great many victims. Lastly the philosopher Garat, Danton's worthy successor in the office of Chief Justice, having been ordered by a decree to prosecute the authors of so many crimes, entered upon some trifling measures which were never followed up, and then had the baseness to tell the Convention, *that those events must be buried in eternal oblivion; that they were only a supplement to the revolution of the 10th of August, the sequel of that glorious*

being then on the point of dissolution, proceeded to the order of the day. It is the very spirit of a revolution to turn all things topsy turvy; to confound persons and circumstances, moral principles and ideas, causes and effects. It not only makes men wicked, but absurd and silly. A Russian murders his neighbour, and the butchered victim is then charged with having been a conspirator! A gentleman's house is burnt to the ground; and then to be sure it was the proprietor himself who set it on fire, in order to throw the blame on the people! If a man is seen with a pistol in his hand for his own defence, he, no doubt, is in a plot against the whole nation! Does the king take lawful measures to protect his habitation from outrage, and his person from violence? It is directly asserted, that the Thuilleries and seven thousand soldiers have besieged Paris and a hundred thousand men! Wherever the revolutionary spirit appears, it is always productive of the same effects. Some of the London newspapers, as seditious as those of Paris, charge the English ministry with having declared war against the republic, when Brissot himself confesses, in the account he gives of his conduct to his constituents, that his only fault was his having declared it too soon.

day ; and that, as Paris, on account of its being the seat of the first constituted power, had a right to take the lead in an insurrection, it would be depriving that city of its just privilege, and sapping the very basis of the revolution, to investigate these matters any farther *. If this speech has been communicated to La Fayette in his prison at Magdeburgh, the torments of his execution are already begun.

Santerre's conduct is a loud testimony against him. When application was made to him for the aid of the military by Petion and Roland, on the fourth of September, this worthy brother-in-law to Panis sent word that he had issued orders for that purpose ; while, on the other hand, the presidents of the forty-eight sections assured the *committee of twenty-one*, that they were very much shocked at the massacres, and that they wished to employ the military, *but had received no orders for so doing*. But

* Chenier, another philosopher, was on the second of September, president of the section of *St. Thomas's nunnery*, or of the *Library*, or of 1792. M. Webber, a grenadier belonging to that section, and foster brother to the Queen, had been brought before this philosophic president from the *Hotel de la Force*, where he had been acquitted by the tribunal in the prison. Chenier wanted absolutely to have him taken back and butchered there : he insisted upon it for twelve hours ; and even threatened to resign his place, if the grenadier was pardoned. Webber owed his life to the zealous exertions of some friends.

I think

I think it would be useless to say any thing farther of Santerre. The man, who led his King to the scaffold, need not be charged with a single crime more, to aggravate the horror of his guilt, or the severity of his future punishment.

I have felt some impatience to come at length to those proud republicans, who now pretend to be so pure, so virtuous, so incorruptible, and who endeavour to throw all the odium of those crimes on the common council of Paris. I feel an impatience to shew that they themselves were the prime authors of the massacres. I therefore pass over in silence Fournier, and Bourdon, and Becare, and Lajousky, who acted as principals in the murder of the prisoners from Orleans, in order to fix upon Barbaroux, Guadet, Gensonné, Brissot, Petion, Manuel, and Gorsas.

It is now universally acknowledged, that the tranquillity of Paris did not begin to be totally destroyed till the arrival of the *Marseillais*. The banditti, before collected, had attempted nothing decisive on the twentieth of June. It was necessary that the Avignon assassins should repair to the metropolis, in order to give full vigour and support to the former. But who was it that put them on their march, and modelled them? Barbaroux. To whom did Barbaroux introduce them, the very day
of

of their arrival? To Petion, to the virtuous Petion. Who gave them the title of *the Providence of the South*? Brissot. Who was their constant panegyrist till the third of September? Gorsas. Who distributed twenty thousand livres among them some days before the tenth of August? Petion. Who granted a general pardon to those southern heroes, to those plunderers from Avignon, when the public voice called loudly from every corner of Europe for their exemplary punishment? The Bourdeaux faction, who thus hoped to make themselves popular, and to lay the first foundations of a republican army for their own support. Lastly, Who had the shamelessness, after the tenth of August, to promote to the rank of commander of the *gendarmerie* Jourdan, the ringleader of those southern assassins? His commission was signed by Servan;—by Servan, Roland's colleague.

I do not want to make any second remarks on that successive disorganization, and degradation of royalty, to which all the efforts of Brissot's party were directed from the very first meeting of the legislature; on the war, which was declared through Brissot's and Dumourier's intrigues, for the express purpose of leaving the King no alternative, but a republic and death*; on the disband-

* "Had it not been for the war, the revolution of the tenth of August would not have taken place: had it not been for the war, France would not be now a republic." See the *French Patriot* of the twenty-second of September.

ing of the King's guards ; on the overthrow of the judicial power ; on the horrors of the tenth of June, wholly directed by Manuel and Petion ; in a word, on the tempestuous subversion of all the props, good or bad, that still held up the constitutional throne. I am willing to forget for a moment that long series of crimes which led on to the atrocious deeds of the tenth of August, and broke down every mound that was opposed to the torrent of anarchy :—but I must address myself to

You, Brissot ! I must ask you, whether you did not in some sort command all the prisoners of Orleans to be assassinated, by your constant and outrageous invectives against that tribunal ? Is it possible to separate the man of the tenth of March from the man who killed M. de Lessart ; and is not the murder of the two Montmorins also chargeable to your account ; for your pen acted as a dagger ? Let us see the fury with which you fastened upon Messrs. Jaucourt and Jougneau. We need only open your news-paper of the 27th of August, and we shall there find your insulting sneers at the past inviolability of the former of those two members, even while he was still confined in the Abbey-prison. Can your enemies shew a greater degree of malice, now that they are going to sit in judgment on you ? I read already the report of the committee against you ; the impeachment

peachment of your atrocious curiosity, when you so eagerly inquired, whether Morahde, your declared enemy, Morande, the old editor of the *Courier de l'Europe*, was assassinated among the rest. Was it not in consequence of that thirst for his blood, which you then manifested, that Morande was afterwards thrown into prison, though he had laid down his pen above six months before; though he could have no concern whatever in the events of the tenth of August; and though a legacy, co-operating with the infirmities of age, had prompted him to quit his old trade, and to think no more of his old enemies? You then, Brissot! were a cold-blooded assassin; one of that class, or species of men, who are more dangerous than beasts of prey, against which we are upon our guard; a murderer in grain, who wished to strike out of the number of the living all those whose rank or profession you thought superior to your own sphere of a scribbling legislator! Your own conscience also sank you so low even in this sphere, that, as you could not help thinking all classes of society, and all your own brother-members, to be much above you and your profession, you declared war against them all, that you might engross to yourself the exclusive privilege of scribbling, and of ruling the state. Now draw up the vindication of your conduct to your constituents, on the dead bodies of those, whom you
have

have sacrificed to your pride and ambition: Providence will never suffer it to be believed ; and St. Just's report to the Convention has already avenged the blood of Delessart.

It is in this report of St. Just, made on the twentieth of July, that I have the pleasure to find, now at the close of my narrative, a full confirmation of what I laid open at the beginning of it. It is then true, that Petion gave orders to the Swiss, and to the national guards, to repel force by force, on the tenth of August. The people of the second of June 1793, who are no longer *his* people of the twentieth of June 1792, now accuse him of that fidelity to the constitution. They accuse him, in some sort, of having concealed it, when Lewis XVI. was brought to the bar, and when Petion dared to sit upon his trial. This circumstance at least wipes off the charge from the King's memory. The same people, stripping Petion of the glory he laid claim to on account of the tenth of August, throw upon him all the infamy of the second of September, and tell him in a tone of energy, " You and Roland are continually exhibiting to us bloody pictures of the second and third of September. But we charge you with all the horrors of those fatal days ; for you were then in office. You and Manuel were called upon to put a stop to those massacres ; but you
" turned

“turned a deaf ear to the call, for fear of risking
 “the loss of your popularity.” Such then are the
 consequences, both to you and Manuel, of your
 uncertain system of revenge, cruelty, and weakness.
 Learn at length, that in the career, which you had
 the temerity to pursue, there is no medium be-
 tween guilt and virtue.

I have already mentioned Manuel’s implacable
 enmity to the very name of priest ! His know-
 ledge of the plan formed to butcher the clergy at
 the convent of the Carmelites, and the previous
 steps he took leave no doubt of his having been
 the director of that massacre, and consequently the
 author of all the murders ; for at first the priests
 were the only objects of assassination ; and it was
 not till after Manuel’s resentment had been glut-
 ted, that the sons of blood fell upon the other
 prisoners.

Chabot told the National Convention, that Pe-
 tion and Manuel had at first ordered Gorsas to
 speak favourably of those bloody days in his exe-
 crable news-paper. Gorsas obeyed the order with
 the ferocity of a man who seemed sorry that he
 himself had not been one of the actors in those
 scenes of slaughter. In one place he asserted,
These massacres are not only just, but even necessary : in
 another part, he added, *The people are not mistaken*

in

in the proper objects of their vengeance: let such wretches suffer. In short, Gorsas was the first who invented the absurd story, that the prisoners were seen on the second of September making signs to one another, and were concerting a plot in their prisons.

This Gorsas in obeying Manuel and Petion's order only indulged his own malignant propensity. From the very beginning of the revolution, his news-paper seemed to be written on buttresses, or prop-stones in the streets, sometimes with mud, and sometimes with gore. Alternately employing filthy abuse and calumny, he it was who first excited the riots of the fifth of October, and of the twentieth of June. The King and Queen had no enemies so incessant in their attacks. He distilled his poison on every thing that was virtuous and lovely during the revolution. His person, as frightful as his principles, made him the terror of the *Palais Royal*. Attended by his printers and a few assassins, his ordinary train, he, at one time, attacked a gentleman, who was alone and unarmed, and assassinated him with impunity in the very face of the public: at another time, he skulked away, and refused a fair challenge from Suleau: here we find him busy in the ceremony of burning the Pope in effigy: there he assumes another disguise, and appears dressed as an Armenian to play his

his part in a farcical deputation, as if from all mankind : he has also been frequently known to send his gang to seize upon the presses and plunder the shops, where some epigrams on him had been printed : in a word, his whole life has been a compound of baseness and insolence *, of turpitude and cruelty. Heaven, ever just, concludes his career by sending Roland and Marat to him. Roland flatters him, bribes him, and seduces him to inveigh against the proceedings of the second of September. Gorfás forgets what he had before said upon the subject : his avarice destroys his memory : he falls into the most palpable contradictions. A disavowal brings upon him a fresh attack : whichever way he turns, he feels himself in an awkward situation : he has all the

* This Gorfás had the impudence to assert in his paper, that the King's aunts ought to be hindered from going to Rome ; or, at least, that whatever they were carrying with them ought to be seized, on the ground that there was not a soul in France who had not some claim on their effects. The absurdity of such an idea furnished matter for a very laughable ballad, when those ladies were stopped at *Arvy sur Aube*

It was also at the time of their departure that the daughter of a constitutional minister, enraged to find that her lover deserted her, in order to accompany the Princesses, declared in an assembly, *that they ought to be arrested, if it was only to keep them as hostages.* Upon which a man of some wit observed to her, *that old and ugly women had never served for hostages.*

appearance

appearance of a revolutionary hypocrite. One would be almost tempted to suppose that his villainous soul felt some stings of remorse. But that very remorse only makes him ridiculous. He twists and turns in that robe of innocence which he has just put on for the first time. It produces upon him all the effect of the centaur's poisoned shirt. Marat spies him out, follows and haunts him, like the fury that Virgil describes goading the consort of old Latinus, *reginam Aleto stimulis agit*; or rather Marat may be compared to a leech, fastening upon him with insatiable thirst of blood, *hirudo, non misura cutem*. Gorsas, in his turn, is plundered;—attempts to fly;—is arrested;—wishes to emigrate;—is impeached;—and this author of so many real conspiracies is at length treated himself as a conspirator. Such is the end of this miserable school-master of Versailles; the son of a cobbler at Limoges; at first a scullion-boy; then educated through the charitable support of M. de Coetlosquet, preceptor to the royal children; afterwards a sorry scribbler for the rabble; then one of the revolutionary tongue-pads; and lastly a tragicomical buffoon. Such, I say, is the end of this wretch, who, for the last four years, has been alternately an object of horror and of ridicule to all Paris.

Barbaroux is perhaps still more criminal than all those whom I have hitherto named. He it was who demanded, and conducted from Mar-seilles to Paris, the horde of assassins. It was he who picked them out, and made himself their commander and guide. It was he who held up a dagger in the club at Mar-seilles, and said that was all the fortune he was going to Paris with. This is the ruffian, who, since the tenth of August, enjoying an income of twelve thousand a year, has been convicted by Camillus Desmoulins of having had no means to acquire such a fortune but by the spoils of his victims.

Lastly, the Bourdeaux faction must naturally be added to all those against whom I bring my charges. That faction, who had the command of all the committees of the Assembly, who swayed public opinion, who even gave the law and influenced at pleasure every debate, because being placed between the *mountain* and the *right side* of the house, they could give a majority to any party they thought proper ; that faction always ratified every measure dictated by revenge, rage, and cruelty. That faction also demanded the death of Brissac and of Delessart. La Source, a member of that party, was the person who accused M. de Montmorin. Grangeneuve thirsted for Jouneau's blood ; but he thought it more convenient to get it

it shed by assassins, than to revenge the affronts he had received, by an honourable duel. All the proceedings relative to the removal and march of the prisoners from Orleans were the work of Gensonné, as were likewise the pretended discovery and impeachment of the Austrian Committee. This faction also had sent to Bourdeaux for *their* satellites, *their* assassins, and *their* fédérates. They also wanted blood ; but they wanted the purest blood that still remained to be shed ; and the Princess de Lamballe, the Duke de Brissac, and the three ministers were their victims, having failed in their plots against the Queen, who had escaped from Condorcet's report in March by the interposition of Divine Providence, of that providence which also preserved her on the second of September, and still more miraculously on the fifth of October at Varennes, and on the twentieth of June. La Source, Condorcet, and Roland cannot then be separated from the *Girondin* faction ; particularly Roland, who never ceased to be cruel, till the arm of cruelty began to strike at himself, and who, on the third of September, was very willing that the massacres of the priests and of the nobility should be looked upon as *one of those tempests that purify the atmosphere*, provided however this tempest stopped before it reached him, or his friends. What an idiot, to suppose he could set bounds to a popular storm !

Thus from Petion, who desired the death of the Duke de Rochefoucauld, just as La Fayette commanded the death of Favras, and as Barnave justified the assassination of Berthier; from Brissot, who insisted upon having Morande and M. de Montmorin murdered, till we come to Danton, who wished to lay the foundation of his bloody throne in universal terror, all those whom I have named cannot be considered apart from the subordinate assassins. They are even more criminal, because they acted with a perfect knowledge of the crimes they were committing; whereas the drunken labourer, who perpetrated the deed, thought he was acting in obedience to a decree, and hoped, besides being paid for his work, to get some wine, a watch, or a few bank notes*.

I might add many other circumstances to prove the close connection between the second of September and the tenth of August; but I have said enough to make it evident to every body; and it is time to finish this horrid picture. In order to complete it, we need only cast a single glance

* The truth of this assertion is evident from what happened to M. de Rochegude, who was hung *à la lanterne* at Avignon in the year 1790. The man, who had hung his associates in misfortune, upon laying hold of him, asked, *Where is your watch?*—*I have none*, replied M. de Rochegude. *Well, in that case*, replied the other, *go and get somebody else to hang you!*

at the reciprocal accusations and defences which both parties have caused to be printed in the form of pleadings. One of them is entitled, *The History of the First Six Months of the Republic, or the Brissotites*, by Camillus Desmoulins, printed and published by order of the Jacobins. This work, written with the well-known spirit and originality of that fiery anarchy-man, is the more valuable, as, besides exposing Brissot's intrigues, it contains the history of the Orleans faction, of which Desmoulins confesses that he himself was a member. The other is *Brissot's Vindication, in an Address to his Constituents on the twenty-seventh of May*, that is to say, four days before the conspiracy against that great man at length burst forth. This work is the only one of all Brissot's productions that any body can endure to read; for, if it has no other merit, it is at least true. Here he no longer justifies: he accuses: fear has made him do what we have been prompted to by conscience for these four years; and, strange as it may seem, Brissot never ceased to be an object of abhorrence, till the very moment he has been forced to place himself in our situation.

In perusing these two appeals to the public, the fancy is scared at what it sees, and what it hears. They are not mere witnesses who are delivering their evidence, or writers whose arguments may

admit of some reply : they are
selves, who tear off one another's
reader is not even left the consolation
the least possibility of doubt.

It was under these bloody auspices
mination of delegates to the National
tion took place. The election was
the second of September. Robert
first chosen, and the frightful life of
the Duke of Orleans, whom Maximilien
request, re-baptized, by the name of
This surname, or, as some will have it,
made every body blush but the people.

There is no great difficulty in
primary assemblies were constituted
had its delegate there ; but honest
property had no representatives.

The weakness of the National
period for its being dissolved daily
sarily occasioned some relaxation of
decrees. People eagerly availed
languor to escape from domestic
daggers, from the republic, and
whom they saw every where choosing
the approaching Convention.
then added to transportation, a

: they are the actors themselves; one another's masks; and the want of the consolation arising from the uncertainty of doubt.

the bloody auspices that the notes of the National Convention at the election at Paris began on the 1st of September. Robespierre was the first to lift soon ended with the execution of the King, whom Manuel, at his own suggestion, by the name of *Equality*. Some will have it, nickname of the Revolution, but the person who bore it.

the difficulty in guessing how the new government were constituted. Every vice was abolished; but honour, morality, and the representatives.

the National Assembly, as the Convention dissolved drew nearer, necessary relaxation in its rigorous measures. They availed themselves of that from domiciliary visits, from the press, and from the assassins, everywhere chosen as members of the Convention. Emigration was prohibited, and the neighbouring

ing shores were covered with a multitude of men, women, and children of every class, carrying away with them, as from a fire, whatever they could save of any value; carrying away with them, above all, the fond hope that the Duke of Brunswick, the King of Prussia, and their own King's brothers, would soon be able to restore them to their native home, and to their friends.

Heaven has ordered matters otherwise: it has doomed us to undergo new trials: our corruption had been too great, to be completely punished by our past sufferings: some tears remained for us still to shed.

But though heaven has thus thought proper to humble our pride, its guardian care has been miraculously extended to the scattered remains of its church. The fugitive clergy, who escaped to England, have been received here by all classes of people with zeal and tenderness. From the throne to the cottage, they have every where found shelter and comfort. As I also fled among others, and landed here about the end of September, I have often been witness to those acts of respect and hospitality. I have even seen common sailors kneel down upon the shore, and receive the benediction of our clergy with tears. Here Christian charity, appearing in the shape of a Mr. Stanley, a Sir Thomas, a Mr. Wilmot, a Mr. Butler, &c. formed

committees, who directed with discretion, in the presence of Frenchmen equally entitled to our esteem, the relief which the English nation afforded in abundance. I have seen the miracle of the loaves and fishes renewed before my face, and apostles distributing them to the disciples of Jesus Christ. Here benevolence and gratitude were seen vying with one another, who should give most, who receive least. In the midst of such affecting scenes, we involuntarily forgot the horrors, of which we had so lately been eye-witnesses. The man of feeling, whose soul at these moments was lifted up to heaven, the source of all our blessings, beheld in the very decree for banishing the clergy the miracle which insured their preservation: he beheld in that decree the effect of Lewis the Sixteenth's prayers for the maintenance of the religion of his forefathers: he anticipated hearing that King's young son, on being informed of so many wonders, break out into these pious exclamations: *Did God ever abandon his children in the hour of need? The whole creation partakes of his bounty. Even to the little birds he giveth their meat in due season! He openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness *!*

* Racine has versified in the following manner those sublime sentiments of the psalmist, which he puts into the mouth of young Eliachim:

“ Dieu laissa-t’il jamais ses enfans au besoin ?

“ Aux petits des oiseaux il donne leur pâture ;

“ Et sa bonté s’étend sur toute la nature.”

More

More emigrants, dispersed by the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, soon came to share in the wants and the gratitude of their countrymen, whom they had left in France near the King's person, to co-operate at home with the measures they were pursuing abroad. They also met with the same reception in this generous land, where revolutions, their causes, and their effects had been long known from experience. The French nation, thus represented by its real children, seems on this occasion to have concluded a new treaty of alliance with proud Britain ; and this monument will be a lasting one, for it is founded in gratitude, and cemented by esteem.

Another class of emigrants have also found their way here ; but in vain do they endeavour to gloss over their past faults by their present intrigues, or to efface the recollection of their bad conduct in France by their discreet behaviour in England : public opinion, too firm to be shaken by their pliant artifice, constantly drives them into some obscure lurking-holes ; and universal contempt makes them atone for the persecutions which they themselves first excited, and of which they are since become the victims. Thus the constitutionalists, who are suffered to stay in England, experience all the anguish of banishment, without the hope of ever returning home ; and the shew of
virtuous

virtuous decency which they are forced to assume adds to their uneasiness, without lessening the torments of their ambition.

But to return to my narrative. The Legislative Assembly at length terminated its proceedings. The Convention took its place on the twentieth of September. On the eighteenth, the magnificent diamonds of the crown had disappeared, and without any possibility of tracing the authors, though M. Roland caused some wretches to be hastily executed for the theft. On the twenty-first, the Convention decreed, that France was a *republic, one and indivisible*, notwithstanding Mirabeau's oracular assertion, *that France was geographically monarchical*. On that very day I came away for England, alone, and without a passport. An old associate in danger and misfortunes met me upon the coast, and assisted me to escape with him. I landed at Deal, with the Duke de Choiseul, at the moment the Duke of Brunswick was beginning his disastrous retreat from Champagne ; and while my noble friend hurried away to join the Princes, I began to draw the outlines of what I had seen, and to prepare for the public this my *Late Picture of Paris*, and of the horrors that took place there during the last twenty days of August, and the first twenty days of September. I could no longer make myself useful but by painting not only the crimes, of
which

which I had been an eye-witness, but the fresh deeds of atrocity which were to dishonour France, during the nine months I have spent in the painful execution of this work.

I have entitled it the *Revolution of the Tenth of August*; and, whatever may be said to the contrary, I must always look upon the events of that period as a revolution. I trace back to a remoter source the conspiracy that effected the King's murder. The insurrection of the tenth of August, and the declaration of the twenty-first of September, are but acts of the great and universal conspiracy formed at the close of the eighteenth century against the fourteen preceding centuries of the French monarchy. This title might as well be prostituted on the insurrection of the thirty-first of May, against Brissot's faction *.

I cannot conclude this second part of my work, without a summary review of that terrible month

* At the end of this Number, I shall give a historical sketch of the disturbance that took place at Paris on the thirty-first of May, in opposition to the *Girondin* faction, to Petion, Brissot, &c. It was a repetition of the tenth of August. A counter effort has been made in the provinces. Wimpfen has imitated La Fayette. Danton expects the mob to rise again. The prisons are full; and there is no doubt but the alarm-bell of the second of September will soon be once more rung at Paris.

of September, a month never to be forgotten in the records of history.

On the second of September, intelligence is received of the invasion of several French provinces by a hundred thousand allies under the command of the Duke of Brunswick ; and the accounts add, that the French nobility, the major part of those who had any landed property in the kingdom, and the flower of its late military forces had joined that army.

The same day Danton causes eight thousand individuals to be butchered in the prisons. The like slaughter in a great or less degree is committed in all the provinces. The dead silence of terror prevails every where ; and Danton governs the anarchy.

Immense multitudes of thoughtless, intoxicated, indolent, or timid men are impelled by fear to march against the combined armies. Their numbers alarm the commander in chief of the latter. Rain, diseases, the want of subordination weaken his forces : he evacuates all his conquests : he orders a retreat ; and kings are seen giving ground before frantic foot boys, and before trembling royalists who had crowded thither with a view of joining them.

Then

Then it was that the French nobility were forced to disperse, without having had any opportunity of striking a single blow. They found themselves doomed to wander without hope, and without resources. Brothers were then seen embracing one another, and plunging together into the river Meuse from the bridge that is built over it. Some of them, crowded into packet-boats, perished, by hundreds, on the sand-banks of Holland*. Others were sold to be sent to Batavia; and after having endured, for three months, imprisonment, nakedness, and disease, were at length miraculously saved by the generous interposition of the English government, and the humanity of Messrs. Butler and Cormier. In several places, people seemed to forget their ancient virtues, and their present sufferings from an attachment to their King and country; and attended only to what they had formerly been reproached with, though the authors of such reproaches were themselves much more deserving of them.

The King's august brothers, having with great personal danger led back their cohorts to the frontiers, were driven to the desperate necessity of disbanding them. They parted from those loyal adherents; were pursued; were stopt; but at last

* Messrs. Albert de Rioms, de la Bintinaye, de Raymond, &c.

found

found a place of refuge in Westphalia. Europe, wavering and irresolute, appointed them to reside at the village of Ham, where they were still beset, as it were, by the remembrance of the past and the dread of the future. So many calamities hardly procured them even the shew of pity. At length, however, they forced their way to glory, by their firmness, and their very sufferings.

The National Convention, the scum of France, meets; and, on the twenty-first of September, the monarchy and its last fragments are destroyed by the republic.

The King, who was before suspended, is now completely dethroned. His captivity in the apartments of the Temple is aggravated by his removal to the Tower; and his physical assassination may be said at this moment to begin.

The catholic, apostolic, and Roman church is stripped of its authority in France: all its ministers are banished; and persecution is continued even after the massacres.

The nice observer, now casting an eye over Europe, is shocked to find that all energy is centered among the rebels, and that nothing is seen elsewhere but indolence and languor, the natural consequences

sequences of prosperity. He perceives on one side daring madmen; and on the other a great scarcity of statesmen, great hesitation, or great Machiavelism in most of the cabinets. He discovers the progress of philosophy in the middling class of society: he discovers, I say, in that class the increase of knowledge and of wealth; and he is the more alarmed at it, because the avarice and ambition of those men are inflamed by the credulity of the lower and the degeneracy of the higher ranks. He considers how ignorant Europe still seems to be of the causes and wide diffusion of the doctrines of the French revolution; and as he sees the infinite variety of forms which anarchy can assume, he despairs of the efficacy of the remedies now resolved upon, in order to check this growing evil*.

Such

* I shall here subjoin a concise summary of the causes and principles of the French revolution, and shall leave the reader to make his own remarks, and to apply them to other countries.

The first of all these causes was the carelessness of sovereigns and the ignorance of their ministers. In the course of time there happened to be a moment, when kings wished to enjoy themselves as well as their subjects. They mixed familiarly with the latter, and thus gradually lessened the respect due to them. They at first made useless concessions and surrenders of their influence, their prerogatives, their authority. They made but a faint opposition to the rebels, who attacked them with all the ardour of rapacity. In this struggle for power with princes, the
former

Such were the sentiments of the political observer towards the close of September. The ideas of

former seemed contending for a favourite mistress, while the latter appeared like old husbands languidly suing for the jointure of their wives. Kings pardoned Jacobins ; but the Jacobins never pardoned Kings.

After this view of the relaxation which prevailed in the measures of the governors, let us proceed next to the governed, and we shall there find

Philosophy universally diffused ;—philosophers united by the same principles, and all aiming at the same end ;—irreligion ; a spirit of discussion ; and a want of respect for the higher powers :

A philosophical hierarchy, established throughout from the highest down to the lowest :

The confusion of ranks, and of all the necessary distinctions of dress :

Indolence, effeminacy, immorality among persons of the first rank :

Prating substituted in the room of force :

The employment of money in usury, but particularly in the purchase of annuities :

The neglect of agriculture, to pursue trade ; the quitting of trade, to set up banks ; and the disregard of the banking business, to speculate in the funds :

Public loans, which have involved whole generations in debt :

A spirit

of others were very confused and uncertain. All knew that one passion cannot be destroyed but by a stronger passion, nor one terror subdued but by something still more terrific. They looked round them therefore in search of some character, eminent for the union of firmness and severity, who might be opposed to the avowed audaciousness and ferocity of Danton ; but as it was not easy to find such a champion, they were oppressed with concern ; they bewailed with sighs the cruel consequences of luxury and of philosophy ; and gave up every thing for lost :

A spirit of luxury pervading all ranks, all men having created to themselves imaginary want far beyond their means of supply :

An eagerness for perpetual change, kept up by a mercantile spirit, which constantly tends to excite artificial wants, in order to increase consumption ; and by a sort of connivance betwixt the governors and the governed in this respect, with a view of augmenting the public revenues :

The difficulty of procuring, at a time when every body reads, prints, and argues, ministers of greater abilities than those who are under their administration ; and this want of superiority not only encourages the wish to subvert them, but also affords a handle for turning them into ridicule :

The power of money, which is stronger than that of landed property ; the pre-eminence of towns over tracts of country, and of mechanics over husbandmen :

This immorality and this irritation *have* given, *do* give, and ever *will* give, birth to all revolutions present, past, and future.

And all this was the effect of a single month,

THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER 1792.

But at length Mr. Pitt declared himself: General Clairfayt ordered the Royal German regiment to exert the sword without mercy: hope sprang up in our hearts; and I thought I might then begin to write the *History of the Revolution, or the Campaign of 1793*.

P. S. On the 22d of July, a motion was made in the Convention for depriving of all their rights the administrators of the departments, who, after having concurred in the *Girondin* insurrection, thought proper to retract. Danton opposed this motion in these terrible words, which are a fresh proof of the massacres he has already occasioned, and of those which he still intends:

“ Wait till the people, at the fœderation of the
 “ 10th of August, shall again commit their thun-
 “ ders to your direction. Then you will strike
 “ with more irresistible blows those administrators,
 “ who are not less criminal for having retracted.
 “ You will render them incapable of coming to
 “ poison the legislative body &c.”

CON-

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE performed a very painful task. Nothing less than the strongest sense of its being my duty to describe that shocking period of our revolution, could have enabled me to surmount the disgust and horror I felt, in transmitting an account of it to posterity. My heart was oppressed: I was often lost in thought: twenty times did the pen fall from my hand; and I was encouraged to take it up again, only by this single reflection—Perhaps, said I to myself, future generations, casting their eyes over this picture of murders, robberies, and assassinations, delineated by a cotemporary, and an eye-witness of the events, will keep themselves on their guard against intriguing men, who, under the mask of *friends of the people*, would hurry them into all kinds of perverseness, and lead them at length into ruin. I shall at least have discharged my debt to human nature, if I preserve only one people, who might still be deluded, from the dreadful calamities, to which my unhappy country has for these four years fallen a prey.

I now call upon you, who once gloried in the CONSTITUTION you had raised;—upon you, who are no doubt the most criminal of all those sons of intrigue, and who now join your complaints to those of the unfortunate men whom you oppressed;—upon you, CONSTITUTIONALISTS, whose conduct has been alternately marked with weakness and ferocity; and I bid you contemplate your work.

What right have you now to complain, if your property has been seized upon, and yourselves outlawed, when you first gave the signal for the commission of such acts of outrage, by your criminal indifference at the time the country seats of the nobility were set on fire, the Hotel de Castries was plundered, and Berthier and Foulon were assassinated? What measures did you recommend to bring the delinquents to justice: Did you not on the contrary, encourage with assurances of impunity the banditti, who were your own hirelings, to parade the streets with the trophies of their guilt? Well! your mercenaries at that time have since been taken into pay by your successors; and as rage, like a conflagration, spreads with increasing violence, nobody can tell where it will stop. Your fathers, your wives, your children, butchered in their turn by the savages you set loose, will join with us in cursing the authors of
our

our calamities, and will give them up to the vengeance of a just God.

Yes, all the calamities that now afflict our wretched country, and at which you affect to share in the bitterness of our concern, are but the natural consequence of the maxims which you not only professed, but reduced to practice. Do not say that your disciples have carried your precepts to extremes: you shewed them the way: there are progressive stages in vice as well as in virtue: but after the sacred boundaries of the law are once overstepped, men are easily led on to the perpetration of the greatest crimes. The massacres of the 10th of August and of the 2d of September; the murder of the King; the invasion of all property; factions continually destroying one another; that succession of bloody plots which have converted France into one great butchery; those palaces and castles that are reduced to heaps of ruins; the harvests ravaged; the cities and departments fighting with one another; that universal devastation brought about by the arms you put into their hands; the numberless millions of assignats in circulation which are not worth a farthing; commerce completely ruined; colonies destroyed; all morality subverted; famine staring the people in the face; the country over-run with political maniacs, as dangerous as persons bit by a mad

dog, and who must be either put to death, or suffered to starve ; the certainty of a plague which must follow so great a mortality ; in a word, all the horrors which can be conceived to result from a thousand civil wars, have they not been, and are they not the unravelling of the execrable tragedy, of which you performed the first acts ?

In fact, have you not taught your fellow disciples, by plundering the clergy, and suppressing the feudal rights, that, if it was lawful to rob in part, it was still more expeditious and more profitable to seize upon the whole ? Have you not led the way to, and in some sort commanded the King's assassination, by your gradual endeavours to render him more and more contemptible in the minds of the people, and by your loading him with all manner of ignominy, for the two years that you governed France ? When you forced him to put the triple coloured cockade in his hat, did you not justify beforehand the ruffian who compelled him to accept the red cap on the 20th of June ? Were you not the first, who set the example of formal disobedience to his orders, by refusing to separate, when he commanded you to do so ? Were you not the persons, who divested him of all power, and transferred it elsewhere, by declaring *that all sovereignty was essentially centered in the people* ; and who made a king of him according

cording to your own fancy, and under your controul, when you declared that he held his office only by the constitutional law, and that there were cases, in which the dethroning of him was legal? In short, was it not you, who caused him to be attacked in his own palace, on the 6th of October, by a horde of assassins; who caused his guards to be butchered with impunity before his face; and he himself to be dragged like a prisoner from Versailles to Paris, where you forced him to reside; and when, wearied out with so many insults, he wished to get away, did you not have him pursued, and brought back like a criminal from Varennes to Paris? Did you not suspend him from the exercise of his functions; and when you thought proper to restore them to him, was it not upon such conditions as you chose to prescribe?

Well! every thing, begun by you, has been completed by your successors. Yet their criminality is not greater than yours; for, undoubtedly there is a much wider stride from the respectful duty of a subject to the first daring insult on the majesty of the throne, than from that insult to the blow of the axe that severs the head of a king already degraded and imprisoned by his subjects. You will one day see Santerre and Garat, when brought to the bar, and there defending them-

selves against the sentence that awaits them, appeal to your maxims, and found their justification on your principles.

Do not then flatter yourselves that you can make people forget your own crimes, by your declaiming with vehemence against the crimes of your successors. Their crimes, I repeat it, were exactly formed on the plan of yours, and were the inevitable consequences of them. Cease then your vain attempts to deceive your own consciences and the hospitable nation that gives you shelter, by wanting to make your philosophical ravings pass for the noblest productions of the human understanding. Learn that a great nation can be ruled only by a firm government, and not by abstract maxims, the main spring of all disorders. Remember that axiom of one of the greatest monarchs of Europe : *If I wanted to punish one of my provinces, said Frederic very often, I would have it governed by philosophers.* Yet, you will say, he had philosophers at his court. Yes, but he had none at the head of his armies : he made use of none to be his embassadors : and, if he sometimes admitted any of them to his table, it was merely to amuse his leisure hours ; and there they played the same part that dwarfs, jesters, and buffoons used formerly to perform in the courts of princes.

Now,

Now, as it plainly appears that experience has been more effectual than the most eloquent harangues in opening the eyes of the people, who had been dazzled for a moment by the false glitter of your systems, let us endeavour to quiet the uneasiness of those, who, ever faithful to the good cause, are improperly alarmed about the ultimate designs of the powers who have united to combat the anarchical monster that now preys upon the vitals of France, and that would not fail to devour all Europe, if it was not speedily strangled.

It is against those pernicious principles and that theory of the sovereignty of the populace, reduced to practice by an immense horde of barbarians, that the combined kings are now making war, and not upon France, the government of which is overthrown, and all its men of landed property dispersed. The present war is a struggle between lawful authority and the spirit of plunder and rebellion: it is quelling a sort of silent, but operative insurrection all over the globe, though the ostensible field of battle is in France. They are the felons of Newgate who have met with just punishment at Valenciennes. This victory is glorious and important enough to make us believe that Francis II. that Frederick William, and the generous English nation have not united their arms to tear asunder the blood-stained inheritance
of

of the royal child now confined in prison. No, the virtuous head of the empire would never lend his preponderating forces to accomplish so barbarous a robbery. Ah! let us banish for ever from our minds this criminal idea; and were we wretched enough not to confide even now in the combined kings, we should at least consider that their own interest prescribes a different conduct to the powers that are thus calumniated. Were their generals to enter France with a view of conquering the property of Lewis XVII. and of giving the finishing stroke, in another sense, to the iniquitous work of the rebels, who for these four years have been heaping all sorts of outrage and of torments on the royal family; were this, I say, to be the case, we may be sure, that millions of Frenchmen, now chained down by stupor and uncertainty, but who are ready to join them, if coming as the restorers of the throne and the altar, would in the other case feel but one sentiment, that of fighting to the last breath to crush the usurpers. Sovereigns, for whom all Europe offers up prayers, will never resolve on the prospect of an eternal war with a whole nation all glowing with the same sentiment, all military from circumstances, and then made invincible even by misfortunes. They must be convinced that it would be impossible for them to retain provinces at such a distance from their respective states, and the possession of which, after
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exhausting the blood and treasure of the people, would still be always uncertain. They cannot have forgotten, that in the time of Charles VII. France, being plunged into a state of anarchy, saw more than half her territories invaded: but her gallant sons at length put a stop to their intestine dissensions; united in arms; fought with fury; and, after having conquered and expelled the usurpers, they re-instituted the inheritance of St. Lewis in all its splendor; and France soon beheld her ancient lustre revive under the flourishing reigns of Lewis XII. and of Francis I. Let us then, my dear countrymen, steady to our king and to our principles, abjure for ever such panic fears. Instead of irritating our own evils by suspicions so injurious to the honour of those monarchs, let us place in them all our hope; and let us be assured that it is their pressing interest to extinguish the conflagration which threatens their own states; that their honour and glory are concerned in re-establishing upon his throne, and in restoring all the ornaments of his crown to an unfortunate child, the offspring of so many kings. Thousands of families, exiled and proscribed for having adhered to their duty, hold out to them their suppliant hands. Were the combined kings capable of betraying so well founded a hope, they would teach the people of every country, that when revolutions happen in a state, the safest way is to abandon the
princes,

princes, as fidelity to the monarchy would only expose the subjects to the loss of all their property, to a forlorn state, and even to persecution.

Admitting that one of those governments, in order to silence a greedy faction, has promised *an indemnification*, as the result of this new social war; let us bewail the necessity of holding out such a lure to urge on the British lion. Well! if it be necessary, let us give up our colonies, as we have already parted with our gold and our diamonds; but let us profit by these losses, and lay up a store of virtue and courage: let us also remember, that all our calamities have sprung from our corruption, from our luxury, and from the destruction of the equilibrium or just proportion between our moveable riches and our landed property. But while we are anxiously waiting the issue of this important business, let us spurn at the perfidious suggestions of those *constitutionalists*, our most cruel enemies, who can no longer add to our sufferings, but by infusing into our minds such corroding suspicions. Let us wait with resignation till the powers, about whom we now alarm ourselves, shall have manifested their intentions by their actions. We feel real evils enough, without creating for ourselves any imaginary ones. Let us then be fully persuaded, *that the combined kings cannot pro-*
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mote their solid interest or glory, but while their conduct is directed by justice.

And as for you, who, without having had any share in the madness and violence of the *framers of the constitution*, yet continue to join their band, by wanting to give us a new *constitution*, in the room of that which has been just destroyed, do not, ah! do not any longer suffer yourselves to be confounded with them: abandon those wild systems, with which your self love alone may be amused, but which your sober judgment must inwardly condemn. You wish that a distinction should be made between *errors* and *crimes*; and you would venture to place yourselves again in the path that has led to the greatest crimes. You ought long since to have known that this foreign constitution, which you would fain transplant to a soil that is not fit for it, has cost England very dear. Ah! do not unknowingly countenance the principles of the regicide Barrere, who dared to assert, *that the tree of liberty can never flourish, but when it is bedewed with the blood of kings*. Away with liberty, if it must be purchased at so dear a rate!

Think also that, by adopting a particular system and absolute opinions which you desire to propagate, you avow yourselves at the head of a party, which places you in a situation the more ridiculous,

as

as nobody will now join your standard. Those, who had the weakness to concur in your opinions, when in France, have since been undeceived, and were soon convinced of the impossibility of reducing such notions to practice. By combining all the circumstances of time and place with the elements of your political fabric, they soon saw that such institutions, which seemed in other countries adapted to the nature of the soil and climate, would in France operate like a volcano, and set on fire, instead of fertilizing the ashes steeped in blood, with which we shall find our unhappy country covered. I have a right to address these observations and reproaches to you; for I myself concurred in your admiration of certain foreign laws at the beginning of the revolution. Imposed upon, as I was, by your reputation, by your paradoxes, and by your system for keeping all the powers of the state in just equipoise, I thought for a moment the representative government admissible in France. I placed a confidence for some months in you, in M. de la Fayette, and in M. Necker; for which I now most heartily beg pardon of God, of my king, and of my country.

But were I willing to make an excuse for this fault, on the ground of my inexperience, I should not want for examples in my favour, from the year 1787 to the close of the year 1789. It is
enough

enough for me to hint at them. A sort of dizziness seemed at that time to have seized every head, and so general was the spirit of infatuation, that very few of those, whom royalty now reckons among its most respectable supporters, were exempt from error during the period that elapsed from the publication of the *Appeal to the People*, which an imprudent minister caused to be printed in 1787, till the revolutionary letter, written to the Jacobins of London, in the name of the Assembly, by an archbishop, its president.

Let the dread therefore of such a long catalogue of our own mistakes render us circumspect in our charges against others. The day of truth approaches: let us then rally round the sacred standard of royalty, trembling lest the scrutiny of the judge may not find us quite so pure as we pretend to be. Let us make amends for past errors, in which we have been more or less involved, by our future attachment and unshaken obedience to the successor of our unfortunate king; for, I must once more repeat it, as a country cannot be endangered but by a war with its nearest neighbours, so neither could royal authority have been at first shaken but by those who immediately encircled the throne.

Again

Again I say, if we wish to avoid the misfortunes, into which we were hurried by ignorance and pride, let us rally round the sacred standard of royalty unstript of any of its prerogatives. Let us not be told, that all the springs of the old constitution are broken. The religion of Lewis the Fourteenth still exists, in spite of persecution, in all its purity. Who will dare to say, that his government, which, by its energy, created the golden age of France; gave birth to masterpieces of every kind, repressed factions, and made them tend to heighten the lustre of society, cannot be again revived without diminution and without controul? That great monarch was very sensible that as Providence governs the world by silence alone, a king, who is every day debating with his parliaments, or his states general, about his authority, cannot be far off from seeing it dissolved, and the state with it.

It was thus that in less than thirty years, by dint of arguing about sovereignty, we proceeded at length to disorganize France, and to deluge it with blood; and one little city has been the instrument of divine vengeance. God seems to have made choice of Geneva to punish us, as he sometimes permits an invisible worm to destroy the greatest and most beautiful works of man. It was the divine will, that a poor splenetic artificer of
that

that city should at first, by the shew of simplicity and goodness, seduce weak minds; that he should mislead false wits by some fallies of sensibility and some ambiguous reasonings, while he concealed the most intolerable pride under the profoundest humility. It was he who asserted, that the principles of the social compact were founded in the general will, that is to say, in the right of the strongest, in insurrection, in war, and in death. The subtle poison of his doctrine first spread itself through the female circles, and soon reached the court. This Rousseau lived in wretchedness, and was once turnbled down and trampled upon by dogs. His misfortunes seemed to forewarn us of those which awaited us for having encouraged his doctrine.

A second philosopher, who was also from Geneva, James Necker, came poor to Paris. He quickly amassed a scandalous fortune; then built hospitals; pretended to great sensibility and humanity, while he overturned without pity whatever opposed the ebullitions of his pride; had himself three times violently thrust into administration; and was the first that sapped the foundations of royal authority, which he kept up the shew of exalting, while he was depressing it in reality. This man, though a banker, a protestant, a foreigner, and not of noble family, insinuated him-

self into the confidence of the principal people of those four different ranks who had a considerable influence in France, and by whose means he also gained over to his side the members of clubs, and of academies. This Necker experienced all the torments of ambition : twice banished by the court, he was at length banished by the people : he wandered about for a whole night upon the highway, at the time of the defeat of the insurgents at Nancy : he was arrested in his flight : the vices of his daughter have covered the family with disgrace : nobody has now the least opinion of his virtue ; and his fortune, which was ruined by the fall of the assignats, shared in the degradation of his character. He is wretched in a physical and moral sense.

A third philosopher, in like manner from Geneva, Stephen Claviere, after having laboured in vain at stock-jobbing and revolutions in his own country, came to try what he could make of the French revolution. As he could not rise to a level with Rousseau's romantic systems, or Necker's *Statement addressed to the King*, his modest contributions to the revolution consisted only of his philanthropy, of his associate Brissot's merit, of his establishing societies of friends to the negroes, of a few pamphlets, and some plans of assignats. With such claims to regard, however, he acquired
a name :

a name: he even got to be minister, thanks be to the coffee-houses, to shopmen, to merchant's clerks, and to students, whom he nearly resembled in his stock-jobbing, speculative turn, and a shew of good natured simplicity, made up of still more pride than cruelty. This man corrupted the third class of society. He has been accused in his turn; obliged to make his escape through a window; outlawed; a fugitive, and a vagabond.

Nothing more remained to be put in motion but the arms of the lowest class of people, that is to say, the sons of blood, men who dwell in caves, in woods, in the obscure haunts of dissipation and rapine, whence they fall forth to rob and murder whoever falls in their way. A fourth philosopher made his appearance. This was James Marat; and this man also, who had been the author of some books as well as his predecessors, happened to come from Geneva. His birth place is, indeed, unknown. Some say he was a native of Sardinia; others, of Corsica. All that can be asserted of him with certainty is, that his father, who was a school master at Neufchatel, had him educated at Geneva, to which place we are indebted for this additional scourge. He improved upon the principles laid down by his predecessors; and having formed a close connection with Danton, Robespierre, Santerre, and d'Orleans, the murder of the King of

France was soon perpetrated, and the whole country was strewed with dead bodies.

Thus the revolution is not originally the work of France. A little canton, which seems to be the nursery of perpetual civil war, sent us the four men, who have led us through the four successive stages of our degradation, curiosity, pride, disobedience, and death. Marat was the only one of them that remained. Faithful to his people, he drove away all those who had endeavoured before him to be the favourites of their particular people. The hand of a woman has at length rid the earth of this monster. Charlotte Cordé stabbed him on the 14th of July; and she has since been executed for that act of bravery. Marat, when living, poisoned the people with his bloody doctrines; and his death had like to spread a new contagion, by the pestilential exhalations which issued from his leprous corpse.

Amidst all those dreadful catastrophes, let us acknowledge the sacred finger of the Lord in the fate which we experience. A king, a princess of the blood, prelates, ecclesiastics, ministers of state, noblemen and gentlemen of every degree, citizens, lawyers, merchants, and beggars have perished in this revolution. Let us adore the judgments of God: let us humble ourselves before his wrath:

let

let us be assured that we have deserved it ; and let us beseech him to turn it away henceforward from our heads ;

Jam satis terris nivi, atque diræ
Grandinis, misit Pater, & rubente
Dextrâ sacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem,
Terruit gentes.....

* * The French author has subjoined to this part of his work a list of the division of the National Convention on the question of the late king's punishment. The detail of those names, which fill twenty-two pages, would appear very uninteresting, and occasion a very unnecessary expence to the English reader.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

Revolution of the Thirty-first of May,

1793:

The downfall of the GIRONDINS, the BRISSOTITES, &c.

—Neque lex est justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

Statement addressed by Twenty Members to their Constituents.

“ FRENCHMEN,

“ When the national representation ceases to be
“ free, and truth is suppressed, the temple of the
“ laws ought then to be shut. At such a juncture,
“ unable to discharge the trust you delegated to
“ us, our first duty is to make you acquainted with
“ the cause. We confine ourselves to evident facts,
“ and leave you to draw the consequences.

“ One of the laws had directed committees of
“ inspection to be formed in the sections of Paris,
“ for

“ for the purpose of keeping a watchful eye on
 “ strangers and suspected persons. This law has
 “ been perverted : instead of committees of in-
 “ spection, revolutionary committees, directly
 “ contrary to the spirit and letter of that law, have
 “ been created in the most illegal manner.

“ Those revolutionary committees created a cen-
 “ tral committee consisting of one member from
 “ every committee in the different sections. This
 “ central committee carried on its deliberations
 “ secretly : it has since suspended the constituted
 “ powers : it has taken the name of *revolutionary*
 “ *council to the department of Paris* ; and has assum-
 “ ed, or rather usurped a dictatorial power.

“ The Convention had created a committee ex-
 “ traordinary of its own members, to give infor-
 “ mation of the illegal and arbitrary acts of the
 “ several constituted powers of the republic ; *for*
 “ *the purpose of discovering and prosecuting any plots*
 “ *carrying on against the liberty and safety of the na-*
 “ *tional representation* ; and in order to get such
 “ persons apprehended as might be informed
 “ against as ringleaders in these conspiracies. On the
 “ twenty-seventh of May the revolutionary com-
 “ mittees surrounded the Convention with armed
 “ men, and demanded the suppression of this com-
 “ mittee extraordinary. Their demand was de-

“ creed *par assis et levé* *, and next day referred
 “ for farther consideration by the *appel nominal* †,
 “ till the committee could make its report ; (but
 “ its reporter was constantly refused to be heard).
 “ On the thirtieth, the *revolutionary council* came to
 “ intimate to the Convention the order for sup-
 “ pressing the committee extraordinary. In the
 “ midst of armed petitioners, and surrounded with
 “ cannons, while the house was filled with halloo-
 “ ing and hooting from the galleries, some mem-
 “ bers decreed the suppression of the committee.
 “ On the thirty-first, the beat of drum, the ringing
 “ of the bell, and the discharge of the alarm-gun
 “ are once more heard. At these signals all the
 “ citizens fly to arms, and are ordered to repair
 “ to the Convention. Some deputations appear
 “ at the bar, demanding a decree of impeachment
 “ against thirty five of the members. The Assem-
 “ bly, who had unanimously censured the same
 “ petition in April, when presented by some sec-
 “ tions, that were backed by the municipality ;
 [“ and who had then declared it a libel, now refer

* This mode of taking the sense of the majority is rather a
 vague one, such members as vote for the question *standing up*, and
 those who are against it *remaining in their seats*, something like
 the *show of hands* in our popular assemblies.

† This is the only exact method used by the Convention to
 determine a majority, a *list of the house* being called over, and
 every member answering to his name and giving his vote.

“ it,

“ it, however, to the examination of the commit-
 “ tee of public welfare, whose report upon it was
 “ to be made in three days. On the first of June
 “ the national palace was beset by armed troops,
 “ sent thither by the revolutionary council, whose
 “ members appeared at the bar in the night, in-
 “ sisting upon the decree of impeachment against
 “ the accused members. The Convention pro-
 “ ceeded to the order of the day, on the ground
 “ of having before referred the matter to the com-
 “ mittee of public safety; and ordered the peti-
 “ tioners to lay before that committee the proofs
 “ of the crimes imputed to the obnoxious parties.

“ Since the thirtieth, the barriers had been shut,
 “ the administrators of the post-office suspended,
 “ all news papers stopt, all packets opened, the
 “ seals of all letters broken, and these sealed up
 “ again with a seal having for its motto, *the revolu-*
 “ *tion of the thirty first of May 1793*; or with ano-
 “ ther seal of *the committee of public welfare*.

“ The committee of public welfare was waiting
 “ for the proofs in order to make its report, when,
 “ on Sunday the second of June, the revolutionary
 “ council again appeared at the bar, and demand-
 “ ed, *for the last time*, the decree of impeachment
 “ against the accused members. The Assembly
 “ proceeded to the order of the day; upon which
 “ the

“ the petitioners made a signal to the spectators to
 “ go out, and to run to arms, in order to obtain
 “ by force what was forbidden by justice. At
 “ noon, the alarm-bell rings ; the drum beats ;
 “ the citizens are forced to take up arms, and to
 “ obey a commander appointed by the revolu-
 “ tionary council. They advance thus in arms
 “ to the Convention : the guards there on duty and
 “ some true and faithful citizens are confined in
 “ guard-rooms : more than a hundred pieces of
 “ cannon are brought round the national palace,
 “ and planted at all the avenues leading to it : the
 “ gates and doors are shut : an order is given not
 “ to let any of the members out, and to fire upon
 “ the first who may want even to look through
 “ the windows : Duffaulx, the venerable Duffaulx
 “ is treated with indignity and outrage : Boissy
 “ d’Anglas has his shirt torn : a great many others
 “ are insulted by vile satellites, who drive them
 “ back in all the passages : the battalions, who
 “ were to have set out for *La Vendée* some days be-
 “ fore, suddenly arrive, and possess themselves of
 “ the lobbies, and of the interior posts of the hall.
 “ Assignats and wine are distributed amongst
 “ them. These were the men, who were to assas-
 “ sinate your representatives, nor could it have
 “ been in the power of the national guard to pre-
 “ vent them. The besiegers were provided with
 “ the best arms, while the sections complained of
 “ not

“ not having any. In short, the national palace
 “ became in reality a prison, where the represen-
 “ tatives of the people were exposed to menaces, to
 “ insults, to ignominy and violence. With a view
 “ of allaying the ferment of the people who beset
 “ the hall, the committee of public welfare was or-
 “ dered to make its report. Barrere mounts the
 “ rostrum, and addressing the house in the name
 “ of that committee, moves, that the accused mem-
 “ bers, against whom no proofs of delinquency
 “ had been brought, may be requested to suspend
 “ the exercise of their legislative functions : some
 “ accede to this measure. It is then decreed,
 “ that the commanding officer of the armed forces
 “ be ordered to the bar to give an account of his
 “ conduct, and by what authority he acted : *this*
 “ *decree is not put in force.* Two of the rebel
 “ centinels threaten one of the members : a de-
 “ cree is passed for having them immediately
 “ brought to the bar : *the execution of this second*
 “ *decree is also resisted with open violence.* A mo-
 “ tion is then made for the house to rise, and for the
 “ temple of the laws to be shut. The house rises
 “ accordingly : the president advances at the head
 “ of the Convention : the members get as far as
 “ the middle of the court-yard without meeting
 “ any resistance : but, on their proceeding so far,
 “ the commanding officer of the armed forces or-
 “ ders them to go back : the president tells him,
 “ that

“ that the Convention is not to receive any orders;
 “ that it derives its powers from the French na-
 “ tion, to whose commands alone it is subject.
 “ Upon this, Henriot, the commanding officer,
 “ draws his sword; orders his cavalry to prepare
 “ for action; gives the signal to the artillery-men
 “ to point their cannons; and all his soldiers are
 “ ready to fire The president retreats: the
 “ members follow him: they try to get out at the
 “ different passages: they find all blocked up, and
 “ guarded with cannon: at length, the Assembly,
 “ unable to break up and retire, *resume their pro-*
 “ *ceedings*—what do we say?—re-enter their pri-
 “ son; and some members decree, that Genfonné,
 “ Guadet, Brissot, Gorsas, Petion, Vergniaud,
 “ Salles, Barbaroux, Chambon, Buzot, Biroteau,
 “ Lidon, Rabaut, Lasource, Lanjuinais, Grange-
 “ neuve, Le Hardy, Le Sage, Kervelegan, Gar-
 “ dien, Boileau, Bertrand, Vigée Mollevaut, La
 “ Riviere, Gomaire and Bergoing should be put
 “ under arrest at their own houses; and for what?
 “ We must not omit this farther circum-
 “ stance, that Couthon, on the motion of Marat,
 “ demanded that Valazé and Louvet should be
 “ added to that number; and some members as-
 “ sented; but the greater part did not take any
 “ share in such disgraceful proceedings. After
 “ the *decree* was signed, a deputation appeared at
 “ the bar to thank the house for having adopted
 “ that

“ that measure, and to offer an equal number of citi-
 “ zens to serve as hostages for the safety of the de-
 “ puties put under arrest.

“ Frenchmen ! you who wish to be republicans
 “ and free ! these are facts, which nobody can
 “ even dare to deny. We lay them before you
 “ in the gross ; and we suppress many details
 “ still more atrocious. The national representation
 “ no longer exists, having been imprisoned, degrad-
 “ ed, and its debates overawed by the daggers of
 “ an audacious faction. Do not suffer your rights
 “ to be any longer usurped. Do not leave the ex-
 “ ercise of the national sovereignty in such hands.
 “ Rescue from destruction liberty and sacred equa-
 “ lity, with the unity and indivisibility of the re-
 “ public ; for, without these, France must be un-
 “ done. Reject with horror all proposals of a
 “ fœderal system. Rally, crowd together from
 “ all parts, and cement yourselves : by so do-
 “ ing, you still can save the commonwealth.
 “ The commonwealth comprehends all France :
 “ it is not *narrowed*, and *concentred*, as some people
 “ would have it, within the walls of Paris alone.
 “ Your representatives, now confined, can no lon-
 “ ger make their voices heard there ; but no mat-
 “ ter : they are prepared to die in a manner wor-
 “ thy of you, and worthy of themselves, abun-
 “ dantly happy if their country can be saved after
 “ their

“ their death. When the hour of national ven-
 “ geance shall come, never forget, Frenchmen,
 “ that Paris is not culpable ; that the citizens of
 “ Paris knew nothing of the plots, of which they
 “ were made the blind instruments. No, it is not
 “ upon Paris that the terrible and omnipotent hand
 “ of the nation should fall, but on that horde of
 “ plunderers and ruffians who have seized upon
 “ Paris ; who make a prey of that city and of all
 “ France ; who cannot live but by crimes ; and
 “ whose only safety now depends on the desperate
 “ excesses of their guilt. Farewell.

“ Paris, June 7, in the Second Year

“ of the French Republic.”

[*Extract*]

*Extract from St. Just's Report to the Convention, on
the eighth of July 1793, respecting BRISSOT's,
PETION's, and ROLAND's faction.*

“..... None of those, who had fought on the
“tenth of August, were spared. The revolution
“was disgraced in the persons of its defenders;
“and of all the comfortable scenes that presented
“themselves during that wonderful period, malignity exhibited none to the French nation but
“those of September;—scenes, lamentable indeed! but no tears of pity had been shed over
“the blood spilt by the court. You yourselves,
“even you were sensibly afflicted at the agonies of
“the second of September; but which party had
“most right to set up for the inflexible accusers
“of them, those who at that time were invested
“with power, and who were alone responsible for
“the preservation of public tranquillity, and for
“the personal safety of the citizens; or we all who
“were coming here totally disinterested from our
“solitudes? *Petion and Manuel were then the magistrates of Paris. They answered somebody, who advised them to go to the prisons, that they did not chuse to risk their popularity. He who sees without pity another man killed, is more cruel than the murderer.*
“But when selfish considerations render the hearts
“of the magistrates of the people so callous and
“so

“ so corrupt as to make them connive at crimes;
 “ under the pretence of wanting to preserve their
 “ popularity, may it not be fairly concluded, that
 “ they themselves meditated crimes; and that
 “ they were forming conspiracies against that re-
 “ public, for which they knew they had not suffi-
 “ cient virtue? *It then became politic, on their part,*
 “ *to bewail those horrors, which they suffered to be*
 “ *committed, for fear of having them laid to their own*
 “ *charge: it was politic in them to assume the shew*
 “ *of austerity, in order to lessen the just abhorrence of*
 “ *their conduct, and to deceive their fellow-citizens.*

“ Accusers of the people! were you seen, on the
 “ second of September, exerting your authority be-
 “ tween the assassins and the victims? By what-
 “ ever inhuman men blood was spilt at that time,
 “ you are answerable for it, all of you who suffered
 “ it to be shed!

“ Is Morande assassinated, said Brissot? Mo-
 “ rande was his enemy: Morande was in prison.
 “ The same assassins have urged on bloody laws
 “ against the people: the same assassins have urged
 “ on a civil war. Terror and affright have been
 “ reproduced in every form”

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE author here takes notice of two mistakes in No. XII. of the French original, which had also been copied into the English translation, and printed, before his corrections were received. The first is in the note at the bottom of page 358, vol. II. where instead of "The Duchefs of Tremouille is the only surviving branch, &c." it should be, The Duchefs of Tremouille, and her sister, the Duchefs of Crussol are the only surviving branches, &c. The second mistake is in the note at the bottom of page 398 of the second volume, where, instead of "Count Alexander, &c." it should be, Count Francis de la Rochefoucauld.

††† As the translator had not an opportunity of correcting any part of this work, before it went to press, some inaccuracies have crept in. He means, however, to point out only such of them as materially affect the sense. A minute detail of what are called *literal* errors would seem to imply an unbecoming want of confidence in the reader's judgment and candour.

VOL. I. page 163, line 23, *after the word that, insert it.* P. 182, *last line, for leave read lead.* 251, l. 13, *after the word they, insert were.* 256, *last line, for already, read always.* 260, l. 14 *of the note, for defend, read defended.* 266, l. 13, *for now, read more.* 286, l. 2, *for come, read become.* 333, l. 3, *for could, read would.* 383, l. 26, *for if, read it is.* 494, l. 26, *for contract, read contact.* 400, l. 16 *of note (4), after the word between, insert the.* 407, l. 3, *for crown, read own.* 420, l. 23, *for Annonciados, read the convent of the Annonciades.* The mistake arose from the equivocal meaning of this last word, which signifies either a particu-

lar order of *Nuns*, taking their title from the *Annunciation* of the Virgin Mary; or an order of *knighthood*. The historical fact alluded to is fully explained in the note at the bottom of page 199, vol. II.—311, l. 6, of note (8), for mine, read mire. 488, l. 25, for Roland's read Rolando's.

VOL. II. page 130, line 10, for retraction, read retraction. 166, l. 4, after the word supporting, dele it. 196, l. 24, for drawing, read braving. 222, l. 7 of the note, for furnish, read punish. 227, l. 16, for severity, read serenity. 264, l. 4 of the note, for happy, read unhappy. 280, l. 25, for constitutionals, read constitutionalists. 320, l. 21, for early, read earthy. 322, l. 6, for feed, read feast. 385, l. 28, for determined, read determine. 399, l. 30 of the note, for counting, read counted. 401, l. 16, after itself, dele the comma. 409, l. 24 of the note, for pursuing, read perusing. *Ibid.* l. 26, for Gufelin, read Guefelin. In *St. Meard's Agony*, page xli, l. 16, after the word with, read their. In *M. de Tilly's Letter*, page lxvi, l. 20, for displayed, read displaying. *Ibid.* lxviii. l. 11, for frightfulness, read fruitfulness. *Ibid.* lxx, l. 13, for galled, read called.

Additional Anecdotes of the Prisoners murdered at Versailles.

(See page 438, Vol. II.)

WHEN the prisoners reached Versailles, the foldiers, who had escorted them, said aloud to the people, *When do you begin?* They did not chuse to murder them on the road, as they could then have had no excuse. At Versailles, they were more at their ease, and therefore encouraged the assassins.

One of the prisoners, having heard on the road that they were to be taken to Versailles, found means to send an order to an upholsterer there to provide a bed for him in one of the lodges of the *Menagerie*. The common council of Versailles opposed it, telling the upholsterer, *that there was no occasion for it*. In fact, there was not the least thing prepared for the reception of the 53 prisoners, neither victuals, beds, or straw, &c. They were assured of the massacre; and what confirms this still more was their having fixed upon Sunday for the arrival of the prisoners at Versailles.

The Duke of Brissac, while waiting for his turn to be killed, had the presence of mind to desire one of his servants, whom he saw, to go and tell the Countess du Barry, to whom he had been tenderly attached since the death of Lewis XV. to quit her house at Luciennes for some time, as he foresaw that the mob would take his mangled limbs there. The cannibals did not fail to do so.

They spent the evening in drinking at all the public houses in Versailles, with the heads and limbs of the victims on the tables

before them. A fortnight after the massacre, some of those horrid butchers were known still to carry about in their pockets certain mutilated parts of the dead bodies.

We have it as a fact, that M. d'Abancourt, former minister for the war-department, killed four of the assassins, before he was overpowered by their numbers. He was a handsome, brave, and honest young man, and had accepted of his place in administration, just like M. de Ste. Croix, only in obedience to the King's positive orders.

The two Messrs. Montgons hid themselves for several days and several nights in the park of Versailles. They sent an application to Petion for a passport, which he refused, and, at the end of September, wanted those two young men to come and surrender themselves again as prisoners at the Abbey.

These additional details have been communicated to me by an eye-witness, since the former narrative was printed.

To my former account of the generous reception given to the French clergy by the English nation, I must also beg leave to add the following particulars.

List of the French gentlemen, who formed the committee, during the year 1793, for the relief of the refugees, whether ecclesiastics or laymen.

The Bishop of St. Pol de Léon, President.

The Bishop of Montpellier.

The Count of Botherell, Procureur Syndic to the States of the Province of Brittany.

The Count de Coigny.

The Count de la Châtre.

The President of Frondeville.

The Marquis de Cheffontaine,

The Marquis de Chambors.

The Viscount de Souillac.

The Chevalier Blondel.

I know that the history of the persecution of the church is now in hand. I therefore leave it to those, who have been witnesses to the daily exercise of the virtues of those two prelates and of their colleagues, to do them the justice they deserve. This task cannot be assigned to better hands than those of the Abbé de Baruel. No person could also be more properly made choice of to express, in the name of the French clergy, the lively gratitude they feel for the generosity of the English nation. The French priests, to whom the king of Great Britain granted an asylum in the Castle at Winchester, have erected a monument there, inscribed with those expressions of their gratitude.

The clergy of Brabant have not behaved with less generosity to those unfortunate sufferers in the cause of religion and honour.

How

How many actions remain buried in silence, because the delicacy of the benefactors insisted on it from those whom they relieved! Thanks be to you all, who have rescued from despair and death so many families, forced to fly from the daggers of assassins! generous Shir...., Hald...., Hank...., Col...., Bur...., &c. &c. and particular thanks to you, virtuous Baron de Reek *; for though you enjoined secrecy, the instances of your benevolence have been too multiplied to be concealed. Though I have not the honour to be known to you, receive my acknowledgments in the name of humanity, and enjoy that inward rapture which always accompanies acts of virtue. Oh! how happy would people be, if their kings had always men of such knowledge and sensibility for their ministers.

* The Baron de Reek, late minister plenipotentiary from his Prussian Majesty, at the court of their Royal Highnesses at Brussels.

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